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THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

CONSISTING OF HIS

PLAYS, POEMS,

AND

LETTERS.

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LONDON:

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MDCCLXVIII.

THOMAS OTWAY
M Beal pinx.
I. Miller Sculp.

THE WORKS OF Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

52718

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING

ALCIBIADES.
Don CARLOS, *Prince of* SPAIN.
TITUS *and* BERENICE,
With the CHEATS *of* SCAPIN.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCLXVIII.

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AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE and WRITINGS

OF

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

THOMAS OTWAY, an eminent Tragic Writer in the Seventeenth Century, was Son of the Rev. Mr. Humphry Otway, Rector of Wolbeding in Suſſex, and was born at Trottin in that County, on the 3d of March 1651-2. He was educated at Winchester-School, and became a Commoner at Chriſt-Church in Oxford, in the beginning of the Year 1669. He left that Univerſity without a Degree;

and is ſaid to have removed thence to St. John's-College in Cambridge, which ſeems very probable from a Copy of Verſes of Mr. Richard Duke to him, between whom there was always a ſtrict Friendſhip. He then went to London, where he not only applied himſelf to Poetry, but ſometimes acted upon the Stage, in order to ſupport himſelf; and afterwards by the Intereſt of Charles Fitz-Charles, Earl of Plymouth, one of the natural Sons of King Charles II. was made a Cornet of Horſe, in which Poſt he attended the Engliſh Troops, in 1677, into Flanders. But he ſoon after returned thence in very neceſſitous Circumſtances, and applied himſelf again to the Buſineſs of writing for the Stage.

He died at the Sign of the Bull on Tower-hill, April 14th, 1685, and was interred in a Vault under the Church of St. Clement Danes.

Mr. Langbaine is of Opinion, that his Genius in Comedy lay a little too much to Libertiniſm; but that in Tragedy he made it his buſineſs for the moſt part to obſerve the Decorum of the Stage, and that he was a Man of excellent Parts, and daily improved in Writing; though he ſometimes fell into Plagiariſm, as well as others of his Contemporaries, and borrow'd very freely from Shakeſpear. Mr. Addiſon's Character of him is greatly to his Advantage; he has follow'd Nature, ſays that incomparable Critic, in the Language of his Tragedy, and therefore ſhines in the paſſionate Parts more than any of our Engliſh Poets. As there is ſomething

familiar

familiar and domeſtic in the Fable of his Tragedy, more than in thoſe of any other Poet, he has little Pomp, but great Force in his Expreſſions. For which Reaſon, though he has admirably ſucceeded in the tender and melting Part of his Tragedies, he ſometimes falls into too great a Familiarity of Phraſe in thoſe Parts, which, by Ariſtotle's Rule, ought to have been raiſed and ſupported by the Dignity of Expreſſion. It has been obſerved by others, that this Poet has founded his Tragedy of Venice Preſerved, on ſo wrong a Plot, that the greateſt Characters in it are thoſe of Rebels and Traitors. Had the Hero of his Play diſcovered the ſame good Qualities in the Defence of his Country, that he ſhewed for its Ruin and Subverſion, the Audience could not enough pity and admire him. But as he is now repreſented, we can only ſay of him, what the Roman Hiſtorian ſays of Catiline, that his Fall would have been glorious, had he ſo fallen in the Service of his Country.

Mr. Charles Gildon ſtiles our Author "a Poet "of the firſt Magnitude;" and tells us, that he was a perfect Maſter of the tragic Paſſions, and draws them every where with a juſt and natural Simplicity; and therefore never fails to raiſe ſtrong Emotions in the Soul: whereas Mr. Dryden, who affects a quite different Stile, and ſeldom or never touches the Paſſions, for moſt part of his time expreſſed a very mean, if not contemptible, Opinion of our Poet; though at laſt, eſpecially in his Preface to

Du

Du Freſnoy, he declared in his Favour; and yet even there could not but throw in ſome Exceptions againſt his Diction. "To expreſs," ſays Mr. Dryden in that Paſſage, "the Paſſions, which are ſeated "in the Heart, by outward Signs, is one great Pre-"cept of the Painters, and very difficult to per-"form. In Poetry, the very ſame Paſſions and "Motions of the Mind are to be expreſſed; and "in this conſiſts the principal Difficulty, as well as "the Excellency of that Art. This (ſays Du Freſ-"noy) is the Gift of Jupiter; and, to ſpeak in the "ſame heathen Language, we call it the Gift of our "Apollo, not to be obtained by Pains or Study, "if we are not born to it. For the Motions, "which are ſtudied, are never ſo natural as thoſe "which break out in the height of a real Paſſion. "Mr. Otway poſſeſſed this Part as thoroughly as "any of the Ancients and Moderns. I will not de-"fend every thing in his Venice Preſerv'd; but I "muſt bear this Teſtimony to his Memory, that "the Paſſions are truly touched in it, though per-"haps there is ſomewhat to be deſired both in the "Grounds of them, and in the Height and Ele-"gance of Expreſſion. But Nature is there, which "is the greateſt Beauty."

He was undoubtedly Maſter of the moſt affecting Manner in expreſſing the Paſſions, and touched them with great Skill and Delicacy. I do not know of ſuch another Inſtance of this Force as in the Play of the Orphan. This Tragedy is compoſed of

Perſons,

Perſons, whoſe Fortunes do not exceed the Quality of ſuch as we ordinarily call People of Condition: and without the Advantage of having the Scene heightened by the Importance of the Characters, his inimitable Skill in repreſenting the Motions of the Heart, and its Affections, is ſuch, that the Circumſtances are great from the Art of the Poet, rather than from the Fortunes of the Perſons repreſented. The whole Drama is admirably wrought, and the Mixture of the Paſſions (raiſed from Affinity, Gratitude, Love and Miſunderſtanding between Brethren, Ill-uſage from Perſons oblig'd ſlowly return'd by the Benefactors, the whole grounded upon very probable Miſtakes) keeps the Mind in a continual Anxiety and Contrition. The Sentiments of the unhappy innocent Monimia are delicate and natural; ſhe is miſerable without Guilt, but incapable of living with a Conſciouſneſs of having committed an ill Act, tho' her Inclination had no Part in it. It was only in Otway's Power, to give theſe Diſtreſſes in Domeſtic Life, Weight enough to move the general Senſe of an Audience. And Mrs. Barry, the celebrated Actreſs, uſed to ſay, that in her Part of Monimia ſhe never ſpoke theſe three Words, "Ah! poor Caſtalia!" without Tears. Upon which occaſion Mr. Gildon obſerves, that all that pathetic Force had been loſt, if any more Words had been added; and the Poet would have ſtriven in vain to heighten them by the Addition of Figures of Speech, ſince the Beauty of thoſe three

plain

plain ſimple Words is ſo great by the Force of Nature, that they muſt have been weakened and obſcured by the moſt ſhining Flowers of Rhetoric.

The Faculty of mingling good and bad Characters, and involving their Fortunes, ſeems to be the diſtinguiſhing Excellence of this Writer. He very well knew, that nothing but diſtreſſed Virtue can ſtrongly touch us with Pity. Therefore in Venice Preſerv'd, to make us have any manner of regard to the Conſpirators, he makes Pierre talk of redreſſing Wrongs, and mention all the Common-place of Malecontents.

To ſee the Sufferings of my Fellow-Creatures,
And own myſelf a Man: To ſee our Senators
Cheat the deluded People with a Shew
Of Liberty, which yet they ne'er muſt taſte of:
They ſay by them our Hands are free from Fetters,
Yet whom they pleaſe they lay in baſeſt Bonds;
Bring whom they pleaſe to Infamy and Sorrow;
Drive us like Wrecks down the rough Tide of Power,
Whilſt no Hold's left to ſave us from Deſtruction.
All that bear this are Villains, and I one,
Not to rouſe up at the great Call of Nature,
And check the Growth of theſe Domeſtic Spoilers,
That make us Slaves, and tell us its our Charter.

Jaffeir's Wants and Diſtreſſes make him prone enough to any deſperate Reſolution, yet ſave he

But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The Bitterneſs her tender Spirit taſtes of,
I own myſelf a Coward: Bear my Weakneſs;
If throwing thus my Arms about thy Neck,
I play the Boy, and blubber in thy Boſom.

Jaffeir's Expoſtulation afterwards is the Picture of all who are partial to their own Merit, and generally think a Reliſh of the Advantages of Life is Pretence enough to enjoy them.

Tell me why, good Heav'n,
Thou mad'ſt me what I am, with all the Spirit,
Aſpiring Thoughts, and elegant Deſires
That fill the happieſt Man? Ah! rather why
Didſt thou not form me ſordid as my Fate,
Baſe-minded, dull, and fit to carry Burdens?

How dreadful is Jaffeir's Soliloquy, after he is engag'd in the Conſpiracy.

I'm here; and thus the Shades of Night around me,
I look as if all Hell were in my Heart,
And I in Hell. Nay, ſurely 'tis ſo with me;—
For every Step I tread, methinks ſome Fiend
Knocks at my Breaſt, and bids it not be quiet.
I've heard how deſperate Wretches, like myſelf,
Have wander'd out at this dead time of Night
To meet the Foe of Mankind in his Walk:
Sure I'm ſo curſt, that, tho' of Heav'n forſaken,
No Miniſter of Darkneſs cares to tempt me.
Hell! Hell! why ſleepeſt thou?

In this Play, he catches our Hearts by introducing, if I may ſo call it, the Epiſode of Belvidera. Private and public Calamities alternately claim our Concern; and ſometimes we are againſt the whole State for the ſake of one diſtreſſed Woman, again we come to ourſelves, and recover our Senſes in behalf of a whole People in danger. There is not a virtuous Character in the Play but that of *Belvidera*; and yet ſo wonderful is the Force of the Author's Eloquence and Skill in mingling Vices and Virtues, and private with public Concerns, that the Ruffian on the Wheel is as much the Object of Pity, as if he had been brought to that unhappy Fate for ſome brave Action. I know not but theſe looſe Hints may improve the Taſte of the Readers of this Author, which is the ſincere Wiſh of the Publiſher; for he is ſenſible nothing can prevent the Sale of Mr. Otway's Works, but Ignorance of his Excellencies.

ALCIBIADES,

A

TRAGEDY.

——*Laudetur ab his, culpetur ab illis.*
Horat. Serm. Lib. 1. Sat. 2.

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

EARL *of* MIDDLESEX.

My LORD,

I AM ſufficiently ſenſible of my own Arrogance, that being almoſt a Stranger to every thing of you but your Fame, I durſt obtrude ſo abject a Trifle as this, under the Patronage of ſo eminent a Perſon; but that generous Candour, wherewith you oblige all the

World, gave me courage to hope you might at leaſt pardon this firſt Offence in me. And though, perhaps, the beſt Preſents of this Nature may not be more than ordinary grateful; yet I have here my Wiſhes, if the Sincerity of my Zeal may atone for the Meanneſs of the Offering: That is the fartheſt Proſpect I take, which, whilſt I have in view, I dare not (though perhaps as juſtly as ſome others have done I might) complain of the Cenſures of the World; for ſince I have heard that your Lordſhip proved indulgent, I were unworthy of the Favours you beſtowed, ſhould I be concerned at the Malice or Petulancy of thoſe, who (alas!) will needs think it modiſh to be critical, but in the mean while forget it is as gentle to be civil. No, my Lord, it is under your Umbrage only I would court Protection, to whom Heaven has given a Soul, whoſe Endowments are as much above Flattery, as itſelf abhors it; and which are as impoſſible to be deſcribed, as I am unable to comprehend them. But as pooreſt Pilgrims, when they viſit Shrines, will make ſom

ſome Preſents where they kneel: ſo I have here brought mine, by your own Goodneſs only made worthy to be preſented; in whoſe Defence I can ſay nothing more, than that with it all my beſt Endeavours are, and ever ſhall be ready to teſtify how much I am,

My LORD,

the moſt earneſt of your

Servants and Admirers,

THO. OTWAY.

ROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Harris*.

NEver did Rhymer greater Hazard run
'Mongſt us by your Severity undone:
Tho' we, alas! to oblige you have done moſt,
And bought ye Pleaſures at your own ſad Coſt:
Yet all our beſt Endeavours have been loſt.
So oft a Stateſman lab'ring to be good,
His Honeſty's for Treaſon underſtood:
Whilſt ſome falſe flatt'ring Minion of the Court,
Shall play the Traitor, and be honour'd for't.
To you known Judges of what's Senſe and Wit,
Our Author ſwears he gladly will ſubmit:
But there's a ſort of Things infeſt the Pit,
That will be witty, ſpite of Nature too,
And to be thought ſo, haunt and peſter you.
Hither ſometimes thoſe Would-be-Wits repair
In queſt of you; where if you not appear,
Cries out ——Pugh! Damn me, what do we do here?
Strait up he ſtarts, his Garniture then puts
In order, ſo he cocks, and out he ſtruts
To th' Coffee-houſe, where he about him looks;
Spies Friend, cries Jack—*I've been to Night at th'* Duke's;
They, ſilly Rogues, are all undone, my Dear,
I gad! not one of Senſe that I ſaw there.

PROLOGUE.

Thus to himſelf he'd Reputation gather
Of Wit, and good Acquaintance, but has neither.
Wit has indeed a Stranger been of late,
'Mongſt its Pretenders nought ſo ſtrange as that.
Both Houſes too too long a Faſt have known,
That coarſeſt Nonſenſe goes moſt glibly down.
Thus tho' this Triſler never wrote before,
Yet faith he ventur'd on the common Score:
Since Nonſenſe is ſo generally allow'd,
He hopes that his may paſs amongſt the Croud.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Agis,	Mr. *Medburn.*
Alcibiades, General of *Athens*, but fled thence in Diſcontent, and made General of *Sparta*, betrothed to *Timandra*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Tiſſaphernes, the old General of *Sparta*,	Mr. *Sanford.*
Patroclus, his Son, Friend to *Alcibiades*,	Mr. *Croſby.*
Theramnes, the now *Athenian* General, in love with *Timandra*,	Mr. *Harris.*
Polyndus, a young Noble of *Athens*, his Friend,	Mr. *Gillow.*

WOMEN.

Deidamia, Queen of *Sparta*, in love with *Alcibiades*,	Mrs. *Mary Lee.*
Timandra, a noble *Athenian* Lady, betrothed to *Alcibiades*,	Mrs. *Betterton.*
Draxilla, Siſter to *Alcibiades*, and her Friend,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Ardella, Lady of Honour to the Queen of *Sparta*,	Mrs. *Gillow.*

Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of *Hymen*, Spirits, Guards, Meſſengers, Villains, Ladies, &c.

ALCIBIADES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Palace.*

Enter TIMANDRA *and* DRAXILLA.

Shouts without, *Theramnes! Theramnes! Theramnes!*

Enter a SERVANT.

TIMANDRA.

WHAT mean theſe Shouts?——

SERVANT.

Oh all your Hopes are croſt,
The Gallant *Alcibiades* is loſt.

TIMANDRA.

Hah!——

SERVANT.

——When laſt Night the Youth of *Athens* late
Roſe up the *Orgia* to celebrate,
The *Bacchanals*, all hot and drunk with Wine,
He led to the Almighty Thund'rer's Shrine,
And there his Image ſeated on a Throne
They violently took, and tumbled down:
This Opportunity *Theramnes* got
To ſupplant him, and his own Ends promote:

For by the Senate he was doom'd to bleed,
And that his Rival ſhou'd in all ſucceed.
But he, the threatning Danger to evade,
Is to the *Spartan* Camp for Refuge fled:
And now, by Order from the Senate, all
With Shouts proclaim *Theramnes* General.

TIMANDRA.

But is he fled? Has he ſo meanly done,
To leave me to be wretched here alone?
Is this thy plighted Faith, is this thy Truth!
Oh too unkind, falſe, and unconſtant Youth! [*Ex. Serv.*

DRAXILLA.

Madam, believe not but my Brother's juſt,
You wrong his Honour by this mean Diſtruſt;
Think you that Diſtance can his Love rebate?

TIMANDRA.

Thy young Experience never felt the Weight
Of Lovers Fears; if juſt, he'll eaſily
Excuſe that Love, that breeds this Jealouſy.

DRAXILLA.

But, Madam, for theſe Doubts no Grounds you have.

TIMANDRA.

Alas! go aſk of Mad-men why they rave.
What more could Fate do to augment my Woe?
I love, am mad, and know not what I do.
I, who before had nothing in my Eyes
But Love and Glory growing to Delight;
Like Chymiſts waiting for their Labours Prize,
My Hopes are daſh'd and ruin'd in their Height.

DRAXILLA.

Alas, we but with weak Intelligence
Read Heaven's Decrees; th'are writ in Myſtic Senſe,
For were they open laid to mortal Eyes,
Men would be Gods, or they no Deities.

Perhaps

Perhaps the wiſer Pow'rs thought fit this way
To give your growing Happineſs Allay;
Leſt ſhould it in its high Perfection come,
Your Soul for the Reception might want room.

TIMANDRA.

Thy Reaſons, kind *Draxilla*, weakly move:
What Woman e'er complain'd of too much Love?
No, had I naked to the World been left,
Of Honour and its gaudy Plumes bereft,
Yet all theſe I with Gladneſs could reſign,
So *Alcibiades* had ſtill been mine:
But he remov'd, what can they give alone?
What is the Caſket when the Jewel's gone?

DRAXILLA.

Madam, if he be gone, 'tis to obtain
A nobler Luſtre, and return again:
Think you his great Soul could with Patience ſee
His rifled Honours heap'd on's Enemy;
And not his Rage have grown to that Exceſs,
As muſt have ruin'd all your Happineſs?
But he withdrew, and like a zealous Hermit did forgo
Thoſe little Toys, to gain a Heav'n in you.

TIMANDRA.

That Zeal muſt needs be very weak and faint,
That lets the Votary forſake his Saint;
No, he is happy in ſome other Flame,
And from his Breaſt has blotted out my Name:
So that there nothing more remains for me
But a kind Death, or a long Miſery.
But Death alone's th' unhappy Lover's Eaſe,
That ſeals up to us an eternal Peace;
By that our Souls to endleſs Pleaſures move,
And we enjoy an everlaſting Love.
Yet e'er I die, as die I feel I muſt,
To *Alcibiades* I would be juſt;

Fain wou'd I let him know how I reſign
All in him, that his paſt Vows had made mine?
Then to its Seat in Peace my Soul ſhould fly,
And calmly at my Lover's Feet I'd die.
Draxilla, for thy Friend, what couldſt thou do?

DRAXILLA.

Madam, I could do any thing for you;
I know not what you'd aſk me I'd deny,
Except that cruel thing, to ſee you die.

TIMANDRA.

Some ſafe Diſguiſes for us then provide,
From watchful Eyes our ſudden Flight to hide;
Hence to the *Spartan* Camp I'll forthwith move,
Borne on the Wings of Jealouſy and Love;
For I'm reſolv'd to know the worſt of Fate;
I wou'd be bleſt; can be unfortunate;
Since 'tis the only thing of Heav'n I crave,
To meet a faithful Lover, or a Grave.

THERAMNES *at the Door.*

THERAMNES.

——Stay, kind *Polyndus*, here,
Whilſt I go pay my juſt Devotion there: [*Stepping to* Tim.
See, faireſt Queen of Love and Beauty, here
Your faithfulleſt and humbleſt Worſhipper,
Who comes to offer up a Sacrifice
To thoſe eternal Glories of your Eyes;
It is a Heart as ſpotleſs and ſincere,
As the chaſte Vows of holy Veſtals are;
Accept, divine one, and pronounce my Doom.

TIMANDRA.

Are you, my Lord, to mock my Sorrows come?

THERAMNES.

No, (guided by my Love) I humbly came
To pay my Duty, and preſent my Flame.

TIMAN.

TIMANDRA.

What Flame or Duty can you owe to me?

THERAMNES.

Next what the Holy to the Deity,
When they for Bleſſings at the Altars move;
'Tis Adoration, Madam, join'd with Love.

TIMANDRA.

Love! I thought that had been e'er this o'er-blown;
I'm ſure it had ſmall Hopes to live upon.

THERAMNES.

That Love, which only tedious Hopes ſuſtain,
Is a dull, eaſy, and ignoble Pain:
Mine's an enliv'ning and tranſporting Fire,
Whoſe Flames increaſe, and ſtill are piercing higher.

TIMANDRA.

Yes, as from Piles ſome wilder Flames eſſay
To mount, but baffled part in Fumes away;
So all that Love, you now ſo ſtrongly boaſt,
Sever'd from Hope, in a weak Vapour's loſt.
But you too urgent in your Suit appear.

THERAMNES.

Oh what's too urgent for a Joy ſo dear!

TIMANDRA.

Since then you Conſtancy ſo firmly vow,
Worthy *Theramnes*, here I do ſo too. [*Gives her hand.*

THERAMNES.

Thus when the Storms of Love are over-paſt,
We gain the wiſht-for Port of Bliſs at laſt.
I ne'er could doubt—— [*Kiſſes her hand.*

TIMANDRA.

——Then know I ne'er can ceaſe
From my vow'd Love to *Alcibiades*.

THERAMNES.

I'm loſt, and all thoſe Joys I ſaw ſo near,
Vaniſh, and leave me wandring in Deſpair:

Thus,

Thus, Madam, barb'rous Cruelty y'ave ſhown,
Raiſing me up only to throw me down.

TIMANDRA.

Not to deceive you, I *(Theramnes)* know
How much I am oblig'd t'your Love and you.
Since you ſuch ample Kindneſs did expreſs,
In favour of my *Alcibiades*;
How poorly did you envy the Eſteem
I for his matchleſs Virtues had, and him!
When finding him abandon'd by the State,
You to advance your Int'reſt, did create
New Feuds,———
As if my Love were balanc'd by his Fate:
No, he had nobler Charms my Breaſt to move,
Unblemiſh'd Honour, and a ſpotleſs Love;
Which tho' perhaps now know another Flame,
Yet I have Love and Paſſion for their Name.

THERAMNES.

Am I then of all Hopes of Bliſs debarr'd?
Oh too ſoft Charms ſway'd by a Heart too hard!

TIMANDRA.

Y'are ſomething diſcompos'd, Sir, I perceive,
And 'tis but Modeſty to take my Leave.

THERAMNES.

Oh ſtay, and pity a poor Lover's Fate!

TIMANDRA.

If Pity, Sir, is all you aſk, take that.

THERAMNES.

Heavens, can ſhe at thoſe Chains ſhe gave me ſcoff!

TIMANDRA.

You at your Pleaſure, Sir, may ſhake 'em off.

[*Exeunt* Tim. *and* Drax.

Enter

Enter POLYNDUS.

POLYNDUS.

How fares my nobleſt Friend?

THERAMNES.

——As thoſe who are
Tott'ring upon the Brinks of dire Deſpair;
Help and retrieve me with th' aſſiſting Hand,
Love thruſts me forward, and I cannot ſtand.

POLYNDUS.

Then, Sir, turn back, and Face your driving Foe.

THERAMNES.

Alas! what can a fetter'd Captive do?
The more I ſtrive, the faſter I am bound,
As ign'rant Swimmers are with ſtruggling drown'd.

POLYNDUS.

Timandra ſurely can't in Honour leſs,
Than crown your Love with proſperous Succeſs;
When ſhe believes (as certainly ſhe muſt)
That *Alcibiades* is prov'd unjuſt.

THERAMNES.

Alas, ſhe loves him with much greater Flame,
And pays Devotion to his very Name;
Diſtance adds to their Loves a Violence,
And their Souls hold from far Intelligence.
Thus my miſtaking Policy out-runs
My Fate; and I'm by my own Plots undone.

POLYNDUS.

Why do you let your Soul be ſo oppreſt?
'Tis Patience beſt befits a gallant Breaſt.

THERAMNES.

Patience! What's that? the Miſtreſs of tame Fools;
That can in nothing elſe employ their Souls:
No; ſince, *Timandra*, thou canſt diſapprove
My juſt Flame, for an abſent Rival's Love,

I'll

I'll find that Rival out, and ſnatch his Breath,
Tho' ev'ry Step I tread encounter Death.

POLYNDUS.

Now, Sir, y'are brave———
Already you've diſarm'd *Timandra*'s Charms,
Methinks I ſee you rev'ling in her Arms!
Let's then o'th' Wings of Love and Honour fly
To th' Field, and meet th' inſulting Enemy;
Where thro' the Paths of Death and Blood we'll go
To meet your Rival, and his Country's Foe:
There the Remembrance of *Timandra*'s Charms,
Shall add freſh Courage to your conqu'ring Arms.
But if Fate the Succeſs ſo order ſhall,
That by your Rival's Sword you chance to fall;
I then (as Honour juſtly will command)
Inſpir'd by Friendſhip and *Timandra*'s Name,
Will bravely ſtem him, and with this bold Hand
Revenge or fall a Victim to your Flame.

THERAMNES.

Oh noble generous Youth! whoſe tender Years
Such gallant Courage and ſuch Honour wear!
How can my Aims but in my Wiſhes end, [*Embraces him.*
That have ſo worthy and ſo brave a Friend?
Come, my *Polyndus*———

POLYNDUS.

———On my Friend I'll wait,
Thro' all the Labyrinths of Love and Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Tent of a Pavillion Royal*; *the* KING *and* QUEEN *of* Sparta, ALCIBIADES, THESSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, *Guards*, *Ladies*, &c.

KING.

Now muſt proud *Athens* lay her Triumphs down,
And pay her Glory's Tribute to my Crown:

No

No more ſhall ſtupid *Greece* her Fetters wear,
Nor make diſadvantageous Peace for fear;
But ſhe herſelf muſt in Subjection come,
And humbly at my Feet expect her Doom.

TISSAPHERNES.

Yes, Sir; all Glories muſt, when yours break forth,
Go out, and loſe their Beauty, and their Worth;
And like falſe Angels vaniſh and be gone,
Dreading thoſe Shapes they durſt before put on.

PATROCLUS.

Athens, the World's great Miſtreſs, will not be
Courted with low and vulgar Gallantry;
Her Glory aims at higher Characters,
Than heavy Gown-men clad in formal Furs:
Who wins her, Deeds 'bove common Fate muſt do;
And ſo ſhe's only Miſtreſs fit for you.

KING.

Yes! And I only will enjoy her too.
But noble generous Youth, thou haſt alone [*To* Alcibiades.
Things worthy the *Athenian* Honour done:
Thou like a tow'ring Eagle ſoar'd'ſt above
That lower Orb in which they faintly move;
A Flight too high for their dull Souls too uſe,
Which prompted 'em that Honour to abuſe;
Thinking their Baſeneſs they might palliate,
With the dark Cloud of Policy and State.
But let them that black Myſtery purſue,
By Worth and Honour Empires greateſt grow;
Which when abus'd, their Glory does ſuppreſs,
As revers'd Proſpects make the Objects leſs.

ALCIBIADES.

Yours, Sir, like Heaven's great Soul, is general;
Diſpenſing its kind Influence on all.
This makes Succeſs and Victory repair,
To move with you as in their proper Sphere;

As fragrant Dews leave the corrupter Earth,
Exhal'd by the Sun, from whom they have their Birth.

KING.

The Truth of that we by your Laurels know,
Conqueſt your Arms, Triumph ſtill waits your Brow;
By your Succeſs th' *Athenian* Greatneſs roſe,
Your Courage ſcatter'd their inſulting Foes;
And from that Height to which by you they're grown,
'Tis your Succeſs alone muſt throw them down.
Thus have we made you Gen'ral of our Force;
And all thoſe Honours you were robb'd of there,
We'll make our Study to redouble here.

TISSAPHERNES.

And I (if that my Malice tell me true)
As diligently ſhall his Plagues purſue. [*Aſide.*

ALCIBIADES.

Of all my Courage or my Sword ſhall do,
I the Succeſs muſt to your Virtue owe,
The Honour and the Juſtice of your Cauſe
So glorious are, Fate muſt from them take Laws;
So you o'er *Athens* this advantage have,
You Fortune rule, to whom ſhe's but a Slave.

KING.

Enjoy, my *Tiſſaphernes*, now thy Eaſe,
And plant freſh Laurels in the Shades of Peace.
The Glories thou haſt won ſo num'rous are,
They ſeem as many as thy Age can bear.
But if thy Spacious Soul thou canſt confine
Within this narrow Manſion of mine,
Be this the utmoſt of thy Wiſhes bound,
Poſſeſs his grateful Heart, whoſe Head th'ſt crown'd.

TISSAPHERNES.

Heav'n knows my Age does feel no ſharper Sting,
Than to want Power to ſerve ſo good a King.

But

Since Time tells me that my Glaſs is run,
Setting me backward where I firſt begun;
Since no way elſe they can their Duty ſhow,
I'll only employ my Hands to Heaven for you:
And what my Sword can't, may Devotion do.

KING.

How truly he a glorious Monarch is,
That's crown'd with Bleſſings ſo ſublime as theſe!
How can I but in all things happy be,
Propt by ſuch Courage and ſuch Piety?
To me, with Gods, Similitude is giv'n;
'Tis Power and Virtue that ſupports their Heaven.
Our Royal Standard to the City bear,
T'alarm it to Obedience, or to War.
To-morrow muſt decide th' *Athenian* Fate, } *Exeunt all*
This Day to Joy and Eaſe we'll conſecrate. } *but* Tiſ.

TISSAPHERNES.

Ungrateful King! thy ſhallow Aims purſue;
But, my briſk upſtart Favourite, have at you.
Was it for this my active Youth I ſpent
In War? and knew no Dwelling but a Tent!
Have I for this thro' invious Mountains paſt?
Demoliſh'd Cities, and laid Kingdoms waſte?
Still in his Cauſe unweary'd Courage ſhown?
And almoſt hid his Head in Crowns I won?
Upon my Breaſt receiv'd ſo many Scars,
They ſeem a War deſcrib'd in Characters?
And muſt the Harveſt of my Toil and Blood,
Upon a fawning Rebel be beſtow'd?
Who having falſe to his own Country been,
Comes here to play his Treaſons o'er again?
Muſt he at laſt tumble my Trophies down,
And revel in the Glories I have won?
Whilſt from my Honours they me diſengage,
With a dull Compliment to feeble Age.

What

What ails this hardy Hand, that yet it ſhou'd
Tremble at Death, or ſtart at reeking Blood?
Methinks this Dagger I as firmly hold, [*Draws a Dagger*
And with a Strength as reſolute and bold,
As he who kindly would its Point impart,
A Preſent to an envy'd Favourite's Heart;
And I, fond Youth, will try to work thy Fall,
Tho' with my own I crown thy Funeral.
Envy and Malice from your Manſions flee,
Reſign your Horror and your Snakes to me:
For I'll act Miſchiefs yet to you unknown;
Nay, you ſhall all be Saints when I come down. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Grove adjoining to the* Spartan *Camp.*

Enter TIMANDRA *and* DRAXILLA.

TIMANDRA.

WHAT uncouth Roads afflicted Lovers paſs!
How ſtrange, prepoſt'rous Steps their Sorrows trace!
Oh, *Alcibiades*, if thou art juſt,
Forgive th' Exceſs of Love that bred Diſtruſt.
Driven by that, diſguis'd I hither came,
Yet here and ev'ry where my Grief's the ſame.
But kind *Draxilla*'s Friendſhip can diſpel
The thickeſt Clouds that on ſad Boſoms dwell:
That does alleviate my Griefs, and give
My weary'd Soul a ſoft and kind Reprieve;
Which ever to forget would be as hard,
And as impoſſible, as to reward.

DRAXILLA.

The ſerving you, my Happineſs ſecures,
I'm only ſomething by my being yours;
Since equally with yours, my Hopes were croſt,
When in your Lover I a Brother loſt;
Then like an Orphan, deſtitute and bare
Of all, but Miſery and ſad Deſpair,
Your Kindneſs gave my yielding Spirits Reſt,
And rais'd me to a Dwelling in your Breaſt:
Can ought I not, in all, my Soul reſign,
To eaſe her Griefs that kindly pity'd mine?

TIMAN-

TIMANDRA.

In that I did what Honour urg'd me to.

DRAXILLA.

And Honour tells me Gratitude is due.

TIMANDRA.

But how grows Gratitude to that degree,
To be afflicted thus and weep for me?

DRAXILLA.

Alas! that is the leaſt that I could do;
To our worſt Enemies our Tears we owe.
Friendſhip to ſuch a noble Height ſhould riſe,
As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they ſhew a Zeal remiſs and ſmall,
Except themſelves as nobler Victims fall.
With as great Courage could I for you die,
And my triumphant Soul to Heaven ſhould fly;
There I again my Friendſhip would renew,
And lay up chiefeſt Joys in ſtore for you.

TIMANDRA.

What vaſt and boundleſs Flights does Friendſhip take!
Beyond what Search can ſee, or Fancy track?
'Tis the Improvement of the Part Divine,
When Souls in their ſeraphic Tranſports join;
In Souls united, ſo we Friendſhip ſee,
As many Glories make a Deity.

Enter ALCIBIADES *from the back part of the Scenes.*

DRAXILLA.

Madam, yonder he comes who muſt retrieve
Your drooping Hopes, and your faint Joys revive.

TIMANDRA.

My *Alcibiades!* how I begin
To think my miſplac'd Jealouſy did ſin!
Go meet him, ſeem all troubled and in Tears,
And with the Tale I taught thee wound his Ears:

Me

Mean-while I will withdraw myſelf this way,
Nor would my ſwelling Paſſions let me ſtay.
[*Goes to the Door.*

ALCIBIADES.

What airy Viſions o'er my Eyes there move,
Like the good Genius of an abſent Love!
Where-e'er I turn me, I methinks eſpy
Timandra's Image ſoftly gliding by.
Such fond Ambition Love his Slaves does teach,
To make 'em fancy what they cannot reach.
For Oh, Divine One!
How finkly Joys, Honour and Greatneſs grant,
When thee the Glory of my Soul I want!

DRAXILLA.

My Lord!———

ALCIBIADES.

———Guard me, ye Pow'rs! *Draxilla* here,
And weeping too! Oh my prophetic Fear!
What is't your coming here would ſeem to tell?
Relate, oh, quickly, is my Princeſs well?

DRAXILLA.

Oh Sir! In that unhappy fatal Night,
When to the *Spartan* Camp you took your Flight,
When by the cruel Senate you were drove,
Both to forſake your Country and your Love;
Timandra, and myſelf, as we were ſat
In her Apartment, grieving for your Fate;
No ſooner, with ſad Jealouſies oppreſt,
Her wearied Soul in Sleep ſought after Reſt,
But Grief new Scenes of Miſery brought in,
And play'd in Dreams its Horrors o'er again:
Sometimes her tender Arms ſhe'd forward ſtretch,
Then fiercely at the empty Air would catch:
Weary'd with Grief, ſhe then would milder be,
And in a hollow Sigh ſend out, Ah me!

At laſt ſhe roſe, and 'bout the Chamber walkt;
Sometimes ſhe ſtarted, then ſtood ſtill and talkt:
Anon repeat ſome ſhort and pithy Pray'r;
Again grow wild, and tear her precious Hair:
Till having ſo wrought Sorrow to that Height,
That her Soul grew too tender for the Weight;
Ere I my Courage could collect, to go
And give a Hindrance to the fatal Blow,
She with her Dagger ſtabb'd herſelf, and ſaid,
Thus dy'd *Timandra*, that unhappy Maid.

ALCIBIADES.

Ye Gods! Is't thus your Juſtice you diſpenſe,
To lay th' Reward of Guilt on Innocence?
What tho' theſe ſacrilegious Hands have thrown
Your Images, thoſe pageant Glories, down!
Muſt you Revenge on her I lov'd transfer?
You might have plagu'd me, ſo y'ad pity'd her.
But thus I'll ſend my Soul, where it may tell
She lov'd too raſhly, but not lov'd too well:
[*Offers to fall on his Sword, but is hinder'd by* Draxilla.
Oh Siſter! do not hinder me my Death;
Sighs are the only Uſe I've left of Breath:
One Blow will put an end to Grief and me.

Enter TIMANDRA.

TIMANDRA.

That, Sir, you muſt not do, nor muſt I ſee.
[Alcibiades *ſtarts.*
Why fly you back? Nay, if you ſhun me now,
I ſhall grow apt to think my Fears too true.

ALCIBIADES.

Oh Heavens! does then my dear *Timandra* live!
The Joy's too mighty for me to receive;
This was the greateſt Bliſs Heaven had to give.

How

How raſhly did my impious Rage profane
Your Goodneſs! Oh but waſh away that Stain,
Then I with Victims will your Altars load,
And have a Sacrifice for ev'ry God:
Till by thoſe holy Fires this black Offence
Be purg'd, and purify'd to Innocence.
But, Deareſt, how could you ſo cruel be,
To let ſuch Bliſs be dreſs'd in Miſery?
To tell me you were dead!
How could you think but th' Horror of that Breath
Muſt damp my Soul, and chill me into Death?

TIMANDRA.

Alas! my Fears could find out no Relief,
But thus t'aſſault you in the Garb of Grief;
This Trial of your Faith my Joy ſecures,
As Thunder uſhers in refreſhing Show'rs.

ALCIBIADES.

Let us no longer then to Doubts give way,
But haſte to th' Conſummation of our Joy;
So, with our bright united Flames, diſpel
Thoſe anxious Miſts that on our Boſoms dwell,
Being of no other Jealouſy poſſeſt,
But which ſhall kindeſt prove, and love the beſt.

TIMANDRA.

And when our faithful, happy Hearts ſhall be
Firmer united by that ſacred Tie,
How in an endleſs Road of Bliſs we'll move,
Steering our Motions by our perfect Love!
There we with Pleaſure will recount each Woe,
Which we have paſs'd, and others undergo.
There we'll reflect o'th' various Hopes and Fears,
The mournful Sighs and the impatient Tears
Of diſtreſt Lovers, whilſt we'll kindly thence,
Thro' a ſtrange myſtical Intelligence,
Give 'em Redreſſes by our Influence.

Till ſo, by ours——
Their full grown Joys receive a happy Birth,
As Planets in their kind Conjunctions bleſs the Earth.

ALCIBIADES.

Then, my *Timandra*, to our Bliſs let's fly,
There's but one Minute more to Ecſtacy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

QUEEN.

Oh my *Ardella*, whither ſhall I turn?
I'm all o'er Flame, in ev'ry Part I burn.

ARDELLA.

Your Majeſty——

QUEEN.

—Fool, Majeſty! what's that?
Th' ill-natur'd Pageant Mockery of Fate;
When her ungrateful ſportive Pow'r ſhe'd ſhow,
Raiſing us high——
To bar us of the Benefits below.
But I'll her ſervile Policy deſpiſe,
And make her ſtoop to Love's great Victories.
Th' Almighty Pow'r of Heav'n came down from thence,
To taſte the Sweets of am'rous Excellence:
Why then ſhould Princes, that are Gods below,
Think that a Sin which Heav'n is proud to do?

ARDELLA.

But, Madam, is it not a cruel thing
T'abuſe a loving Huſband, and kind King?

QUEEN.

Dull Girl, thou know'ſt not what a Huſband is;
Alas, they never reach the Height of Bliſs,
But ignorantly with Love's Magick play,
Till they raiſe Spirits thy want Pow'r to lay.
In that brave *Alcibiades* there ſwarm
So many Graces, he's all over Charm;

Such

Such killing Airs in each part of him move,
His Brows dart Majeſty, and his Eyes Love?
Oh my *Ardella*, I am loſt in Thought!
I fain would have thee — yet 'tis falſe, I'd not.

ARDELLA.

Madam, your Royal Pleaſure but relate,
I'll be as faithful, and as firm as Fate.

QUEEN.

Art thou then ſkilful in Love's ſubtle Arts,
Cunningly to lay Ambuſcades for Hearts?
Canſt thou expreſs a melting kind Deſire,
And give a feeling Draught of Love's ſoft Fire?

ARDELLA.

Madam, ſo ſubt'ly I'll his Heart betray,
As one, who by ſome great Magician's Pow'r,
Is hurry'd thro' the Regions in an Hour,
And for Return again can find no way.

QUEEN.

My better Angel! Fly then ſwift as Time,
Or Thought; thou gain'ſt a Queen in gaining him.
But uſe ſuch Secrecy as ſtoll'n Loves ſhould have,
Be dark as the huſht Silence of the Grave.

ARDELLA.

Madam, diſtruſt not but that I ſhall do,
Both what is to your Love and Honour due.

QUEEN.

Honour! a very Word; an empty Name!
How dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
Give me the Soul that's large and unconfin'd;
Free as the Air, and boundleſs as the Wind:
Nature was then in her firſt Excellence,
When undiſturb'd with puny Conſcience,
Man's Sacrifice was Pleaſure, his God, Senſe.

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

TISSAPHERNES.

Madam, by the King's Command I'm to you ſent,
Who attends your Royal Preſence in his Tent.

QUEEN.

I go——— [*Exit* Queen *and* Ard.

TISSAPHERNES.

——Now all is ripe, methinks I ſee
Treaſon walk hand in hand with Deſtiny,
And both in a kind Aſpect ſmile on me.
Now the whole Court proceeds to ſolemnize
The Nuptials of proud *Alcibiades*;
Where ev'ry thing does as I'd wiſh combine,
To give a happy End to my Deſign.
It is the Cuſtom at a Marriage Feaſt,
The Bridegroom——
With a full Bowl preſents his chiefeſt Gueſt.
The Cups, by my great Secrecy and Care,
With ſtrongeſt Potion all infected are:
Which when our *Alcibiades* ſhall bring,
And offer as his Duty to the King,
The Poiſon and his ſudden Death will ſeem
Fully a traiterous Deſign in him.
Then muſt the Crown deſcend on me, and ſo
I feaſt my Rage, and my Ambition too.
Let Coward Spirits ſtart at Cruelty,
Remorſe has ſtill a Stranger been to me.
I can look on their Pains with the ſame Eyes,
As Prieſts behold the falling Sacrifice.
Whilſt they yell out the Horrors of their Moans,
My Heart ſhall dance to th' Muſick of their Groans. [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN *of the Guards.*

CAPTAIN.

Look that your Care and Diligence be great,
See the Guards double, and each Cent'nel ſet. [*Exit.*

The Scene drawn, discovers the Tent of a Pavilion; in it an Altar, behind which are seated the King and Queen, attended by TISSAPHERNES, PATROCLUS, *and the rest of the Camp; about the Altar stand several Priests of* Hymen.

KING.

Each Day brings some Surprize of Pleasure, here
Love vies his Triumphs with the God of War.

Six Priests of Hymen *dance.*

The Dance ended, Enter Chief Priest and Priestess of Hymen, *Priest leading* TIMANDRA, *and the Priestess* ALCIBIADES.

PRIEST sings.

Distracting Jealousies and Fears,
Heart breaking Sobs and restless Tears,
Fly to the Breasts that are
Wrackt with Despair:
In this,

PRIESTESS.

Or this,

CHORUS.

No Tears but those of Joy, no Pantings but of Bliss.

PRIESTESS.

Yes, yes, by Love alone we see
On Earth the Glories of a Deity:
For 'tis the greatest Work above,
To be innocent, and love.
Those then that flame so nobly here,
What ravishing Delights must they have there!

CHORUS.

Who on Earth to their Honour are just, and their Love,
Must reap the chief Blessings above.

PRIEST.

Let's then proceed, and *Hymen*'s Aid implore,
To join those Hands whose Hearts were link'd before.

PRIESTESS.

Agreed.

PRIEST.

Agreed.

PRIESTESS.

Agreed.

PRIEST.

Agreed.

CHORUS.

Hymen, oh *Hymen*, come away,
Crown the Wiſhes of this Day.
See, ſee theſe pure refin'd Deſires
Wait at thy Torch, wait at thy Torch, to improve their Fires.

Whilſt this Chorus is ſinging, Hymen *enters with his Torch, and joins their Hands with a Wreath of Roſes, which the Prieſteſs ſtrikes with her Spear and breaks; then they offer both parts upon the Altar.*

This Ceremony ended, a Dance is perform'd by four Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of Hymen, *all carrying in their Hands ſhort Spears muff'd with Flowers and Boughs of Fruit: after which a Bowl is brought in, and preſented to* ALCIBIADES, *who immediately upon the Receit bows to the* KING, *who deſcends with the* QUEEN, *and receives the Bowl of him, then ſpeaks.*

KING.

To ſhew how ſtrict a Reverence I have
For ev'ry thing that loyal is and brave,
[*Drawing near to* Tiſſaphernes.
This ſignal Honour only due to me,
Thus, *Tiſſaphernes*, I confer on thee. [*Preſents him the Bowl.*

TISSAPHERNES.

Confuſion! What means this?

KING.

KING.

Nay, do not ſtart,
It is the Offering of a grateful Heart:
Come drink to ſuch a Depth as may expreſs
Thy Wiſhes for their Joy, and *Sparta*'s Happineſs.

TISSAPHERNES.

I muſt obey your Majeſty——

[*Proffering to drink, lets fall the Bowl, and ſeems to ſwoon back.*

PATROCLUS.

Alas, my Father!

KING.

——How fares our worthy Friend?
Hence quickly, for our chief Phyſicians ſend.
So much this aged Hero I eſteem,
I rather could part with my Crown than him.

TISSAPHERNES.

My Health, Sir, needs no other Help than this, [*faintly.*
That you will pardon its Infirmities.
The Wine was of ſo ſtrong an Excellence,
Its Spirits prov'd too mighty for my Senſe.

Alarm without. Enter OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Dread Sir, your Camp th' *Athenian* Force alarms:
Without the City Gates th' appear in Arms,
And with a numerous and warlike Train
Begin their March upon the neighb'ring Plain.
Their bloody Enſigns all diſplay'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air,
Looſely they fly, and with a wanton Play,
Seem to ſalute the Sun-beams in their way:
Whilſt their ſhrill Trumpets rattle in the Sky,
As if with Muſick they'd charm Victory.

And this triumphant Pride does higher grow,
That they may make a Conquest fit for you.

KING.

'Tis well; ev'ry Battalia reinforce
With my late fresh Supplies of *Persian* Horse.
Their Fate no longer will Delay endure;
Prepare to fight 'em in this very Hour.
I'd have this Day hereafter famous be,
For the Renown of Love and Victory. [*Shouts from afar.*

Enter another OFFICER.

2 OFFICER.

The Enemy, Sir, does on the Plain appear,
And with re-ecchoing Shoutings pierce the Air.

KING.

So Beasts decreed for Slaughter, ere they fall,
With their own Bellowings ring their Funeral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *the* Camp.

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

TISSAPHERNES.

CURSE on my niggard Stars: they were ſo poor,
That my Revenge prov'd greater than their Pow'r;
My Fury had begot ſo vaſt a birth,
Fate wanted Strength enough to bring it forth.
[*Trumpets afar off ſound a Charge.*
That ſprightly Sound darts fiercely thro' my Soul.
Oh that I might one Minute Fate controul!
Could but command one happy fatal Dart,
To ſend itſelf into the Gen'ral's Heart.

Enter KING *and* QUEEN *attended.*

KING.

Thus muſt proud States ſubmit, when Monarchs claim:
They govern in a rude diſorder'd Frame,
As Stars in a dim Senate rule the Night,
But vaniſh at the Sun's more potent Light.
Athens now feels the Fury of my Heat;
A Pow'r like theirs, divided, can't be great:
It may tumultuous and numerous ſhow,
But never contract to give a ſteady Blow.

QUEEN.

In States, thoſe monſtrous many-headed Pow'rs,
Their private intereſt publick Good devours.

'Tis true, when in their Hands a Rule they gain,
They know to uſe that Power not maintain.
Like Pirates in a Fleet, awhile they may
Seem dreadful; but when by ſome juſter Force
Oppos'd———
Each his own Safety ſeeks, and ſhrinks away.

TISSAPHERNES.

You, Sir, have vanquiſh'd Emp'rors, fetter'd Kings:
States are ſuch mean and deſpicable Things,
Compar'd with other Glories y'ave ſubdu'd,
Their Conqueſt ſeems but a ſoft Interlude.

[*Trumpets from far ſound a Retreat.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

This Minute, Sir, your Glories are compleat,
The routed Enemy makes a faint Retreat:
Victory, bluſhing they no more could do,
With a full Wing directs her Flight to you.

KING.

Thus, *Deidamia*, are our Wiſhes crown'd,
Love and Renown in the ſame Sphere go round:
Our laſting Loves draw laſting Victories,
Whilſt Courage takes his Flame from Beauty's Eyes.

Enter another MESSENGER.

2 *MESSENGER.*

Thus hourly, Sir, freſh Glories you receive,
Athens no more's your Enemy, but Slave.
Like the ſad Ruins of a Hurricane,
Their tatter'd Troops are ſcatter'd o'er the Plain,
And in diſorder'd Parties make away.

KING.

Relate, how went the Buſineſs of the Day?

MESSENGER.

Brave *Alcibiades* has Wonders done,
Ne'er greater Courage was in *Sparta* shown.
Troops were not able to withstand his Shock,
Like Thunder from a Cloud his Fury broke
On all his Enemies; and like that too,
Death and Amazement did attend each Blow.
Long doubtful Fortune dally'd on her Wheel,
And neither seem'd to move it, nor stand still,
Till at the last the brave *Polyndus* fell.
His Loss did so amaze the Enemy
That in disorder they began to fly.
Yet brave *Theramnes* rally'd in their Head;
Tho' so their Fate was but awhile delay'd,
For by our Gen'ral he was captive made.
At which again they did their Flight renew,
With Numbers too so tatter'd and so few,
It had been Barbarism to pursue.
Then fair *Timandra*, who from far had been
An anxious Looker on this Tragic Scene,
With all the haste Joy could, or Love afford,
Flies to congratulate her conqu'ring Lord;
Now both in solemn Triumph this way move,
To crown your Glories as you crown'd their Love.

[*Trumpets.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, PATROCLUS, TIMANDRA, *and* THERAMNES *Prisoner.*

[Alcibiades *kneels to the* King.

KING.

Sir, of your Brav'ry I've already heard,
So much above the Power of Reward;
It were but just that I should Homage do,
And offer up Acknowledgments to you.

Riſe, Sir, and give this Ceremony o'er,
The Poſture ill becomes a Conqueror. [Alcib. *riſes.*

ALCIBIADES.

Conqu'rors that are triumphant in the Field,
Muſt at their Monarch's Feet their Trophies yield;
For all thoſe Glories which their Conqueſts claim,
They only have ſubordinate from them.
Thus, tho' my Sword this Captive has o'ercome,
It is from you he muſt expect his Doom.

THERAMNES.

Yes, and in this you have o'ercome him too,
He cannot talk, Sir, half ſo faſt as you:
Curſe, tho' I am your Priſoner, I hate
To hear your Pride upbraid me with my Fate.

ALCIBIADES.

Why, Sir, was't not my Favour that you live?

THERAMNES.

No; for I hate that Life your Hand did give.
Know, had your Fate been mine———
I ſhould have urg'd kind Deſtiny more home,
And there have revell'd, Rival, in your room.

ALCIBIADES.

Sir, for your Love, you ſhew but weak Pretence,
When all your Arguments are Inſolence.
Whence does it ſpring?

THERAMNES.

———From whence your Bliſs you draw,
Love, that ne'er clogg'd his Proſelytes with Law.
I lov'd this fair One firſt, and you muſt know
I'll love her ſtill, and what's all that to you?

ALCIBIADES.

This Rudeneſs, Sir, my Fury can't engage:
You are ill manner'd, and beneath my Rage.

THE-

THERAMNES.

But know, I'll follow ſtill my Hate to thee;
Nor ſhall my Chains obſtruct thy Deſtiny:
Thou didſt ſupplant me in *Timandra*'s Love,
For which I gave thy Glories a Remove;
And on thy Ruins made myſelf more great:
But ſince my Wiſhes Fate would not compleat,
My Fury with my Fortune ſhan't decreaſe,
I'll ſtill purſue thy Life and Happineſs;
By all Deſpairs, dark Arts, thy Fall deſign,
Till in thy Blood I write *Timandra* mine.

ALCIBIADES.

Rave on; know of your Threats no Senſe I feel,
I'd laugh at them, were't not to loſe a Smile.

KING.

But I'll take care that he ſhall better know,
What 'tis a Captive for his Life does owe.
How dare you offer here theſe Injuries?
Know you how much this gallant Man I prize?
Guards, to Confinement the Offender bear,
Be his Bonds narrow, and Reſtraint ſevere.
Since in your Breaſt ſuch a hot Frenzy reigns,
We'll try how you can brave it in your Chains.

THERAMNES.

So, King, as thou ſhalt envy what th'aſt done;
I have a Soul can ſmile when thou doſt frown.
Whilſt I *Timandra*'s fair Idea wear,
I can't want Freedom, for I'll think of her. [*Exit guarded.*

KING.

Thus, Madam, to your Eyes muſt Conqueſt bow,
Who are your Slaves no other Fetters know.

TIMANDRA.

If any Charms in me there can appear,
They only are confin'd and bounded there:

No

No greater Aims nor more Ambition know,
Than how, Sir, to oblige him that ſerves you.

ALCIBIADES.

Your gen'rous Pity to our faithful Flames,
That Power which it gave 'em juſtly claims.
Thus happy by your great Indulgence made,
In Joys ſo perfect, nothing can remove:
Your ſpreading Glories ne'er ſhall ſhrink or fade,
Till you forget t'aſpire, and we to love.
But how dare I uſurp the leaſt Pretence,
Who only borrow all my Laurels hence! [*Pointing to* Pat.
This is that noble Youth, who, when I ſtood
Beſet on ev'ry ſide with Death and Blood,
To my Relief ſuch gen'rous Succour brought,
And things ſo much above ev'n Wonder wrought.

PATROCLUS.

You, Sir, that taught me Friendſhip, taught me too
How much is to that ſacred Title due.
No, Sir, if your Life at hazard lie,
Tho' thouſand Deaths ſhould dare me, on I'll fly,
And conquer all, or bravely with you die.

ALCIBIADES.

In Gallantry you are ſo abſolute,
That I grow faint, and flag in the Purſuit.
Yet that Return accept in ſilence here,
Which is ſo great 'twill no Expreſſion bear. [*Embraces him.*

TISSAPHERNES.

Hell! Sure my blood is grown degenerate.
Can this my Son embrace the man I hate? [*Aſide.*

KING.

How, *Tiſſaphernes*, is thy good Age bleſt
In ſuch a Son, of ſuch a Friend poſſeſt!
Thus from thy rev'rend Trunk freſh Glories ſpread,
And with their pious Laurels ſhade thy Head.

TISSAPHERNES.

In this warm Comfort patiently I'll ſit,
Till Fate ſhall come and claim her lateſt Debt.
Sometimes my Youth's paſt Triumphs I'll review,
And pleaſe myſelf they were approv'd by you:
Alas, I've nothing elſe left now to do. [*Ironically.*
Oh my dear Boy! Sir, be my Joy thus ſhown,
Poſſeſs the Father as you've gain'd the Son. [*Embraces both.*

KING.

Monarchs, thus propt, the Shocks of Fate defy:
No Bonds ſo firm as thoſe which Friendſhip tie.
[*Exit* King *attended.*

Manent ALCIBIADES, TIMANDRA, *and* DRAXILLA.

ALCIBIADES.

Now, nobleſt Siſter, how ſhall be repay'd
Thoſe large Endearments, which your Love has made?
Our Happineſs will but imperfect prove,
If 'midſt the growing Pleaſures of our Love,
We nothing elſe in Gratitude can do,
Than only wiſh a Happineſs to you.

DRAXILLA.

What I have done, Sir, never had regard
To that ſiniſter thing we call Reward.
Good Deeds their worth and value have from hence,
They their own Glory are and Recompence.

ALCIBIADES.

But Siſter, if I might one Queſtion move?

DRAXILLA.

Your Pleaſure, Sir?———

ALCIBIADES.

———Could you not, Madam———love
The Friend, in whom I'm happy ſince I came,
As Honours as renown'd as in his Name?

He,

He, when I to him often would relate
The ſad Adventures of my Love and Fate;
So much your gallant Friendſhip did admire,
That with your Character he grew on Fire;
And bears a Flame ſo noble and ſublime,
As not to love again would be a Crime.

DRAXILLA.

Sir, that's a thing I cannot now diſcourſe;
Love rarely conquers with a ſudden Force.
Nor muſt I that acknowledge as my due,
Which was perhaps a Compliment to you:
If any thing in me he can approve,
I may believe it Gallantry, not Love.

ALCIBIADES.

I ſhall no more your Modeſty offend:
Pardon a forward Zeal to ſerve my Friend.
But if ought add a Bleſſing, 'twill to ſee
You made as happy as you have made me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES *and* PATROCLUS.

TISSAPHERNES.

D'you underſtand, *Patroclus*, what y've done?
Have you conſider'd that you are my Son?

PATROCLUS.

Sir, 'tis a Title I am proud of——

TISSAPHERNES.

How can you then deſcend to things ſo baſe,
That blot my Glory, and my Name deface?
Whilſt thus your blinded Folly ſo adores
The only Traitor, that my Soul abhors.

PATROCLUS.

How, Sir! I doat upon the Man you hate!
No, I had never Thoughts ſo impious yet.
By all my Hopes, if any Wretch there be
So unhappy to be held your Enemy,

Rather

Rather than in my Breaſt his Image bear,
I'd raze it from my Heart, or ſtab it there.

TISSAPHERNES.

Stay, leſt you ſhould pronounce too raſh a Doom;
Believe it is a Blow will wound you home.
But I will try———
What gen'rous Reſolution you expreſs.
Know then you muſt hate *Alcibiades.*

PATROCLUS.

Protect me Heav'n! can you command that I
Should break that Knot you did ſo lately tie?
Was't not your Love that did our Friendſhip join?
Did not your kind Embraces ſecond mine?

TISSAPHERNES.

Embraces! Love! and Kindneſs! what are theſe?
The outward Varniſh that our Hearts diſguiſe.
Haſt thou ſo long with Courts converſant been,
The various Turns of Power and Greatneſs ſeen,
And haſt thou not this Myſtery yet found,
Always to ſmile in's Face we mean to wound?
Come, you muſt hate him, nay and kill him too.

PATROCLUS.

Oh let me rather beg my Death from you.
Can you command me, Sir, to wound a Heart,
Whereof I do poſſeſs ſo great a Part?
In that I ſhould prove a Self-murderer;
Piercing his Breaſt, I ſtab my own Image there.

TISSAPHERNES.

Come, lay theſe idle boyiſh Scruples down,
Do as becomes your Virtue and my Son.
Can you behold him rev'ling in my Place,
And turning all my Honours to Diſgrace:
And can you of ſo little Value prize
The Honour of your Blood, not to ſhed his?

PA-

PATROCLUS.

Oh, Sir, no farther urge this horrid Theme,
'Twill blaſt your Glories, and your Wreaths defame.
Do but look on that Life you would deſtroy.
See if it ben't as ſpotleſs and ſerene
As that which in their Heav'n bleſt Saints enjoy,
Pure and untouch'd but with a Thought of Sin.
By all th' Endearments of a filial Love, [*Kneels.*
And if that Charm cannot your Pity move,
By my dear Mother's Ghoſt, whoſe dying Pray'r
Bequeath'd me her chief Treaſure to your Care,
This unjuſt cruel Enmity lay down,
And do not in his Friend deſtroy your Son.
On the paſt Brav'ry of your Youth look back,
There the bright Paths of all your Triumphs track:
Think what 'twill be thoſe Glories to exchange,
For a baſe, brutal, infamous Revenge,
Oh, Sir, recal, recal the dire Decree,
'Tis ſuch a Deed as Fate will ſhrink to ſee.

TISSAPHERNES.

Then 'tis the fitter to be done by me.
Give this unmanly childiſh Pity o'er,
Or ne'er preſume to call me Father more.

PATROCLUS.

Then ſee how I reſign that Intereſt here: [*Riſes.*
Thus all the Bonds of Duty cancell'd are.
Whilſt ſuch black Horrors in your Soul I ſee,
Y'are not my Father, but my Enemy.
Now againſt me let all your Vengeance come,
Thus, thus my Breaſt for your Revenge has room.
Brave *Alcibiades* ——
No, ſince ſuch barb'rous Miſchiefs you dare do,
I'll die for him, but ſcorn to live for you.
Why don't you ſtrike, Sir? Is your Rage grown faint?

TIS-

TISSAPHERNES.

I fear I've too much trifled with this Boy;
Curſe on his Honour, 'twill my Hopes deſtroy.
But I'll ſmooth all in time. O my dear Son,
Now art thou worthy to be call'd my own.
None but a Heart, that's truly noble, cou'd
Ever deſerve a Title to my Blood.
No, may ye both in your brave Friendſhip be
As truly happy as I am in thee.
That's curſt——— [*Aſide.*

PATROCLUS.

Is then my Father kind? can he approve
Our Friendſhip? does he once more crown our Love?
Oh, Sir, let thus my Acknowledgment be giv'n,
As we for Bleſſings offer Thanks to Heav'n. [*Kneels.*

TISSAPHERNES.

Riſe, riſe, thou Comfort of my Age; I now
Have underſtood all I could wiſh to know.
Alas, in this Diſguiſe I did but try
The Strength and Virtue of thy Conſtancy.
'Tis a Refreſhment to this hoary Head,
To prove that Virtue which myſelf have bred.
Thus bleſt in Peace I'll to my Grave deſcend,
As the declining Sun goes down at Night,
Pleas'd with the Riſing of an Off-ſpring Light.

PATROCLUS.

Such myſtic Ways Fate does our Loves confirm,
As rooted Trees ſtand faſter by a Storm.
After this Shock our Friendſhip's more ſecure,
As Gold try'd in the Fire comes forth more pure. [*Exit.*

TISSAPHERNES.

There's ſome Foundation yet for my Deſign;
The Captive's brave; I'll try to make him mine.
Unwary'd I will let my Fury range,
And leave no Heart unſearch'd to find Revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *A dark Tent.*

THERAMNES *in Chains.*

THERAMNES.

How ſweet a Quietude's in Fetters found!
That it ſeems almoſt Freedom to be bound.
Tho' thus confin'd, my agil Thoughts may fly
Thro' all the Regions of Variety.
Here in a trice I can the World run o'er,
And finiſh whole Years Labours in an Hour.
But oh my Miſtreſs! my *Timandra* loſt!
That is the only Bitterneſs I taſte.
This outward Fetter but my Body chains,
But that the Freedom of my Soul detains.
Why by my Rival's Sword did I not fall?
So bravely have embrac'd one Death for all?
Yet why ſhould I court ſuch an abject Fate?
Courage is the Supporter of the Great.
Methinks I've ſomething yet to do, might prove
Becoming both my Glory and my Love.
I'll——ah! this does my buſy Thoughts prevent.

Enter TISSAPHERNES.

Is that old Fiend for a Tormentor ſent?
Good Sir, upon what Meſſage are you come?
Am I then deſtin'd to ſome harder Doom?

TISSAPHERNES.

No, I am come to give your Sorrows eaſe.
I know you hate, Sir, *Alcibiades:*
Nay, and I know you love *Timandra* too.

THERAMNES.

Well, Sir, all this I know as well as you.

TISSAPHERNES.

Come, if you dare be brave, be't on this Theme:
Dare you, Sir, raviſh her, and murder him?

THE

THERAMNES.

For what dark Ends do you this Queſtion bring?
Dare! s'death, old Sir, I dare do any thing.

TISSAPHERNES.

That Word then all my former Doubts ſecures;
Be only reſolute, and *Timandra*'s yours.
My Stratagems ſo ſubtly I will lay,
That to your Arms your Miſtreſs I'll betray.
Thus then, as the firſt Step to our Deſign,
Your Guards I'll with adulterated Wine
Secure; ſo they charm'd in a Lethargy,
I'll from your Bonds and Priſon ſet you free.
Then, when ſome happy Moment ſhall preſent,
Timandra left unguarded in her Tent,
Both of us thither in diſguiſe will move,
To end your Rival, and compleat your Love.
For when your fill of Bliſs you have enjoy'd,
And your full Pleaſures with themſelves are cloy'd:
I thither will alarm our Enemy,
Where by both Swords he ſhall be ſure to die.
And the next Night (the Watch-word given by me)
You may 'ſcape thro' the Guards to Liberty.

THERAMNES.

Revenge! my Love enjoy'd, and Freedom too!
Then in the Name of *Pluto* be it ſo.
What ſtupid 'gnorance the World poſſeſt,
That only Fury plac'd i'th' youthful Breaſt!
No, 'tis in Age alone great Spirits are young:
The Soul's but infant when the Body's ſtrong.
Theſe hoary Heads like grilly Comets are,
Which always threaten Ruin, Death, and War.

TISSAPHERNES.

Alas, ſuch tame Souls know but half a growth:
I'll make my Age a Step to a new Youth:

Such

Such Murders and ſuch Cruelties maintain,
I'll from the Blood I ſhed grow young again.

THERAMNES.

Let's in the Name of Horror then go on;
Methinks I long to have the Buſ'neſs done:
Something like Conſcience elſe may all defeat;
You know, Sir, I'm but a raw Villain yet.

TISSAPHERNES.

Conſcience! a Trick of State, found out by thoſe
That wanted Power to ſupport their Laws;
A bug-bear Name, to ſtartle Fools: But we,
That know the Weakneſs of the Fallacy,
Know better how to uſe what Nature gave.
That Soul's no Soul, which to itſelf's a Slave.
Who any thing for Conſcience ſake deny,
Do nothing elſe but give themſelves the Lye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter PATROCLUS *and* DRAXILLA.

PATROCLUS.

Why, Madam, do you fly a Lover's Pray'r?
Is Cruelty the Privilege o'th' Fair?

DRAXILLA.

You cannot, Sir, i'th' Camp be Beauty's Slave,
Where Honour's th' only Miſtreſs of the Brave.

PATROCLUS.

But 'tis a rugged Honour got in Arms,
When not made ſoft by Beauty's ſweeter Charms;
That melts our Rage into a kind Deſire,
Whilſt Love refines it in his purer Fire.

DRAXILLA.

Lovers, whoſe Flights ſuch ſublime Pitches chuſe,
Oft ſoar too high, and ſo their Quarry loſe.
But you, Sir, know to moderate your height,
Miſſing your Game, can eas'ly ſlack the Flight.

PAT[illegible]

PATROCLUS.

Such faint Eſſays may fit a common Flame,
But my Deſires have a far nobler Aim,
Religious Honour, and a Zeal that's true,
Rais'd by that Deity to which I ſue.

DRAXILLA.

Thoſe who to Deities their Off'rings pay,
Make their Addreſſes in an humbler way;
Not in a Confidence of what they give,
But modeſt Hopes of what they ſhall receive.

PATROCLUS.

I in my Off'ring no Aſſurance have,
Tho' an Ambition to become your Slave.

DRAXILLA.

Yes, but when once admitted to that Place,
You'll ſtill be looking for ſome Acts of Grace.

PATROCLUS.

Some little Favours Pity can't deny,
You are too noble to uſe Cruelty.

DRAXILLA.

See, Sir, the Queen! I beg you, Sir, forbear.

PATROCLUS.

Madam, this way——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

QUEEN.

Did he then ſuffer no Surprize? no ſhew
Of Alteration? Let's the Progreſs know.

ARDELLA.

In order, Madam, to your Command, I went,
And met him coming from the Royal Tent:
Where, after th' uſual Ceremonies paſt,
E'er, I would feaſt, I gave him firſt a Taſte;
Told him how much his Courage you approv'd,
That he in no mean Path of Glory mov'd,

Who

Who in his Arms had ſo ſucceſsful been,
T'engage a Monarch, and oblige a Queen.
Then nearer came, and whiſper'd ſomething more,
Began to intimate Love's mighty Pow'r.
He briſkly took the Hint, and readily
Began to urge ſome pretty Things to me.
By which encourag'd, I to th' Buſineſs drew,
Told him in fine it only was his due
To be admir'd by all, and lov'd by you.

QUEEN.

And did not then his alter'd Looks betray
Some Ecſtaſy? ſome Marks of lively Joy?

ARDELLA.

No, Madam, he knew better Policy,
Talk'd of your Honour, and his Loyalty;
Fine ſmoothing Terms to cloke a Paſſion in.
But if your Majeſty———

QUEEN.

What?

ARDELLA.

—Had but ſeen
How much his Carriage did his Words deceive,
When with a gentle Sigh he took his Leave,
As if he languiſh'd till the Minute came.

QUEEN.

Doſt thou then think he entertains my Flame?
Let's to my Tent, and wait his coming there.
Such Swarms of Love within my Breaſt there are,
The Heat's too furious for my Soul to bear.
What would I give but for a Taſte of Bliſs!
Oh, the choice Sweets of a ſtol'n Happineſs! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ALCIBIADES, *ſolus.*

ALCIBIADES.

UNDER what fatal Planet was I born!
Sure at my Birth the Heav'ns themſelves did mourn;
Diſjointed Nature did her Courſe forbear,
And held within her Womb a Civil War.
I who but now did Fame and Conqueſt bring,
And added to the Glories of a King,
Muſt ſee my Trophies all thrown down again
By the baſe Paſſions of a luſtful Queen!
Why was not I born to a common Fate,
Free from the glorious Troubles of the Great?
So in ſome humble Cell my Years have ſpent,
Bleſt with a private peaceable Content.
The vulgar Mortal feels not Fortune's Harms;
The higheſt Structures ſtill are ſhook with Storms.
See too, ſhe's here; what ſhall I do or ſpeak?
Fate has beſet me, I've no way to take.

Enter QUEEN *and* ARDELLA.

QUEEN.

My Lord, you ſomething diſcompos'd appear;
Surely there's nothing that can fright you here.

ALCIBIADES.

Majeſty, Madam, is a thing divine.

QUEEN.

If that diſturb you, Sir, I'll lay by mine.
Methinks I apprehend a greater Pride,
To view the Man whoſe Glories ſpread ſo wide.

ALCIBIADES.

Madam, you on 'em ſet too high a Price.

QUEEN.

Perhaps I ſee not, Sir, with common Eyes:
They beſt of Honour judge that Honour have:
I find a Secret in me ſays y'are brave;
You need not, Sir, unfold it, you can gueſs.

ALCIBIADES.

How craftily ſhe would her Luſt expreſs,
And ſet her Ills off with a winning Dreſs!
What's to be done, which way ſhall I conclude?
I muſt abuſe my King, or muſt be rude. [*Aſide.*
I cannot ſpeak——

QUEEN.

——My Lord, let's ſit a while:
Won't you vouchſafe your Viſitant a Smile?

ALCIBIADES.

Smiles, Madam, were too inſolent a Joy.

QUEEN.

Fie! put theſe formal Compliments away.
Ardella, ſing that Song I heard to Day.

SONG.

I.

The brighteſt Goddeſs of the Sky,
How did ſhe panting, ſighing lie,
And languiſhing deſire to die!
For the triumphant God of War
Amidſt his Trophies did appear,
As charming Rough as ſhe was Fair.

II.

Their Loves were bleſt, they had a Son,
The little Cupid; *who has ſhown*
More Conqueſts than His Sire e'er won.
He grew the mightieſt God above,
By which we hold a Rebel prove
To Heaven, that dares be ſo to Love.

III. *How*

III.

How ſoft the Delights, and how charming the Joy,
Where Love and Enjoyment each other ſupport!
Let the Cynical Fool call Pleaſure a Toy,
Who ne'er Fame i'th' Camp had, nor Love in the Court:
O ſo kindly the Combats each other ſucceed,
Where 'tis Triumph to die, and a Pleaſure to bleed.

ALCIBIADES.

The Air is charming ———

QUEEN.

———Retire. [*Exit* Ardella.
No lively Symptoms of a growing Fire!
I'll urge him further——— [*Aſide.*
My Lord, your Hand; how beats your Pulſe? I fear
Y'are ill; cold Drops upon your Brows appear;
I'll wipe 'em off; come, Sir, your Fears remove,
You need not bluſh to tell me that you love.
I'll do it for you, nay, I more will do,
Bluſh for myſelf too when I bluſh for you.
Sure this will take; what does your Wonder mean?
Is Love ſo ſtrange?———

ALCIBIADES.

———Oh name not that again!
Could you ſuch Wrong to Royal *Agis* do?
Think what's to Heaven and to your Virtue due.

QUEEN.

Muſt I be hated then? and, Sir, by you? [*Angrily.*
Piſh, why d'you talk of Heav'n and Virtue now? [*Mildly.*

ALCIBIADES.

Not new-made Mothers to their Infants bear
A firmer Paſſion, or a tend'rer Care.
Shew me yours, or your Honour's Enemy,
See with what Vigour t'your Revenge I'll fly.
For you with Life I willingly could part;
But whilſt that laſts, *Timandra* has my Heart.

QUEEN.

The heavy Pleaſures of the Marriage Bed,
Dull Repetition ſoon will render dead.
Taſte freſher Joys, and when they tedious grow,
Then the old Pleaſures may ſeem gay and new.

ALCIBIADES.

Could I expect to have ſuch Language heard,
Where Beauty and ſuch Innocence appear'd?

QUEEN.

Can you my little Beauty then approve,
And is't ſo difficult a thing to love?

ALCIBIADES.

Love, Madam! only be as truly good,
As you are fair, I ſhall not need be woo'd;
I'll love you as the Siſter of my Blood.

QUEEN.

A Siſter's Love's a lean inſipid Bliſs,
So little, we can hardly name what 'tis.
Where is the Tranſport, Ecſtaſy, Delight?
'Tis like thin Meat to a ſharp Appetite.

ALCIBIADES.

I know y'are beauteous as the bluſhing Morn:
Your Beams the Luſtre of a King adorn,
That King whoſe Piety me happy made;
And can I in return profane his Bed?
Tho', Madam, I've liv'd free, and never ſet
Limits to any thing we call Delight,
Yet raiſe not new Rebellions in my Blood:
Beauty hath Darts too keen to be withſtood.

QUEEN.

Yet all its Power has no Force o'er you,
Your cruel heart's immoveable; but know
'Twill to your Honour be but ill apply'd,
That for your Love a Queen neglected dy'd.

ALCI-

ALCIBIADES.

What is't your Majeſty would have me do?

QUEEN.

Are you ſo ignorant that you don't know?

ALCIBIADES.

Death! not to have ſome Senſe, were to unman
Myſelf, but I'll be Conqu'ror if I can.
Should I be made a Captive to her Charms,
Ere I am warm in my *Timandra*'s Arms?
One Stratagem I'll for my Freedom try. [*Aſide.*
Madam, no longer I'll your Pow'r deny: [*To the Queen.*
For if theſe Eyes had ne'er *Timandra* known,
You only might have call'd my Heart your own.
But whilſt with her I enjoy Love and Life,
And you remain the mighty *Agis*' Wife;
Know this is all I can in Juſtice do,
I'm ready on your leaſt Commands, to ſhew
I live for her; but yet could die for you.

QUEEN.

Muſt I then only border upon Bliſs?
Reſt on the Confines of my Happineſs?
As Souls that are excluded Heav'n for Sin,
See all its Glories, but can't enter in.

ALCIBIADES.

No, Madam; free from the dull Clogs of Senſe,
We'll reap Delights of nobler Excellence.
Our entwin'd Souls each other ſhall enjoy,
Tread Virtue's Paths, and never loſe their Way.
But if one in his Motion chance to err,
Strait regulate it by the other's Sphere:
——— Till at the laſt,
When the ſhort Zodiac of this Life we've paſt,
With new-impt Zeal beyond the Stars we'll fly,
There meet, and mingle to a Deity.

QUEEN.

Then to all Hopes of Happineſs adieu,
Since my chief Bliſs I've loſt in loſing you.
Oh the tyrannic Cruelty of Fate,
That lets us know our Happineſs too late.
Yet why ſhou'd I to Fears and Sorrows bend,
If only on their Fate my Hopes depend?
A Rival, and a King, I may remove:
There's nothing difficult to them that love. [*Exit* Queen.

ALCIBIADES.

She's gone———
Greatneſs, thou gaudy Torment of our Souls,
The wiſe Man's Fetter, and the Range of Fools,
Who is't wou'd court thee if he knew thy Ills?
He who the greateſt Heap of Honour piles,
Does nothing elſe but build a dang'rous Shelf,
Or erect Mountains to o'erwhelm himſelf. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Grove adjoining to the Camp.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES *and* THERAMNES *diſguis'd.*

TISSAPHERNES.

Now, Sir, y'are free, and proſperouſly move,
To reap the long wiſht Harveſt of your Love.
One Minute and y'are in *Timandra*'s Arms,
Now fetter'd in the Power of her Charms:
Methinks the Thought ev'n my old Blood alarms.

THERAMNES.

His Rage ſure works him to an Ecſtaſy:
How the old Monſter hugs his Villany!
Good Sir, diſpatch, I cannot brook Delay;
I waſte in Expectation of my Joy.
But hark, did you not hear a murm'ring Talk?

TISSAPHERNES.

Perhaps 'tis ſhe come in this Grove to walk:
Stay, here they are; by Heav'n the ſame, 'tis ſhe.
Retreat awhile; bleſt Opportunity! [*They go to the Door.*

Enter

Enter TIMANDRA *with a Book in her Hand, and* DRAXILLA.

TIMANDRA.

Methinks, *Draxilla*, when *Atlanta* ran,
And Slaughter was the only Prize ſhe wan;
Her Power a too cruel Rigour bore,
To kill thoſe ſhe had wounded ſo before.
[Theramnes *throws off his Diſguiſe.*

THERAMNES.

Then, Madam, be not guilty of her Ill:
Me the poor Wretch y'ave wounded, do not kill.
All in your Heart, if ſuch a Senſe there be
Of the Injuſtice of her Cruelty;
How much more Pity from your Breaſt is due
To him, who ev'ry Minute dies for you!

TIMANDRA.

My Lord *Theramnes!* by what lucky Hap
Have you from Guards and Priſon made Eſcape?

THERAMNES.

Who wears your ſacred Image in his Breaſt,
Is of ſuch pure Divinity poſſeſt,
And from ignoble Bondage ſo ſecure,
That feeble Chains fall off, and loſe their Pow'r.

TIMANDRA.

Then, Sir, in your intended Flight make haſte,
Leſt by ſome fatal Chance y'are once more loſt.

THERAMNES.

No, I enjoy a nobler Safety here;
No Danger dares approach when you are near:
Theſe Groves to Lovers Bliſs are dedicate,
Free from th' uncivil Outrages of Fate.
Come, let's to ſomething like Delight draw nigh,
And loſe ourſelves awhile in Ecſtaſy. [*Seizes roughly on her.*

TIMANDRA.

Guard me, ye Powers! *Draxilla*, help: my Lord!

TISSAPHERNES.

Good, gentle Madam. if you pleaſe, one Word.
[Draxilla *runs out, crying Help, and* Tiſſaphernes *after her.*

THERAMNES.

I cannot ſee my Rival bleſt alone;
Muſt he reap all the Sweets, and I have none?

TIMANDRA.

This Outrage, on my Knees I beg, forbear:
See, Sir, it is *Timandra* ſheds a Tear; [*Tiſ.* returns.
Her whom you vow'd you lov'd with noble Flame
Oh don't by ſavage Luſt profane that Name!
If 'tis the Envy of your Rival's Joy,
Remove, remove th' Offence ſome other way;
Save but my Honour, and my Life deſtroy.

THERAMNES.

Such Tenderneſs might cool another's Blood;
But I am too unhappy to be good.
Let Virtue to dull Anchorites repair,
Who ne'er had Soul enough to know Deſpair.
I'll baniſh the Encroacher from my Breaſt,
And ſhake him off e'er he take hold too faſt.
Come, let's retire within this Covert by;
I am impatient, and my Blood boils high.

TIMANDRA.

I will not go, I'll die a Martyr here.

THERAMNES.

Then I muſt drag you.

TIMANDRA.

——Barb'rous Raviſher!
Oh! oh!

Enter ALCIBIADES.

ALCIBIADES.

——Did I not hear a tender Cry?
Oh Heav'ns! turn, baſe Hell-hound, turn, and die. [*Draws.*

THERAMNES.

That, Sir, will thus be better underſtood. [*Draws.*

TIS-

TISSAPHERNES.

I've undertook, Sir, more than you'll make good.
[*Draws.* [*They both make at him.*

Enter PATROCLUS.

PATROCLUS.

How's this? assaulted! and by such base Odds!
Courage, my Friend!——

[*After a fierce Fight between* Alcibiades *and* Theramnes, Patroclus *and* Tissaphernes, Patroclus *drives his Father off the Stage, and* Alcibiades *runs* Theramnes *through.*

ALCIBIADES.

——To the curst Abodes
Of tortur'd Souls that in dark Horror dwell,
Thus fly, and to thy fellow Devils tell,
It was my Sword that sent thy Soul to Hell.

THERAMNES.

Hold, Sir, enough; I must your Victim fall,
Tho' an Attonement for my Sin too small.
My hasty Soul can make no longer Stay,
Death tolls his Leaden-bell, and calls away.
And now like some sad Trav'ler taking View
Of the long Journey that I have to go,
Whilst I my Thoughts to Heav'n's sweet Mansions bend,
Without your Mercy no Admittance find.
Oh but one Word of Pardon ere I die;
Secure of that, my Soul dares boldly fly.
Absolv'd by you, it must have Welcome there,
As Incense that is offer'd up with Pray'r.

TIMANDRA.

My Pardon and my Prayers too receive;
More than your Guilt could ask me I could give:
Be happy as your Penitence is true;
And may kind Heav'n forgive you, as I do. [*Weeps.*

THERAMNES.

Ah! can your Piety vouchsafe a Tear
Of Pity on an impious Ravisher!

My Soul will leave me in an Ecſtaſy;
And I ſhall want the Senſe to know I die.
Thus, pure Divinity, at your Feet I bow;
Here 'tis my Soul would make her lateſt Stay:
Nor can ſhe——
Beginning hence her Journey, miſs the Way.
But I'd forgot; beware of—— [*Dies.*

ALCIBIADES.

——Who can fear,
That is ſecur'd by Charms ſo pow'rful here?
Within theſe Spheres my Guardian Angels move;
Theſe are my Seats of Safety, as of Love.

TIMANDRA.

They weakly others guard, that can't defend
Themſelves; I fear more Miſchief may depend
On this Diſaſter——

Enter PATROCLUS.

ALCIBIADES.

So when a Storm blows o'er,
And a calm Breeze has ſmooth'd the rugged Deep,
The joyful Mariners can fear no more:
But thus embrace, and lull their Cares aſleep. [*Embraces him*
Welcome my Life's Protector, only Friend.
Hah! what does that ſad Look, and Sigh intend?
Are you, Sir, wounded?——

PATROCLUS.

Yes, too deep, I fear.

ALCIBIADES.

Forbid it, Heaven! where is't?

PATROCLUS.

——Oh here, Sir, here;
My Soul is pierc'd, I'm tortur'd ev'ry where:
Your Friend! ah let that Title be no more;
Behold me as a Wretch forlorn and poor.

Imagine

Imagine ev'ry Form of Miſery;
And when you've ſumm'd up all, then look on me.

ALCIBIADES.

Now ſome bleſt Angel to my Soul reveal
This Doubt: Can he be wrong'd, and I not feel?
Ah! kind *Patroclus*, this ſad Silence break.

PATROCLUS.

Sir, you muſt not hear, nor muſt I ſpeak.
Paint out black Horror in its deepeſt Dread,
And Troops of Murder hov'ring o'er your Head;
And when that hideous Maſque of Hell you ſee,
Think, if you can, that they came all from me.

ALCIBIADES.

Confuſion! how my Thoughts begin to ſtart!
A new unwonted Heat has ſeiz'd my Heart,
Something unruly, that would fain get place;
But I'll ſubdu't.—Be free, kind Friend, alas!
Force me not wrong our Friendſhip and your Worth.

PATROCLUS.

That Charm's reſiſtleſs, and I feel 'twill forth.
But oh it muſt not; Duty does forbid;
Yet what's my Duty if my Honour bleed?
Know then,—now that this ſtubborn Heart would break!
My cruel Father—oh I dare not ſpeak.

ALCIBIADES.

Hah!

PATROCLUS.

Led by ſome blind miſtaken Jealouſy,
Heaps Treaſons upon you, and Shame on me.
It was by him *Theramnes* made Eſcape,
And 'twas he back'd him in this impious Rape.
But oh no more! Shame does my Words ſuppreſs:
Yet think what he will do that durſt do this.
I'll go and try if I his Rage can ſtay:
I may divert the Stream another way. [*Exit* Patroclus.

ALCIBIADES.

Kind Youth, I cannot fear thy Father's Hate:
He ſells his Honour at too cheap a Rate.
What have I done that could be call'd a Wrong?
No, I've a Guard of Innocence too ſtrong;
Whilſt I unſpotted that and Friendſhip bear,
No Danger is ſo great that I need fear.

TIMANDRA.

Yet be not, Sir, regardleſs of my Fears;
Some Pity have of theſe ſad Sighs and Tears.
Whither, oh whither would your Raſhneſs lead;
To urge a Ruin levell'd at your Head!
Let us———
To ſome Receſs that's ſafe and humble go:
Timandra can bear any thing with you.
Let Int'reſt the unfix'd and wav'ring ſway;
With us———
Love ſhall ſupply what Fortune takes away.

ALCIBIADES.

Sure 'tis not my *Timandra*'s Voice I hear:
She ne'er had Cauſe to think that I could fear.
Have I ſo many Dangers over paſt,
Poorly to ſhrink from Villany at laſt?
No, with my Innocence I'll brave his Hate,
And meet it in a free undaunted State:
See all with Smiles, as fearleſs and as gay,
As Infants unconcern'd at Dangers play.

TIMANDRA.

Then I'll perform what to my Love is due;
Unſteddy Doubts be gone, blind Fears adieu:
I were unworthy of the Heart you gave,
Were I than you leſs faithful, or leſs brave.
And of my Courage too this Proof I'll give,
When you dare meet a Death, I'll ſcorn to live,

Nor

No longer be a Vaſſal to my Fear;
We'll in each other's Chance a Portion bear.
So Fate has thus at leaſt ſome Kindneſs ſhown,
Neither can wretched be, nor bleſt alone. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Camp.*

Enter TISSAPHERNES *and four Villains.*

TISSAPHERNES.

D'ye done?——

1 *VILLAIN.*

Sir, to a Point your Will's fulfill'd;
Theramnes' Guards, as they lay drunk, were kill'd:
Draxilla too, by the Ambuſh you had laid
For your Retreat, was in her Flight betray'd.

TISSAPHERNES.

Next, as from me, be there a Meſſage ſent,
To bid my Son attend me in my Tent;
In's Paſſage thither you may ſeize him, ſo
Convey him to the Cave——

1 *VILLAIN.*

——My Lord, we go.

TISSAPHERNES.

Ye are the beſt of Rogues; but diſappear: [*Ex.* 3 *Vil.*
You know your Buſ'neſs: So, the King is here.

Enter KING *and* QUEEN *attended.*

KING.

Lead to the Grove——

TISSAPHERNES.

Oh, Sir, there's Treaſon in the Camp; retreat,
But now the Guards I in Confuſion met,
Who led me where *Theramnes* I beheld,
The late *Athenian* Captive General, kill'd.
The little Breath he had left, h'employ'd to ſhew
His Honour, and his Gallantry to you;

Treaſons

Treaſons ſo ſtrange and horrid did relate,
As would ſeem almoſt Treaſon to repeat.
But, Sir, you have no longer Safety here:
Secure yourſelf, and leave all to my Care.

KING.

No more! you know not what you urge me to;
Secure myſelf! am I a King or no?
The Monarch, who when Danger's near ſits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Throne:
The beſt Securities in Courage are;
We but ſubſcribe to Treaſons which we fear.
Be free, and let me the bold Traitor know,
To ſtem the Torrent I myſelf will go:
In State I'll meet the fond capricious Wretch,
And dare him with that Crown which he would ſnatch.

TISSAPHERNES.

Alas, dread Sir, force me not to declare,
The Name would wound your ſacred Breaſt to hear.
I in revealing, Honour ſhould offend:
He once was Noble, Sir, and call'd me Friend.

KING.

How, Sir, your Friend! and Traitor to my Crown:
Reveal him, or his Treaſons are your own.

TISSAPHERNES.

Alas, but muſt I!——'tis ſo foul a Deed,
I cannot ſpeak.

KING.

Hell, Sir; d'ye play? Proceed.

TISSAPHERNES.

Then to be ſhort, he you ſo lately ſtrove
T'engage in all the firmeſt T'yes of Love,
He whom you almoſt had from nothing rais'd,
And on the higheſt Seats of Honour plac'd;
Has thence this Uſe of all your Favours ſhown,
To make 'em Steps to mount into your Throne.

KING.

KING.

Defend me! what do I hear!——
Sir, you have rais'd a Tumult in my Breaſt,
Which will not be ſo ſuddenly appeas'd:
By Heav'ns, ſee all that you inform be true,
Or may all Torments which to th' Damn'd are due,
Light on me, if inflicted not on you.
The brave *Athenian* falſe! it cannot be:
My Soul ne'er dreamt of ſuch Impiety.

TISSAPHERNES.

Sir, y'are unkind if you ſuſpect me falſe,
I never yet abus'd your Ears with Tales;
Had I ſuch myſtick Policy purſu'd,
Perhaps I'd now been kindlier underſtood.

KING.

Alas, dear Friend, miſconſtrue not my Zeal,
Weigh not my Paſſions in nice Reaſon's Scale.
Who would believe a King ſhould blindly place
His Love ſo firmly, for Returns ſo baſe?
Rack me no more, but the dark Scruple clear:
My Soul's in a Convulſion till I hear.

TISSAPHERNES.

Yes, Sir, 'tis he, and thus his Plots were laid.
Th' Account I from the dying Captive had;
Whom he with Liberty had brib'd, to join
With him in this his treacherous Deſign:
This Night with th' Enemy your Camp t'invade,
On Promiſe it ſhould be by him betray'd.
Which when the gallant Captive did diſdain,
He was to Combat dar'd, and by him ſlain.
If you inſiſt on farther Evidence,
Theramnes' murder'd Guards enough convince:
Hence you my farther Confirmation have.

KING.

Be bold; ſpeak what thou knoweſt——

VILLAIN.

——When to relieve
The

The Captive's Guards, I by Command was ſent,
I found 'em murder'd at the Door o'th' Tent.
In one of 'em ſome Life did yet remain,
Who told me they were by our General ſlain,
'Cauſe they *Theramnes'* Freedom had deny'd.
More he had ſaid, but at theſe Words he dy'd.

KING.

It was enough. Treaſon, how dark art thou?
In Shapes more various than e'er *Proteus* knew.
By Heav'n I'll make him baſe, deſpis'd and poor,
More wretched than e'er Monſter was before,
Naked, and ſtript of all his Dignities,
I'll lay his odious Crimes before his Eyes.
Then when his Mind is lab'ring with Regret,
To make his Infamy the more compleat.
Some common Slave ſhall on him Juſtice do,
And ſend his Soul among the Damn'd below.
Guards wait on him—— [*To* Iſſaphernes.
Go e'er my Love return and I repent,
And ſeize upon the Traitor in his Tent.
A ſpeedy Vengeance beſt befits this Wrong,
'Twere too much Mercy to delay it long.

Enter ALCIBIADES *and* TIMANDRA.

ALCIBIADES.

This way's the King?

TISSAPHERNES.

He's here leapt into th' Net.
Thus, Sir, the King ſalutes you. [*Guards ſeize* Alc.

ALCIBIADES.

Slaves, retreat.

TIMANDRA.

Alas, my Lord!

TISSAPHERNES.

—Sir, 'tis the King's Command
The leaſt of 'em I never durſt withſtand.

ALCI-

ALCIBIADES.

But, Sir, what Meaning can this Uſage bear?

TISSAPHERNES.

The King, Sir, quickly all your Doubts will clear.

KING.

Away with him, thou Poiſon to my Eyes.

ALCIBIADES.

The baſeſt Wretch not unconvicted dies.
Sir, let me know what 'tis that I have done,
Unworthy of my Honour or your Crown.
If in your Cauſe who'd ſpend his deareſt Blood,
And is, to be your meaneſt Vaſſal, proud,
No greater Welfare than in yours does know,
If he be an Offender, I am ſo.

KING.

How cunningly he would ſeem innocent,
And gild with Flattery his foul Intent!
Thus Traitors in their Fall are like the Sun,
Who ſtill looks faireſt at his going down:
'Sdeath, Sir, do you believe me Child or Fool,
Whom ev'ry fawning Word or Toy can rule?
By Heav'n I'll let you ſee, Sir, your Miſtake;
Hence with the Traitor quickly to the Rack.

ALCIBIADES.

Sir, hear me ſpeak——

KING.

What is't that you can ſay,
Who would my Crown and your own Truſt betray?
When you from Priſon ſet the Captive free,
Baſely to win him to your Treachery:
Whom, when on him your Plots could nothing do,
You kill'd, 'cauſe he more Honour had than you.

ALCIBIADES.

By all above, Sir, I am innocent:
I ne'er knew what the Thought of Treaſon meant.
But know from whence this Jealouſy you drew,
From him that hates me, and abuſes you:

Theramnes

Theramnes had his Liberty from hence: [*To Tissaphernes.*
And for Deſigns ſo baſe———

TISSAPHERNES.

——Oh Impudence!
To what prodigious Height will Treaſon climb!
Dare you, Sir, charge me with your heavy Crime?
Old as I am, my Sword ſhall do me right.
But——

ALCIBIADES.

—Monſter hence, and them that fear thee fright:
Think'ſt thou to play with the black Deeds th'aſt done?
Were I but free, tho' naked and alone,
Thou too defended by a deſp'rate Crew,
And all indeed more near being damn'd than thou;
This ſingle Arm ſhould prove my Cauſe is good,
And chronicle my Honour in their Blood.

KING.

Is't thus, Sir, you would plead your Innocence?
Think you t'outbrave us with your Impudence?
Once more the Traitor to his Tortures bear.

QUEEN.

But, Sir, your Juſtice now is too ſevere,
'Twere an ill Triumph after Victories,
To make the Conqueror the Sacrifice;
That Gallantry ſome Privilege may plead.

KING.

His Treaſons are too plain, and open laid,
And all his Merits weigh'd againſt them light.

QUEEN.

Should we him guilty of worſe Crimes admit,
And that in's Death you'd worthieſt Juſtice ſhew,
Yet to forgive's the nobler of the two.

KING.

When *Deidamia* pleads, I can't deny:
His Doom's this time recall'd, he ſhall not die;

But

[redacted] of all his Joys) let him be ſent
[redacted]erpetual Impriſonment;
[redacted] Treaſures rifled, and his Wife a Slave.

ALCIBIADES.

Here on my Knees let me one Favour crave.
What-ever Fate you have deſign'd for me,
It is embrac'd: but, Sir, let her be free;
Let all the Weight of the alledg'd Offence
Light upon me; wrong not her Innocence.

TIMANDRA.

How mean and abject is your Courage now!
Think you that I dare ſuffer leſs than you?
No, Sir; in this he has no Right to plead;
Whate'er you think either has merited,
Let equal Juſtice on us both be ſhown:
And as we are, ſo let our Fates be one.

ALCIBIADES.

Thou Wonder of thy Sex.———

KING.

I'll hear no more:
How dare you tempt an angry Monarch's Pow'r?
But ſince his Fate ſo gratefully you eſteem;
Let her be Pris'ner too, but far from him.
He muſt not be ſo happy to have her,
For Fetters would be Bleſſings were ſhe there.
Go, ſee ye execute our Orders ſtraight.

TIMANDRA.

Thus we with Smiles will entertain our Fate.
My deareſt Lord, farewel; let not a Sigh
Or Tear proclaim we grieve, our Parting's nigh.
Were it to quit our Happineſs a Pain,
Joy were not then a Bleſſing, but a Chain.
No, let us part as dying Martyrs do,
Who leave this Life only to gain a new.

Grief

Grief equally ignoble were as vain,
Since we at leaſt in Heav'n ſhall meet again.

ALCIBIADES.

So from their Oracles the Deities
Inſtruct the ignorant World in Myſteries.
But, part! that Word would make a Saint deſpair.
Obedience cannot be a Virtue here.
If ſo, ye Gods, ye have ſuch Precepts giv'n,
That an Example would confound your Heav'n:
Duties beyond Omnipotence you enjoin;
Can you forſake your Heav'n, or I leave mine?
Till when thus, King, I'm fix'd beyond remove,
With all the Cements of an endleſs Love.
Kill me, thou yet ſhalt of thy Ends deſpair,
My Soul ſhall wait upon her ev'ry where,
Nay I'd not fly to Heav'n till ſhe came there.

KING.

Shall I thus ſee myſelf out-brav'd? Away,
He is a Traitor that but ſeems to ſtay.

[Alcibiades *ſnatches a Sword from one of the Guards.*

ALCIBIADES.

Now I am arm'd, Death to that Wretch that ſtirs.

KING.

Sir, do not think to look us into Fears?
Diſarm him, Guards, or kill him. [*They fight and diſarm him.*

TISSAPHERNES.

Puſh home, ye Dogs———

ALCIBIADES.

———Sordid Slaves.
Thus ev'ry Aſs the helpleſs Lion braves.
Adieu, divineſt of thy Sex, adieu!
I never thought that I could part till now.
Now I deſerve the worſt Fate has in ſtore,
That in ſo brave a Cauſe ſhould do no more.

[*The Guards offer to lead him off.*

Yet

Yet ſtay one Look. Thus does the Needle ſteer
To his lov'd North, and fain would come more near;
When in the eager Proſpect of his Joy,
He's by ſome rude Artiſt ſnatch'd away.
Farewell ———

TIMANDRA.

Farewel, and if your Memory
Ere trouble you with ſuch a thing as I,
Let not a Sigh come from you, but believe
I'd rather be forgot, than you ſhou'd grieve.

ALCIBIADES.

Such Worth ſhall in each Temple have a Shrine
What, to regain her, would I not reſign?
But ſhe's too heav'nly to be longer mine.
[*Exeunt ſeveral ways guarded, looking back at each other.*

KING.

She's gone, but oh what mighty Charms there lie
Couch'd in the narrow Circle of an Eye!
Had ſhe but ſtaid another Minute here,
I had worn Chains, and been her Priſoner:
And ſtill I fear my Heart is not my own;
For if ſo bright when to a Dungeon gone,
How would ſhe ſhine triumphant on a Throne? [*Exit.*

QUEEN.

So, now or never muſt my Love ſucceed;
Vainly, weak King, haſt thou his Doom decreed.
In this beginning of his Fall th'art ſhown
But the imperfect Figure of thy own.
Few Hours remain 'twixt thee and Deſtiny,
Till when grow dull in thy Security.
Timandra's and thy Death is one Deſign;
Then if a Crown can tempt him, he is mine. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

TISSAPHERNES *solus.*

TISSAPHERNES.

NOW like a Lion on my Prey I'll feaſt;
Revenge, thou Solace to a troubled Breaſt!
Could but *Theramnes* in *Elizium* know,
How would his Ghoſt rejoice at what I do!
[Theramnes's *Ghoſt riſes.*

GHOST.

Oh no———

TISSAPHERNES.

Death, what is that I hear and ſee!
Begone, dull Ghoſt; if thou art damn'd, what's that to me?

GHOST.

From deepeſt Horror of eternal Night,
Where Souls in everlaſting Torments groan,
Where howling Fiends lie chain'd, and where's no Light,
But thickeſt Darkneſs covers ev'ry one,
I come to warn thee, Mortal, of thy Sin;
Short time is here left for thee to remain;
'Twere fit that thy Repentance ſoon begin,
For think what 'tis to live in endleſs Pain.
Farewel——— [*Deſcends.*

TISSAPHERNES.

———'Twas an odd Speech; but be it ſo:
Piſh; Hell itſelf trembles at what I do;
And its Submiſſion better to expreſs,
Sends this Ambaſſador to make its Peace.

Let

Let idle Fears the Superſtitious awe;
With me my Reſolution is a Law.
Repentance now would be too late begun:
Ages can't expiate what I have done.
And if below for Souls ſuch Torments are,
Methinks there's yet ſome Brav'ry in Deſpair.
The eaſy King looks little in his State,
His Crown is for his Head too great a Weight:
But I will eaſe him, and adorn this Brow.
Thus to my Aims no Limits I'll allow.
Revenge, Ambition, all that's ill, ſhall be
My Buſ'neſs; ſo I'll baffle Deſtiny.
Hell! No———
I'll act ſuch Things whilſt here I have Abode,
Till my own Trophies raiſe me to a God.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Now ſuch an Engine is it I would have,
I know he is a Traitor, and is brave.
I'll bait him with Ambition that ſhall move;
Then if complacent to my Ends he prove,
In ſeeming to comply with his Deſign,
I'll make him but an Inſtrument to mine:
For when Succeſs me to my Wiſhes calls,
I'll ſhake him off, and then unpropt he falls.
My Lord———

TISSAPHERNES.

Madam.

QUEEN.

My Father lov'd you well,
Would oft of your Atchievements tell;
When in his Camp ſuch gallant Deeds you wrought,
And always Victory and Triumph brought.

TIS-

TISSAPHERNES.

Madam, your Father was all good and juſt.

QUEEN.

He could, why may not I, your Honour truſt?

TISSAPHERNES.

You wrong it elſe, your Father lives in you;
As I was his, I am your Champion too.
Tho' old, againſt your Foes this Sword ſhall plead
Your Right; name but your Traitor, and he's dead.

QUEEN.

Nay, Sir, the Traitor's not alone my Foe,
His Injuries extended are to you,
To you to whom he owes all he enjoys,
Yet baſely him that gave him Growth deſtroys;
Whilſt for his Ills he would his Kindneſs plead,
To heap your Honours on your Rival's Head.
Rally your Courage up, if you are brave,
And at once mine, and your own Honour ſave.

TISSAPHERNES.

Your Majeſty would mean the King. D'ye try
My Reſolution, or my Loyalty?

QUEEN.

Your Courage, Sir, is known; your Loyalty,
If you have any, you'll find due to me.
Thro' me theſe Honours you in *Sparta* bore,
And 'twas my Father made you great before.
Now know it is the King, whoſe perjur'd Soul
Has done me Injuries ſo baſe and foul,
That all that's good will bluſh at; his Vows paſt
To me, all in another's Love are loſt.
Nay, with my Honour too my Life muſt bleed;
He with the Gen'ral's has my Fall decreed,
To take the fair *Timandra* to his Bed.
Let's go ſurprize him now he's full of Wine,
Revenge me on his Life, his Crown is thine.

TIS-

TISSAPHERNES.

Madam, indeed the Injuries you feel
Cry loud; nor do I tamely ſee my Ill.
But you muſt ſwear to me you will be true.

QUEEN.

By all that's holy I'll be ſo to you.

TISSAPHERNES.

I'll do't; but, Madam, know, I undertake
To hazard Life and Honour for your Sake;
Should you betray me ——

QUEEN.

Nay, now you are unkinder than before,
To my firſt Oath I'll add a Million more.

TISSAPHERNES.

And you will ſtill be mindful of the Crown?

QUEEN.

Had he ten thouſand, they were all your own.

TISSAPHERNES.

This then's his Fate; pity a Crime were here:
He ſhan't have Time enough to make a Pray'r.
[*Draws a Dagger.*

QUEEN.

Be bold; and proſper in thy brave Deſign;
And when his Death's perform'd, the next is thine. [*Aſide.*
[*Exit.*

TISSAPHERNES.

This Trap was dang'rouſly and ſubtly lay'd,
But I am not ſo eaſily betray'd.
Her Love to *Alcibiades* I know;
Her Woman for me did that Kindneſs do:
And ſince ſhe is ſo good at the Deſign,
I'll to oblige her give her one of mine.
My Zealous urging of her Oath was done,
Not to prevent her Plots, but hide my own.

I'll cheriſh her in all that ſhe pretends,
So make her Aims but Covers to my Ends.
For when I'm ſeated on the *Spartan* Throne,
Both her and all her Treaſons I'll diſown:
Prove both her Judge and her Accuſer too,
And on her my firſt Act of Juſtice do.
So all my Doubts and Fears will be o'er-paſt,
And by her Fall I fix myſelf more faſt. [*Exit.*

An Apartment, with a Chair of State, and by it a Table, with the Crown and Sceptre.

Enter KING *and* LORDS.

KING.

My Lords, no more, we've drank too deep! I'd now
A while be private.

LORDS.

——Royal Sir, we go. [*Ex.* Lords.

KING.

Boy take thy Lute, and with a pleaſing Air
Appeaſe my Sorrows and delude my Care. [*Sits down.*

SONG.

Princes that rule, and Empires ſway,
How tranſitory is their State!
Sorrows the Glories do allay,
And richeſt Crowns have greateſt Weight.

II.

The mighty Monarch Treaſon fears,
Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
His Life all Diſcontent and Cares,
And he at beſt is but a Slave.

III.

Vainly we think with fond Delight
To caſe the Burden of our Cares;
Each Grief a ſecond does invite,
And Sorrows are each other's Heirs.

IV.

IV.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
Be Gallant, Generous, and Brave,
And when I Quietude would gain,
At leaſt I find it in the Grave.

[The *King* falls aſleep.

Enter QUEEN *and* TISSAPHERNES *with a Dagger.*

QUEEN.

He ſleeps; now let the fatal Deed be done.
Hah! what are theſe, the Sceptre and the Crown!
So did the drouſy Dragon ſleep, when he
Loſt the rich Fruits of the *Heſperian* Tree.
Firſt we'll ſecure his Crown, and then he dies:
[*Takes up the Crown.*
Thus I'm diſcharg'd of all my Promiſes.
Take this, and if I claim your Promiſe too,
[*Puts it on his Head.*
Y'are King, and Juſtice is your Duty now.
Come, by his Fall———
This your firſt Step to Glory ſolemnize,
I'll make you King, make him my Sacriſice.

TISSAPHERNES.

I'll do't, but ſtay— [*Advances towards the King.*

QUEEN.

———Nay, quickly to him go;
Sir, he expects no Ceremony now.

TISSAPHERNES.

Thus then I——hah! how alter'd am I grown!
I ſtand amaz'd, and dare not venture on.
There is in Majeſty a ſecret Charm,
That puts a Fetter on a Traitor's Arm:
I cannot do't.———

QUEEN.

Then look on her that dares.
How deſpicable is the Man that fears!

Give me the fatal Inſtrument of Death;
[*Takes the Dagger from him.*
Myſelf will in his Heart this Dagger ſheathe:
Then bluſh to think, if e'er the World ſhould know,
That a frail Woman durſt do more than you.
Courage—he ſmiles,— [*Advances towards the* King.
Some pleaſing Dreams his Fancy entertain;
Oh it were Pity he ſhould wake again.
Thus, King, thy Life and Empire I command:
Accept this from thy *Deidamia*'s Hand, [*Stabs him.*

KING.

Hah, murder'd! *Deidamia*, and by you!
What is't that faithleſs Woman will not do?
Henceforth all Loyalty and Love farewel.
When After-Ages ſhall this Story tell,
'Twill be a Truth too ſad to be receiv'd;
Nor ſhall the World be by itſelf believ'd.
Did I for this ev'n Crown and Empire quit,
To lay all my Ambition at your Feet;
When at the Altar ſtricteſt Vows I paid?
Nor were they with leſs Zeal perform'd than made.
I lov'd you far above that Life y'ave ſpilt,
Till ev'n my Paſſion was become my Guilt.
I for your ſake depriv'd Heav'n of its due,
Took Adoration thence to pay it you.
And muſt this be th' Reward for all I've done?
Yet I ſhall have this Comfort when I'm gone,
That I no longer ſhall with thee remain,
But die in hopes we ne'er ſhall meet again. [*Dies.*

QUEEN.

He's gone, and now, my Lord———

TISSAPHERNES.

——Oh, what is't you have done?
A while lay your unruly Paſſions down.

View

View but the ſweet Compoſure of that Face,
Where Grandeur ſat attended by each Grace:
Now there grim Death his ghaſtly Revels keeps,
And pallid Horror o'er each Feature creeps.
Weep, Madam, weep, to think your Rage has giv'n
That Blow, which robs the World to enrich Heav'n.
Oh my dear Lord, that e'er I liv'd to know
This Day! Madam, I can't conceal it.

QUEEN.

——Say you ſo?
But, Sir, I ſcorn to be betray'd by you.
[*At the Noiſe of People entring, throws away the Dagger, then falls upon her Knees, and lays hold of* Tiſſaphernes, *then ſpeaks.*
Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon, *&c.*——
Is't not enough y'ave ſhed my Huſband's Blood?

TISSAPHERNES.

The Devil!——

QUEEN.

And robb'd the World of all that's great and good?
But you muſt ſeek my Life; Oh Pity take,
If not for mine, at leaſt for Virtue's ſake!

TISSAPHERNES.

Hell and Plagues!——

QUEEN.

But why do I name that? for all that e'er
The World had left of it, lies murder'd there.

TISSAPHERNES.

Very fine.

QUEEN.

Yet tho' you've robb'd him of his Life, ſave mine:
I'll live to aſk Heav'n Pardon for your Sin.

TISSAPHERNES.

So, now I'll ſtop your Mouth.
[*Breaks from her, and takes up the Dagger.*

QUEEN.

Help! Murder! Treaſon! help!

Enter LORDS.

1 *LORD.*

How, *Tiſſaphernes*, arm'd againſt the Queen;
What means this Poſture, Sir?——

QUEEN.

——Oh noble Lord,
If e'er your Pity could a Tear afford,
Weep down an Ocean there; behold the Spring
Of *Sparta*'s Hopes lies murder'd in her King.
And had not I the Traitor's Rage withſtood,
He with my Huſband's too had mix'd my Blood.
See where he guilty ſtands.

LORD.

——Great *Agis* ſlain!
By *Tiſſaphernes* too?

QUEEN.

Yes, he to gain
The *Spartan* Crown, this bloody Deed has done;
See he already has uſurpt the Crown;
His hot Ambition could not bear Delays,
But on the Royal Spoils thus proudly preys;
Inſults in's Treaſon.

TISSAPHERNES.

——I am now run down
So far, that all Hopes of Recovery's gone:
But, Madam, can you dare to lay this Guilt
On me? was't not by you his Blood was ſpilt?

QUEEN.

By me! baſe Wretch, would thy Impiety
Lay this inhumane Regicide on me?
I wound this Breaſt? ah, deareſt Saint, too well
I knew thy Worth! [*Weeps.*

TIS-

TISSAPHERNES.

Death! ſhe'll be Queen of Hell:
Pluto will grow in love with her for this.

LORD.

My Lord, Treaſon's above all Pardon.

TISSAPHERNES.

——'Tis.

LORD.

Then, Sir, to Juſtice.

TISSAPHERNES.

No, thus I deny. [*Preſents his Dagger.*
I liv'd not by it, nor will by it die.
Was it for this my Stratagems I laid
To ruin her, to be by her betray'd?
Curſe on my narrow Fate; but yet to ſhew
That I love Murder too as well as you,
Thus, perjur'd Queen——

[*Offers to ſtab the Queen, but is hinder'd by the Lords.*

QUEEN.

See, how he'd ſtill purſue
His Treaſon! hence to Juſtice with him go:
Hourly let on the Rack his Pains encreaſe,
Till he the Horror of his Guilt confeſs.

TISSAPHERNES.

That ſhall not need. I'll own the Deed as mine,
But glory in't, it was a brave Deſign.
The King kill'd! and I ruin'd! to compleat
Thy Luſt, all by one Stratagem, was great!
So great, that for its ſake
I can with Satisfaction yield my Breath,
Elſe I ſhould take no Pleaſure in my Death.
Pr'ythee go, be pleas'd to entertain
The laſt kind Precepts of a dying Man.
Be bloody, falſe, revengeful, luſtful, all
That can be found recorded on Hell's Roll

Embrace; where-e'er you riſing Virtue ſee,
Down with it, and ſet up Impiety.
Make that your Theme, leave nothing ill undone,
So copy *Tiſſaphernes* when he's gone;
Who leaves this Counſel as a Legacy:
'Tis my Religion, and I'll in it die. [*Exit* Tiſ. *guarded.*

QUEEN.

Hence with the Wretch——
Mean while to my dead Lord I'll Sorrows pay,
And after his figh my own Life away. [*Ex. Lords.*
So, now they are gone——Hah, who comes there?

Enter ARDELLA.

ARDELLA.

'Tis I.

QUEEN.

Ardella, on that thing caſt back an Eye!
'Twas once a King, but thank theſe Hands now none:
Nay, ſtart not, *Tiſſaphernes* too is gone; [Ardella *ſtarts.*
His Treaſures all are thine as a Reward.

ARDELLA.

You are too kind——

QUEEN.

See ſtraight a Draught prepar'd,
And Murderers; *Timandra* next muſt fall;
You know our Will, let it be done.

ARDELLA.

—It ſhall. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *A darken'd Tent.*

TIMANDRA *aſleep upon a Couch, a Spirit comes and ſings.*

MERLIN.

Come, my Salla, *come away,*
Thy Merlin *calls.*

SALLA, within.

Whither?

MERLIN.

MERLIN.

Hither; we've no Buſineſs To-day:
And where Innocence ſleeps we ſecurely may play.

SALLA.

I come. [Enters.

MERLIN.

So welcome my Dear,
But firſt let's diſperſe the black Clouds that are here.

BOTH.

Round about this Place we range,
And its gloomy Darkneſs change
To a bright delightful Grove,
A proper Scene for happy Love.

The Scene changes to *Elyzium.*

MERLIN.

Next, to divert this Fair One, all
Our wing'd Companions we'll call,
And the Air for Muſick charm,
Whilſt they their Meaſures here perform.

BOTH.

Come all ye bright Forms that inhabit the Air,
And eaſe with your Pleaſures the Cares of the Fair
Here frolick and ſkip, Oh no longer delay!
But let each clap his Wings, and away.

Several Spirits of the Air, deſcend, and dance.

SALLA.

[illegible]t us diſcover the Manſions of Reſt,
Lovers with eternal Joys are bleſt.

[illegible]us Temple appears in the Air, where the Spirits [illegible]appy are ſeated.]

[illegible] Fair One, ſee, not long ere you
[illegible] thoſe glorious Seats ſhall go.

Another *SPIRIT.*

The luſtful Queen thirſts for your Blood,
And you are for the World too good.

MERLIN.

Nor ſhall you come alone, your Lover too
Muſt meet a Fate the ſame with you.

SALLA.

But here your Troubles all ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis the Seat of endleſs Bliſs.

CHORUS.

Here in endleſs Pleaſures they
Keep eternal Holyday.
Here they revel, ſport, and are
Crown'd with Joys ſtill new and rare;
Their Pleaſures too can never die,
But like themſelves have Immortality.

MERLIN.

See the kind Spirits ſmile, and now
They'll bleſs her with a nearer View.

[The whole Body of the Temple moves downward.

CHORUS.

Deſcend, oh ye Glories deſcend!
Who with Bleſſings eternal are crown'd;
To this Nymph your kind Influence lend,
Whilſt the Spheres all with Harmony reſound.

MERLIN.

She wakes; let the Apparition go;
By th' Damp upon my Wings I know
Something ill is drawing near;
Come, Salla, come away; oh come away, my L

They all vaniſh, and the Scene changes again to th

TIMANDRA.

I've had a Dream might make a Lover blei
Oh ſweet Delights of everlaſting Reſt!

[Queen *appears at the Entr*

Ho

How's this! the Queen? what can her coming mean?

QUEEN.

Ardella, with the Ruffians here remain;
I'll in, and with ſoft Words her Temper try;
If without him ſhe'll live, ſhe ſhall not die.
Madam!———

TIMANDRA.

———Your Pleaſure!

QUEEN.

Oft I've heard y'are brave;
But the beſt Proof of Gallantry you gave,
When of your noble Lord you were bereft,
And ſuch a Bliſs with ſo rare Patience left.

TIMANDRA.

Madam, our Flames a nobler Paſſion rules
Than Fondneſs, th' idle Guilt of wav'ring Fools;
Our Loves knew a far higher Excellence,
Than the half Pleaſures of a Minute's Senſe.

QUEEN.

Then you may love, ſince you can with him part,
He has made a Conqueſt o'er my tender Heart.
Love governs here; and ſince my Huſband's dead,
Fate and my choiceſt Wiſhes have decreed,
He ſhould both in his Love and Throne ſucceed.

TIMANDRA.

Do you believe Empires or Crowns can make
Me leave *Timandra* and his Faith forſake?
Or think you I an Atom will reſign
Of that Heart which by holy Vows is mine?
No, I will keep him, maugre Cruelty.

QUEEN.

But, Madam, do you know what 'tis to die?

TIMANDRA.

Yes, 'tis to lay theſe Clogs our Bodies by,
And be remov'd to bleſt Eternity.

By Death Relief from all our Griefs we gain,
And by one put an End to Years of Pain;
By that we in one Minute find out more,
Than all the buſy Gown-men ſtudy for;
Who after in dull Search th'ave Ages ſpent,
Learn nothing but to know th'are ignorant.
Death is a Bleſſing, and a Thing ſo far
Above the worſt of all our Frailties, Fear,
It claims our Joy, ſince by it we put on
The Top of Happineſs, Perfection:
Quit him! no never whilſt I here have Breath;
He's mine in ſpite of Cruelty or Death.

QUEEN.

Then enter, ye grim Miniſters of Fate.

Enter Murderers with Poiſon.

Does not your ſtubborn Courage now abate?

TIMANDRA.

No, my Reſolves more fixt and firm are grown!
Bring dreadful Racks and Tortures yet unknown,
Provide one for each Senſe, and then do thou
Tempt me my Love and Int'reſt to forego,
Midſt all my Pains I'll ſmile and tell thee no.

QUEEN.

But, Minion, ſoon your Inſolence ſhall ceaſe.
Come, ſince ſuch Reſolution you expreſs,
Take this; demur not; do't--[*Gives her a Bowl of Poiſon.*

TIMANDRA.

And is this all?
I thought to have had a more heroic Fall,
Expected to have nobleſt Tortures met,
Not by dull Poiſon to have found my Fate:
But any way I can thy Power defy;
'Tis for my *Alcibiades* I die. [*Offers to drink.*

QUEEN.

Yet yield, and live——

TIMAN.

TIMANDRA.

——Live! what have I to do
With Life, when giv'n by one ſo baſe as you?
Thus I deſpiſe it—— [*Drinks.*

QUEEN.

What diſmal Torture ſtrait will on her ſeize!
So! 'twas a Health to *Alcibiades.*
[*After* Timandra *has drank the Poiſon.*

TIMANDRA.

Now bluſh at what thy impious Rage has done;
My *Alcibiades* is ſtill my own:
And if thou him embrace when I am gone,
Each Night thy Bed I'll haunt, and challenge there
Thoſe Joys, of which thou haſt bereft me here.
Anxious ſhall be each Day, diſturb'd each Night,
A reſtleſs Shade I'll ſtill be in thy Sight;
And thee i'th' Height of all thy Pleaſures fright.
Heav'n, what do I feel!——

QUEEN.

Oh, does the Draught ſucceed!

ARDELLA.

Madam, great *Alcibiades* is freed,
And juſt is entring.——

QUEEN.

——Strait, with ſtricteſt Care
Convey her in, and wait my Pleaſure there.
[*The Murderers lead in* Timandra.
Sweet Murder! Oh no Phyſic is ſo good
For th' hopeleſs Lover as a Bath of blood.
But here he comes.——

Enter ALCIBIADES.

——Now to my Griefs again. [*Veils.*

ALCIBIADES.

It makes me wonder how I Freedom gain;
All things confus'd and in Diſorder are.

How's

How's this, in Mourning Weeds? unveil, my Fair.
Hah, not *Timandra!* [Queen *unveils.*

QUEEN.

———No, Sir, tho' 'tis one
That loves as nobly as *Timandra* can,
Or could, did she yet live, but she is dead.

ALCIBIADES.

How, dead!———

QUEEN.

Yes; *Tissaphernes* that black Deed did do,
Prompted by his ignoble Hate to you.
But you will wonder more when I shall tell,
That by his Hand the mighty *Agis* fell.
The King is slain, both I and *Sparta* now
Have no Hopes left, but what remain in you.

ALCIBIADES.

In me! alas! I am a Wretch too poor.
Timandra dead! curst ever be the Hour
Wherein so fair an Innocence was lost.
Heav'n justly now may of its Glories boast;
For the most bright and precious Saint that e'er
The World enjoy'd, is fled, and seated there.

QUEEN.

Why do you let your Griefs distract your Soul?
Call up your Reason, and let Passion cool.
See here a Queen, that courts you with the Charms
Of Love, a Crown, and Empire, to her Arms:
No longer for *Timandra* Sorrow wear;
I will supply all you have lost in her:
I'll love you as she did.

ALCIBIADES.

———Oh, Madam, no;
To love like her's a Task too hard for you.
Love me as she did! why, each Thought she had
Of me, was such, might make an Angel glad.

For

For Crowns, tho' Emp'ror of the World I were,
I'd turn a Beggar to recover her.
Oh, Madam, tempt no further; all's but vain;
I ne'er can have a Thought of Love again.

QUEEN.

Never!——

ALCIBIADES.

No, never——

QUEEN.

——Can you then ſo ſoon
Forget your Promiſe? or will you diſown
That e'er, if you *Timandra* ſhould ſurvive,
You vow'd you only for my ſake would live?
You ſee how Heaven has decreed——

ALCIBIADES.

——Alas!
I then the Bleſſing knew, but not the Loſs;
Beſides, I now muſt die——

QUEEN.

How, Sir, is't thus my proffer'd Love you prize?

ALCIBIADES.

I do not hate you; may not that ſuffice?

QUEEN.

Ungrateful, no! but I'll reward thy Pride.
Draw back:——

The Scene drawn, diſcovers Timandra *on a Couch, in the Midſt of her Pains.*

——Go Dotard in, enjoy thy Bride,
And know, by me thy lov'd *Timandra* dy'd:
Yes, cruel Man, by me——

TIMANDRA.

——No, Queen, ſhe lives,
And ſtill to all thy Rage defiance gives.
Do I behold my deareſt Lord ſo nigh! [*Spies* Alcib.
Shall I again ſee him before I die?

ALCI-

ALCIBIADES.

Beſt Hopes and Comfort of my Life, I'm here.
How fares my Love?——

TIMANDRA.

Oh, come not, come not near;
My Blood's all Fire, Infection's in each Vein,
And Tyrant Death in ev'ry Part does reign;
But I for you could ſuffer much more Pain.

ALCIBIADES.

Kind Heav'n! let all her Pangs upon me fall;
And add ten thouſand more, I'll bear 'em all,
Do but reſtore her back. Oh curſed Queen!
What Devil arm'd thee to ſo damn'd a Sin?
Cou'dſt thou be guilty of ſo foul a Deed?

QUEEN.

Yes, I did do't; by me the King too bled:
Unworthy Wretch! and all for love of you;
But had I Pow'r I now would kill thee too.

ALCIBIADES.

Oh do't, I'll blot out all th'aſt done before,
And never call thee baſe, nor cruel more.
Here is my Breaſt, ſoon the kind Work begin,
Advance thy Poniard, ſend it boldly in.

QUEEN.

No, thou ſhalt live for harder Deſtiny,
But firſt ſhalt ſee thy dear *Timandra* die.

ALCIBIADES.

Oh Miſery beyond the damn'd beneath!
Muſt I not happy be in Life nor Death?

TIMANDRA.

Alas! ceaſe your unneceſſary Moan;
I find my Torments quickly will be gone.
Tho' I could wiſh they might to Years renew,
So I might ſtill be bleſt with ſeeing you.

Now

Now the black Storms of Fate are all blown over,
And we ſhall meet, and ne'er be parted more.
But oh farewel—— [*Dies*

ALCIBIADES.

——My dear *Timandra*, ſtay!
Ah precious Soul, fly not ſo ſoon away!
But one Look more; will Death have no Remorſe?
See, 'tis thy *Alcibiades* implores.
But oh ſhe's gone! ſeize there that Murdereſs.

QUEEN.

——No:
Seize me! 'tis more than all your Camp can do:
Whoe'er comes, here's my Guard; alas, mean Fool.
[*Preſents her Dagger.*
My Fate's a thing too great for thee to rule;
There lies your Conſtancy. [*Pointing to* Timandra.
[Alcibiades *flies to the* Queen, *and ſnatches the Dagger from her.*

ALCIBIADES.

Infernal Hag!
Whoſe ev'ry Breath infects, each Look's a Plague!
Could not thy Fury on my Boſom reſt,
But thou muſt wreak thy Vengeance on this Breaſt?
To murder her!—curſe on me that I ſtand
Thus idle; now thy Heart——
[*Preſents the Dagger to her Breaſt.*
But oh 'twould brand
My Trophies with eternal Infamy,
If by my Hand ſo baſe a Thing ſhould die:
Her Ills ſo many, and ſo odious are,
They would diſgrace an Executioner.
Yet I'd do ſomething; oh I have't, I'll tear [*Ravingly.*
Her piece-meal:—— but *Timandra*'s gone too far:
[*Mildly.*
Yonder

Yonder ſhe mounts! triumphant Spirit ſtay;
See where the Angels bear her Soul away!
Now all the Gods will grow in love with her:
And I ſhall meet freſh Troops of Rivals there.
But thus I'll haſte and follow—— [*Stabs himſelf.*
——Devil, there—— [*Throws the Dagger to the* Queen.
Die, if thou haſt Courage enough to dare.
But oh!
A heavy Faintneſs does each Senſe ſurprize:
Yet ere I cloſe up theſe unhappy Eyes,
Here their laſt duteous Sorrows they ſhall pay,
And at this Object melt in Tears away.
Bleſt Center of my Hopes! in whom I plac'd
Too choice, too pure a Happineſs to laſt
I any Loſs leſs than thy Death had griev'd;
How well could I have dy'd, ſo thou hadſt liv'd!
Damn'd Fiend! [*To the* Queen.
But oh why do I rave at her,
That have ſo little time to tarry here?
One parting Kiſs, and then in Peace I'll die:
[*Kiſſes* Timandra.
Now, farewel World; welcome Eternity.

Enter PATROCLUS, *Lords, and Guards.*

PATROCLUS.

Horror of Horrors! this was a diſmal Chance;
Alas, my Friend!

ALCIBIADES.

——Thy uſeleſs Grief refrain;
Farewel; we ſhall hereafter meet again. [*Dies.*

PATROCLUS.

Guards, ſeize the Queen——

QUEEN.

——Seize me, rude Slaves! forbear.

PATRO-

PATROCLUS.

You ſhall in ſhort your Accuſation hear.
To kill the King, my Father firſt you made
Your Property; then baſely him betray'd.
Your Woman all confeſt, and by the Guard
Is now ſecur'd to a more juſt Reward.
And (tho' too late) this black Deſign I knew;
Yet all your Stratagems are uſeleſs now.
Hence with the Murdereſs to Juſtice.

QUEEN.

——Hah!
Think you that I will die by formal Law?
No, when I'm dead be thus my Fame ſupply'd;
She liv'd a Murd'reſs, and a Murd'reſs dy'd:
[*Stabs herſelf.*
Juſtice would but my Happineſs retard:
Thus I deſcend below to a Reward.
I ſhall be Queen of Fate: The Furies there
For me a glorious Crown of Snakes prepare.
I long to be in State; my Lords, farewel:
Now noble *Charon!* hoiſt up Sail for Hell. [*Dies.*

LORD.

Her Soul is fled—

PATROCLUS.

—With her for ever die
Her Treaſons, and her odious Memory.
But whither is the fair *Draxilla* gone?

LORD.

Diſtracted at the Miſchiefs that are done,
She's fled; but whither is to all unknown.

PATROCLUS.

Quickly let after her be made purſuit;
I'll ranſack all the World to find her out.
Propitious Heav'n to her will ſure be kind.

Enter

Enter LORD.

2 LORD.

My Lord, we in our Notes have all combin'd
To make you King; the Camp, with Shouts and Cries
Of Joy, ſend their loud Wiſhes to the Skies.

[*Shouts within. Long live* Patroclus *King of* Sparta.

PATROCLUS.

Go bid 'em their unwelcome Noiſe forbear:
Turn all their Shouts to Sighs of Sorrow here.

[*Turns to the Bodies.*

Th'are gone; and with 'em all I wiſh'd to keep.
Now I could almoſt turn a Boy and weep.
My Friend! my Miſtreſs! and my Father loſt!
Never were growing Hopes more ſadly croſt.
Now Fortune has her utmoſt Malice ſhown,
She'd court me with the Flatt'ry of a Crown:
A thing ſo far beneath thoſe Joys I miſs,
'Tis but the Shadow of a Happineſs.
For how uneaſily on Thrones they ſit,
That muſt, like me, be wretched to be great.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Mary Lee.*

NOW who ſays Poets don't in Blood delight?
'Tis true, the Varlets care not much to fight;
But 'faith they claw it off whene'er they write;
Are Bully-Rocks not of the common Size;
Kill ye Men faſter than Domitian *Flies.*
Ours made ſuch Havock that the ſilly Rogue
Was forc'd to make me riſe for th' Epilogue.
The Fop dunn'd me, but ere to Hell I go,
I'd very fain be ſatisfy'd if you
Think it not juſt that he were ſerv'd ſo too.
As he hath yours, do you his Hopes beguile;
You've been in Purgatory all this while.
Then damn him down to Hell, and never ſpare;
Perhaps he'll find more Favour there than here:
Nay of the two may chuſe the much leſs Evil;
If you're but good when pleas'd, ev'n ſo's the Devil.

DON CARLOS,

PRINCE OF SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

Principibus placuiſſe viris non ultima laus eſt. Hor.

To his Royal Highneſs the

DUKE.

SIR,

'TIS an approved Opinion, There is not ſo unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: For certainly he lives to very little Uſe that only toils in the ſame Round, and becauſe he knows where he is, tho' in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a ſmoother Path for fear of being loſt. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, your Royal

Highneſs may be ſufficiently convinc'd, in that I durſt preſume to put this Poem under your Patronage. My Motives to it were not ordinary: For, beſides my own Propenſity to take any Opportunity of publiſhing the extreme Devotion I owe your Royal Highneſs, the mighty Encouragement I received from your Approbation of it when preſented on the Stage, was Hint enough to let me know at whoſe Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilſt I do this, I am ſenſible the curious World will expect ſome Panegyric on thoſe heroic Virtues, which are throughout it ſo much admir'd. But as they are a Theme too great for my Undertaking, ſo only to endeavour at the Truth of them muſt, in the diſtance between my Obſcurity and their Height, favour of a Flattery, which in your Royal Highneſs's Eſteem I would not be thought guilty of: Tho' in that part of them which relates to myſelf (*viz.* your Favours ſhower'd on a Thing ſo mean as I am) I know not how to be ſilent. For you were not only ſo indulgent as to beſtow your

Praiſe

Praiſe on this, but even (beyond my Hopes) to declare in favour of my firſt Eſſay of this Nature, and add yet the Encouragement of your Commands to go forward, when I had the Honour to kiſs your Royal Highneſs's Hand, in token of your Permiſſion to make a Dedication to you of the ſecond. I muſt confeſs, and boaſt, I am very proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not ſenſible how far I am undeſerving. Yet when I conſider you never give your Favours precipitately, but that it is a certain Sign of ſome Deſert when you vouchſafe to promote: I, who have terminated my beſt Hopes in it, ſhould do wrong to your Goodneſs, ſhould I not let the World know, my Mind, as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know your Royal Highneſs will diſapprove my aſpiring to the Service of ſo great and ſo good a Maſter; One who (as is apparent to all thoſe who have the Honour to be near you, and know you by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or diſcountenanc'd without Juſtice. It is that indeed

obliging Severity which has in all Men created an awful Love and Reſpect towards you; ſince in the firmneſs of your Reſolution the brave and good Man is ſure of you, whilſt the ill-minded and malignant fears you. This I could not paſs over, and I hope your Royal Highneſs will pardon it, ſince it is unaffectedly my zeal to you, who am in nothing ſo unfortunate, as that I have not a better Opportunity to let you and the World know how much I am,

Your Royal Highneſs's

moſt humble, moſt faithful

and moſt obedient Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

THE PREFACE.

READER,

'TIS not that I have any great Affection to Scribbling, that I peſter thee with a Preface; for amongſt Friends, it is almoſt as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with thoſe that write Hackney under Attornies, it will hardly keep us in Ale and Cheeſe. Honeſt *Arioſto* began to be ſenſible of it in his Time, who makes his Complaint to this Purpoſe;

I pity thoſe who in theſe latter Days
Do write, when Bounty hath ſhut up her Gate:
Where Day and Night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Tranſlation; had I underſtood *Italian* I would have given it thee in the Original, but that is not my Talent; therefore to proceed: This Play was the ſecond that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I muſt confeſs, I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durſt venture on my Muſe, till I got her into a Corner in the Country; and then, like a baſhful young Lover, when I had her in private I had

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had Courage to fumble, but never thought ſhe would have produc'd any thing; till at laſt, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found myſelf Father of a Dramatic Birth, which I called *Alcibiades:* But I might, without Offence to any Perſon in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to do him right, was none of that ſqueamiſh Gentleman I make him, but would as little have boggled at obliging the Paſſion of a young and beautiful Lady, as I ſhould myſelf, had I the ſame Opportunities, which I have given him. This I publiſh to antedate the Objections ſome People may make againſt that Play, who have been (and much good may it do 'em) very ſevere, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are, I am ſure I never diſobliged them; nor have they (thank my good Fortune) much injur'd me: In the mean while I forgive 'em, and ſince I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the Cud on their own Venom. I am well ſatisfy'd I had the greateſt Party of Men of Wit and Senſe on my Side; amongſt which I can never enough acknowledge the unſpeakable Obligations I receiv'd from the Earl of *R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deſerve from him, ſeem'd almoſt to make it his Buſineſs, to eſtabliſh it in the good Opinion of the King and his Royal Highneſs; from both of whom I have ſince receiv'd Confirmation of their good liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I muſt in all Gratitude confeſs, I owe the greateſt part of my good Succeſs in this, and on whoſe Indulgency I extremely build my Hopes of a next. I dare not preſume to take to myſelf what a great many, and thoſe (I am ſure) of good Judgment too, have been

ſo-

ſo kind to afford me, (*viz.* That it is the beſt Heroic Play that has been written of late; for, I thank Heav'n, I am yet not ſo vain. But this I may modeſtly boaſt of, which the Author of the *French Bernice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, thoſe whoſe Souls were capable of ſo noble a Pleaſure; for it was not my Buſineſs to take ſuch as only come to a Play-houſe to ſee Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Tho' a certain Writer, that ſhall be nameleſs, (but you may gueſs at him by what follows) being aſk'd his Opinion of this Play, very gravely cock'd, and cry'd, *I gad he knew not a Line in it he would be Author of.* But he is a fine facetious witty Perſon, as my Friend Sir *Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not ſo much as a Quibble in it which I would be Author of. And ſo, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewel.

PROLOGUE.

WHEN firſt our Author took this Play in hand,
He doubted much, and long was at a ſtand.
He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
Were to be treated of as ſacred Things.
Not as they're repreſented in this Age,
Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage!
Us'd only juſt for reconciling Tools,
Or what is worſe, made Villains all, or Fools.
Beſides, the Characters he ſhows to-night,
He found were very difficult to write:
He found the Fame of France *and* Spain *at ſtake,*
Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which Part to take;
Till this his Judgment ſafeſt underſtood,
To make 'em both Heroic as he cou'd.
But now the greateſt Stop was yet unpaſt,
He found himſelf, alas! confin'd too faſt.
He is a Man of Pleaſure, Sirs, like you,
And therefore hardly could to Buſineſs bow,
Till at the laſt he did this Conqueſt get,
To make his Pleaſure Whetſtone to his Wit,
So ſometimes for Variety he writ.
But as thoſe Block-heads, who diſcourſe by rote,
Sometimes ſpeak Senſe altho' they rarely know't:

So

PROLOGUE.

So he ſcarce knew to what his Work would grow,
But 'twas a Play, becauſe it would be ſo:
Yet well he knows this is a weak Pretence,
For Idleneſs is the worſt want of Senſe.
Let him not now of Careleſſneſs be tax'd,
He'll write in earneſt, when he writes the next:
Mean while———
Prune his ſuperfluous Branches, never ſpare;
Yet do it kindly, be not too ſevere,
He may bear better Fruit another Year.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Philip II. King of *Spain*,	Mr. *Betterton*.
Don *Carlos*, his Son,	Mr. *Smith*.
Don *John* of *Auſtria*,	Mr. *Harris*.
Marquis of *Poſa*, the Prince's Confident,	Mr. *Croſby*.
Rui-Gomez,	Mr. *Medburn*.
Officer of the Guards,	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Queen of *Spain*,	Mrs. *Mary Lee*.
Dutcheſs of *Ebuli*, Wife to *R. Gomez*,	Mrs. *Shadwell*.
Henrietta,	Mrs. *Gibbs*.
Garcia,	Mrs. *Gillow*.

DON CARLOS,

PRINCE of SPAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace Royal.*

The Curtain drawn, discovers the King and Queen attended, Don Carlos, *the Marquis of* Posa, Rui-Gomez, *&c.* Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, *Attendants, Guards.*

KING.

HAppy the Monarch, on whose Brows no Cares
Add Weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love the gentlest Calms of rest,
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.
To me great Nations tributary are;
Tho' whilst my vast Dominions spread so far;
Where most I reign, I must pay Homage here.

[To the Queen.

Approach bright Miſtreſs of my pureſt Vows:
Nor ſhow me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more devoutly bows.

Don CARLOS.

So Merchants, caſt upon ſome ſavage Coaſt,
Are forc'd to ſee their deareſt Treaſures loſt.
Curſe! What's Obedience? A falſe Notion made
By Prieſts, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, *Aſide.*
By ſuch new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh!——

KING.

——Why does my *Carlos* ſhroud
His Joy, and when all's Sunſhine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this fair Charmer, and our Royal Bride,
Shall ſuch a noble Race of Heroes ſpring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

Don CARLOS.

A greater Glory I can never know,
Than what already I enjoy in you.
The brighteſt Ornaments of Crowns and Pow'rs
I only can admire, as they are yours.

KING.

Heav'n! how he ſtands unmov'd! not the leaſt ſhew
Of Tranſport.

Don CARLOS.

——Not admire your Happineſs? I do
As much admire it as I rev'rence you.
Let me expreſs the mighty Joy I feel.
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. [*Kneels to the Queen.*

QUEEN.

How hard it is his Paſſion to confine!
I'm ſure 'tis ſo, if I may judge by mine. [*Aſide.*
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obſequious now. [*To* Carlos.

Don

Don CARLOS.

Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleaſure ſtill,
Here would I worſhip and for ever kneel.

QUEEN.

'Fore Heaven, my Lord! you know not what you do.

KING.

Still there appears Diſturbance on his Brow;
And in his Looks an Earneſtneſs I read,
Which from no common Cauſes can proceed. [*Aſide.*
I'll probe him deep——
——When, when, my deareſt Joy, [*To the Queen.*
Shall I the mighty Debt of Love defray?
Hence to Love's ſecret Temple let's retire,
There on his Altars kindle th' am'rous Fire,
Then Phœnix-like each in the Flame expire.
Still he is fix'd—— [*Looking on Don* Carlos.
—*Gomez*, obſerve the Prince. [*To* Rui-Gomez.
Yet ſmile on me, my charming Excellence.
Virgins ſhould only Fears and Bluſhes ſhow;
But you muſt lay aſide that Title now.
The Doctrine which I preach, by Heav'n, is good:
Oh, the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

QUEEN.

To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?
Now Fate her utmoſt Malice has fulfill'd.
Carlos, farewel; for ſince I muſt ſubmit——

KING.

Now wing'd with Rapture let us fly, my Sweet.
My Son, all Troubles from thy Breaſt reſign,
And let thy Father's Happineſs be thine.
[*Exeunt King and Queen attended.*

Don CARLOS.

What King, what God would not his Pow'r forego,
To enjoy ſo much Divinity below?
Didſt thou behold her, *Poſa*?

POSA.

POSA.

Sir, I did.

Don CARLOS.

And is ſhe not a ſweet-one? Such a Bride!
O *Poſa*, once ſhe was decreed for mine:
Once I had hopes of Bliſs. Hadſt thou but ſeen
How bleſt, how proud I was if I could get
But leave to lie a Proſtrate at her Feet,
Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile;
Nay ſhe in pity too would ſometimes ſmile;
Till at the laſt my Vows ſucceſsful prov'd,
And one Day ſighing ſhe confeſs'd ſhe lov'd.
Oh! then I found no Limits to our Joy,
With Eyes thus languiſhing we look'd all Day;
So vigorous and ſtrong we darted Beams,
Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames;
Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight;
For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the Light,
As we had gaz'd all Day, we dreamt all Night.
But after all theſe Labours undergone,
A cruel Father thus deſtroys his Son;
In their full Height my choiceſt Hopes beguiles,
And robs me of the Fruit of all my Toils.
My deareſt *Poſa*, thou wert ever kind;
Bring thy beſt Counſel, and direct my Mind.

Enter GOMEZ.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Still he is here——My Lord.

Don CARLOS.

——Your Buſineſs now?

RUI-GOMEZ.

I've with Concern beheld your clouded Brow.
Ah! tho' y'ave loſt a Beauty well might make
Your ſtricteſt Honour and your Duty ſhake,

Let

Let not a Father's Ills miſguide your Mind,
But be obedient, tho' he's prov'd unkind.

Don CARLOS.

Hence, Cynic, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
I have no Leiſure now to hear thee preach:
Still you'll uſurp a Power o'er my Will.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
Nor need it be ſo ſoon forgot that I
Have been your Guardian from your Infancy.
When to my Charge committed, I alone
Inſtructed you how to expect a Crown;
Taught you Ambition, and War's nobleſt Arts.
How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
Whilſt, tho' but young——
You would with Pleaſure read of Sieges got,
And ſmile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
And ſtill, tho' not controul, I may adviſe.

Don CARLOS.

Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Diſguiſe:
Too well I know the Falſhood of thy Soul,
Which to my Father render'd me ſo foul,
That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
But always as a Traitor met his Frown.
My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
You damn'd my Father's Smiles ſtill as they ſprung,
Perſuading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
So all my Hopes by you were fruſtrate made.
And, robb'd of Sun-ſhine, wither'd in the Shade.
Whilſt, my Good Patriot! you diſpos'd the Crown
Out of my Reach, to have it in your own.
But I'll prevent your Policy——

RUI-GOMEZ.

——My Lord,
This Accuſation is unjuſt and hard.
The King, your Father, would not ſo upbraid
My Age: Is all my Service thus repaid?
But I will hence, and let my Maſter hear
How generouſly you reward my Care;
Who on my juſt Complaint, I doubt not, will
At leaſt redreſs the Injuries I feel. [*Exit* Gomez.

POSA.

Alas, my Lord, you too ſeverely urge
Your Fate, his Int'reſt with the King is large.
Beſides, you know he has already ſeen
The Tranſports of your Paſſion for the Queen.
The Uſe he may of that Advantage make
You ought at leaſt t'avoid, but for her ſake.

Don CARLOS.

Ah! my dear Friend, th'aſt touch'd my tender'ſt Part;
I never yet learn'd the diſſembling Art.
Go, call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne'er offend him more.
The Queen! kind Heav'n, make her thy neareſt Care.
O! fly, o'ertake him ere he goes too far. [*Exit* Poſa.
How are we bandy'd up and down by Fate?
By ſo much more unhappy as w'are great.
A Prince, and Heir to *Spain*'s great Monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom moſt I ſcorn;
Who like a Bramble 'mongſt a Cedar's Boughs,
Vexes his Peace under whoſe Shades he grows.
Now he returns: Aſſiſt me, Falſhood,——down,
Thou Rebel Paſſion——

Re-enter RUI-GOMEZ *and* POSA.

Sir, I fear I've done [*To* R. Gomez.

You

You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I do this abject thing, and live? [*Aſide.*

RUI-GOMEZ.

Ah, my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vaſſal thus a Prince deſcends;
Tho' it was ſomething rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithful Servant and your Friend

Don CARLOS.

Alas, no more; all Jealouſies ſhall ceaſe,
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt me when I ſue,
As I to *Gomez* always will be true.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the Return Sincerity can make.
Bleſt in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
May not one Fear diſturb your happy Hours:
Crown'd with Succeſs may all your Wiſhes be,
And you ne'er find worſe Enemies than me.
[*Exeunt D.* Car. *and* Poſa.
Nor, ſpight of all his Greatneſs, ſhall he need:
Of too long Date his Ruin is decreed.
Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears;
'Twas I the Charge had of his tender Years,
And read in all the Progreſs of his Growth,
An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;
A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild;
At all my Precepts ſtill with Scorn he ſmil'd.
Or when, by th' Power I from his Father had,
Any Reſtraint was on his Pleaſures laid,
[illegible]'d with Frowns on me his Soul would riſe,
And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;
For, Prince, I'll humble both you, Fate and you.

Here

Here comes the Star by whom my Courſe I ſteer.

Enter EBOLI.

Welcome, my Love———

EBOLI.

My Lord, why ſtay you here,
Loſing the Pleaſure of this happy Night?
When all the Court are melting in Delight,
You toil with the dull Bus'neſs of the State.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Only, my Fair One, how to make thee Great.
Thou tak'ſt up all the Bus'neſs of my Heart,
And only to it Pleaſures can'ſt impart.
Say, ſay, my Goddeſs, when ſhall I be bleſt?
It is an Age ſince I was happy laſt.

EBOLI.

My Lord, I come not hither now to hear
Your Love, but offer ſomething to your Ear.
If you have well obſerv'd, you muſt have ſeen
To Day ſome ſtrange Diſorders in the Queen.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Yes, ſuch as youthful Brides do ſtill expreſs,
Impatient Longings for the Happineſs.
Approaching Joys will ſo diſturb the Soul,
As Needles always tremble near the Pole.

EBOLI.

Come, come, my Lord, ſeem not ſo blind; too well
I've ſeen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel;
And know your Judgment is too good, to loſe
Advantage, where you may ſo ſafely chooſe.
Say now, if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your paſt Wrongs repay.

RUI.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Bleſt Oracle! ſpeak how it may be done:
My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.

EBOLI.

Hence then, and with your ſtricteſt Cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can deſcry;
What ev'ry Look, each quick and ſubtle Glance;
Then we'll from all produce ſuch Circumſtance
As ſhall the King's new Jealouſy advance.
Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you ſhew:
If you will make me great, begin it now.
How, Sir, d'ye ſtand conſidering what to do?

RUI-GOMEZ.

No; but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen, and Prince, three goodly Flowers ſpring;
Whilſt on 'em like a ſubtle Bee I'll prey,
Till ſo their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each ſhall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious Sweets at home [*Exit* Gomez.

EBOLI.

In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on,
And make what haſte thou canſt to be undone,
Whilſt I have nobler Bus'neſs of my own.
Was I bred up in Greatneſs? Have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious Hopes to be a Queen?
Made Love my Study, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd myſelf to meet a Monarch's Arms;
Am I ſaſt to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of One, whom Nature made to her Diſgrace;
An old, imperfect, feeble Dotard, who
Can only tell (alas!) what he would do?
On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,
As Jewels that are loſt to enrich a Tomb?

No,

No, tho' all Hopes are in a Huſband dead,
Another Path to Happineſs I'll tread;
Elſewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd:
Yet, while he can, let the Slave ſerve my Pride.
Still I'll in Pleaſure live, in Glory ſhine,
The gallant, youthful *Auſtria* ſhall be mine:
To him with all my Force of Charms I'll move.
Let others toil for Greatneſs whilſt I love. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Orange Grove.*

Enter Don JOHN *of* AUSTRIA.

Don JOHN.

WHY ſhould dull Law rule Nature, who firſt made
That Law by which herſelf is now betray'd?
Ere Man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
Was born moſt Noble that was born moſt Free:
Each of himſelf was Lord, and unconfin'd,
Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
Law was an Innovation brought in ſince,
When Fools began to love Obedience,
And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence.
My Glorious Father got me in his Heat,
When all he did was eminently Great:
When warlike *Belgia* felt his conqu'ring Pow'r,
And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperor.
Why ſhould it be a Stain then on my Blood,
Becauſe I came not in the common Road,
But born obſcure, and ſo more like a God?
No, tho' this Diadem another wear,
At leaſt to all his Pleaſures I'll be Heir.
Here I ſhould meet my *Eboli*, my Fair.

Enter EBOLI.

She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddeſs moves,
When looſe, and in her Chariot drawn by Doves,
She rides to meet the warlike God ſhe loves.

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

Don JOHN.

O baniſh it: Lovers like us ſhould fly,
And mounted by their Wiſhes ſoar on high,
Where ſofteſt Ecſtaſies and Tranſports are,
While Fear alone diſturbs the lower Air.

EBOLI.

But who is ſafe when Eyes are ev'ry where?
Or if we could with happieſt Secreſy
Enjoy theſe Sweets, oh, whither ſhall we fly
T'eſcape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

Don JOHN.

Alas, lay this Religion now aſide;
I'll ſhew thee one more pleaſant, that which *Jove*
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himſelf, and taught his Mortals Love.

EBOLI.

Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might conſider who I am.

Don JOHN.

I know y'are her I love, what ſhould I more
Regard?——

EBOLI.

——By Heav'n, he's brave—— [*Aſide.*
—But can ſo poor
A Thought poſſeſs your Breaſt, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Luſt and Infamy?

Don JOHN.

Thoſe who are nobleſt born ſhould higher prize
Love's Sweets. Oh! let me fly into thoſe Eyes!
There's ſomething in 'em leads my Soul aſtray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glaſs
Beholds his wiſh'd-for Fortune by him paſs,

Yet—

Yet ſtill with greedy Eyes———
Purſues the Viſion as it glides away.

EBOLI.

Protect me, Heaven, I dare no longer ſtay;
Your Looks ſpeak Danger: I feel ſomething too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [*Half aſide.*

Don JOHN.

Take Vows and Pray'rs if ever I prove falſe;
See at your Feet the humble *Auſtria* falls. [*Kneels.*

EBOLI.

Riſe, riſe,—— [Auſtria *riſes.*
My Lord, why would you thus deceive? [*Sighs.*

Don JOHN.

How many ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak, wouldſt thou have an Empire at thy Feet?
Say, wouldſt thou rule the World? I'll conquer it.

EBOLI.

No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——

Don JOHN.

——What?

EBOLI.

——For ever true.

Don JOHN.

That thou may'ſt ne'er have Cauſe to fear thoſe Harms,
I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms:
Nay, I'll not one ſhort Minute from thee ſtray;
Myſelf I'll on thy tender Boſom lay,
[illegible] its Warmths I'm melted all away.

Enter GARCIA.

GARCIA.

Madam, your Lord——

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

——Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

Don JOHN.

Muſt I without my Bleſſing then be gone?
[*Kiſſes her Hand.*

EBOLI.

Think thou this Indiſcretion merits one?
[*Pulls it back.*

Don JOHN.

I'm aw'd——
As a ſick Wretch, that on his Death-Bed lies,
Loth with his Friends to part, juſt as he dies,
Thus ſends his Soul in Wiſhes from his Eyes. [*Exit.*

EBOLI.

Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and Vigour are!
Yet he in Conqueſt is not gone too far;
Too eaſily I'll not myſelf reſign:
Ere I am his, I'll make him ſurely mine;
Draw him by ſubtle Baits into the Trap,
Till he's too far got in to make Eſcape;
About him ſwiftly the ſoft Snare I'll caſt,
And when I have him there, I'll hold him faſt.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Thus unaccompany'd I ſubtly range
The ſolitary Paths of dark Revenge:
The fearful Deer in Herds to Coverts run,
While Beaſts of Prey affect to roam alone.

EBOLI.

Ah! my dear Lord, how do you ſpend your Hours?
You little think what my poor Heart endures;
Whilſt, with your Abſence tortur'd, I in vain
Pant after Joys I ne'er can hope to gain.

RUI.

RUI-GOMEZ.

You cannot my Unkindneſs ſure upbraid;
You ſhould forgive thoſe Faults yourſelf have made.
Remember you the Taſk you gave?——

EBOLI.

——'Tis true;——
Your Pardon, for I do remember now. [*Sighs.*
If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my Mind:
And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too kind.

RUI-GOMEZ.

How happy am I in a faithful Wife!
Oh thou moſt precious Bleſſing of my Life!

EBOLI.

Does then Succeſs attend upon your Toil?
I long to ſee you revel in the Spoil.

RUI-GOMEZ.

What ſtricteſt Diligence could do, I've done,
T'incenſe an angry Father 'gainſt his Son.
I to advantage told him all that's paſt,
Deſcrib'd with Art each am'rous Glance they caſt:
So that this Night he ſhunn'd the Marriage-Bed,
Which thro' the Court has various Murmurs ſpread.

Enter the KING *attended by* POSA.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes;
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher riſe.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in ſome dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magic work ſo well.

KING.

What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is raging Greatneſs? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conqueſts I have ſeen?
I, who o'er Nations have victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.

Curs'd Jealouſy, that poiſons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th' Invader ſits!
Oh *Gomez*, thou haſt giv'n my mortal Wound.

RUI-GOMEZ.

What is't does ſo your Royal Thoughts confound?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And ruling all, ſhould not be Paſſion's Slave.

KING.

Thou counſell'ſt well, but art no Stranger ſure
To the ſad Cauſe of what I now endure.
Know'ſt thou what Poiſon thou didſt lately give?
And doſt not wonder to behold me live?

RUI-GOMEZ.

I only did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never ſtudy'd any thing beſide.

KING.

I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly, what paſt between 'em more declare.
How greedily my Soul to Ruin flies!
As he, who in a Fever burning lies,
Firſt of his Friends does for a Drop implore,
Which taſted once, unable to give o'er,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet ſtill thirſts after more.
Oh then ——

RUI-GOMEZ.

——I fear that you'll interpret wrong;
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

KING.

Lie ſtill, my Heart: Not long, was't that you ſaid?

RUI-GOMEZ.

No longer than they in your Preſence ſtay'd.

KING.

No longer? Why, a Soul in leſs time flies
To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.

Hence.

Hence abject Fears, be gone; ſhe's all divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in Perfection ſin?

RUI-GOMEZ.

Angels that ſhine above, do oft beſtow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

KING.

But *Carlos* is my Son, and always near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphere.
True, ſhe may ſhow'r promiſcuous Bleſſings down
On Slaves that gaze for what falls from a Crown:
But when too kindly ſhe his Brightneſs ſees,
It robs my Luſtre to add more to his.
But Oh! I dare not think———
That thoſe Eyes ſhould at leaſt ſo humble be,
To ſtoop at him, when they had vanquiſh'd me.

POSA.

Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Virtue has too great a Senſe,
To cheriſh but a Thought beyond the Bound
Of ſtricteſt Duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former Paſſion due,
Yet ſtill confeſs'd he above all priz'd you.

RUI-GOMEZ.

You better reconcile, Sir, than adviſe:
Be not more charitable than y'are wiſe.
The King is ſick, and we ſhould give him Eaſe,
But firſt find out the Depth of his Diſeaſe.
Too ſudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We muſt not heal up feſter'd Wounds too ſoon.

KING.

By this then you a Pow'r would o'er me gain,
Wou'd bring to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm young, and won't the Torture long endure:
Serpents that wound, have Blood thoſe Wounds to cure.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Good Heav'n forbid that I ſhould ever dare
To queſtion Virtue in a Queen ſo fair;
Tho' ſhe her Eyes caſt on your glorious Son:
Men oft ſee Treaſures, and yet covet none.

KING.

Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth diſguis'd in obſcure Contraries.
No, I will trace his Windings; all her dark
And ſubtleſt Paths, each little Action mark.
If ſhe prove falſe, as yet I fear, ſhe dies.

Enter QUEEN *attended, and* HENRIETTA.

Ha! here! O let me turn away my Eyes,
For all around ſhe'll her bright Beams diſplay:
Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor ſtay,
Spite of myſelf I ſhall be led aſtray.
[*Exit the* King *attended, looking at the* Queen.

QUEEN.

How ſcornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e'er his Love he'd let me know his Pow'r:
As Heav'n oft thunders ere it ſends a Show'r.
This *Spaniſh* Gravity is very odd:
All Things are by Severity ſo aw'd,
That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

HENRIETTA.

Alas! what can you from old Age expect,
When frail uneaſy Men themſelves neglect?
Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,
Tho' ſuch as in extinguiſh'd Fires you'll find
Where ſome Remains of Heat the Aſhes hold,
Which (if for more you open) ſtraight are cold.

QUEEN.

'Twas Intereſt and Safety of the State;
Int'reſt, that bold Impoſer on our Fate;

That

That always to dark Ends miſguides our Wills,
And with falſe Happineſs ſmooths o'er our Ills.
It was by that unhappy *France* was led,
When, tho' by Contract I ſhould *Carlos* wed,
I was an Offering made to *Philip*'s Bed.
Why ſigh'ſt thou, *Henrietta?* [Hen. *ſighs.*

HENRIETTA.

Who is it can
Know your ſad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain?
With Pleaſure oft I've heard you ſmiling tell
Of *Carlos'* Love.

QUEEN.

——And did it pleaſe you well?
In that brave Prince's Courtſhip there did meet
All that we could obliging call or ſweet.
At ev'ry Point he with Advantage ſtood:
Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Elſe, ſoft as Angels, charming as a God.

HENRIETTA.

One ſo accompliſh'd, and who lov'd you too,
With what Reſentments muſt he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.——But oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain. [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

What means this ſtrange Diſorder?

HENRIETTA.

——Yonder view,
That which I fear will diſcompoſe you too.

Enter Don CARLOS, *and* POSA.

QUEEN.

Alas, the Prince! There to my Mind appears
Something that in me moves unuſual Fears.
Away, *Henrietta*——. [*Offers to go.*

Don CARLOS.

———Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos'* Sight ungrateful to you grown?
If 'tis, ſpeak: In Obedience I'll retire.

QUEEN.

No, you may ſpeak, but muſt advance no nigher.

Don CARLOS.

Muſt I then at that awful Diſtance ſue,
As our Fore-fathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Prieſt might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's ſo pure it might be offer'd there.

QUEEN.

Too long 'tis dang'rous for me here to ſtay:
If you muſt ſpeak, proceed: What would you ſay?
[Carlos *kneels.*
Nay, this ſtrange Ceremony pray give o'er.

Don CARLOS.

Was I ne'er in this Poſture ſeen before?
Ah! can your cruel Heart ſo ſoon reſign
All Senſe of theſe ſad Sufferings of mine?
To your more juſt Remembrance, if you can,
Recal how Fate ſeem'd kindly to ordain
That once you ſhould be mine, which I believ'd:
Tho' now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

QUEEN.

Then, Sir, you ſhould your Fate, not me upbraid.

Don CARLOS.

I will not ſay y'ave broke the Vows you made,
Only implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y'ave oft ſeen dying at your Feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Than ſuch kind Pity as becomes your Slave.

For

For 'midſt your higheſt Joys, without a Crime,
At leaſt you now and then may think of him.

QUEEN.

If e'er you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It is a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right;
All other Paſſions I muſt now forget.

Don CARLOS.

Can then a Crown and Majeſty diſpenſe
Upon your Heart ſuch mighty Influence,
That I muſt be for ever baniſh'd thence?
Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Pow'r,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperor,
Of all its Riches, all its State poſſeſs'd,
Yet you ſhould ſtill have govern'd in my Breaſt.

QUEEN.

In vain on her you Obligations lay,
Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

HENRIETTA.

Yet had you *Henrietta*'s Heart, you would
At leaſt ſtrive to afford him all you could. [*Aſide.*

Don CARLOS.

Oh! ſay not you want Pow'r; you may with one
Kind Look pay double all I've undergone.
And knew you the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how ſpeechleſs all my Wiſhes are,
You would not ſcruple to ſupply my Want,
When all I'll aſk you may ſo ſafely grant.

QUEEN.

I know not what to grant; too well I find
That ſtill at leaſt I cannot be unkind.

Don CARLOS.

Reward me then that little which I crave.

QUEEN.

You ſhall not want what I may let you have.
[*Gives her Hand ſighing.*

Don CARLOS.

Like one———
That ſees a Heap of Gems before him caſt,
Thence to chuſe any that may pleaſe him beſt;
From the rich Treaſure whilſt I Choice ſhould make,
Dazzl'd with all, I know not where to take.
I would be rich———

QUEEN.

———Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [*Turns from him.*

Don CARLOS.

Oh! take not back again th' appearing Bliſs,
How difficult's the Path to Happineſs?
Whilſt up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, tho' you nothing more can give
Than juſt enough to keep a Wretch alive;
At leaſt remember how I've lov'd———

QUEEN.

———I will.

Don CARLOS.

That was ſo kind, that I muſt b[illegible]ore ſtill;
Let me love on: It is a very [illegible]
And eaſy Grant, yet I'll requeſt [illegible] more.

QUEEN.

Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

Don CARLOS.

Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are ſo:
All my Diſquiets baniſh from my Breaſt:
I will endeavour to do ſo at leaſt. [*Sighing deeply.*

Or

Or if I can't my Miſeries out-wear,
They never more ſhall come t' offend your Ear.

QUEEN.

Love then, brave Prince, whilſt I'll thy Love admire;
[*Gives her Hand, which Don* Carlos *during all this Speech kiſſes eagerly.*
Yet keep the Flame ſo pure, ſuch chaſte Deſire,
That without Spot hereafter we above
May meet, when we ſhall come all Soul, all Love.
Till when——Oh! whither am I run aſtray?
I grow too weak, and muſt no longer ſtay:
For ſhould I, the ſoft Charm ſo ſtrong would grow,
I find that I ſhall want the Power to go.
[*Ex.* Queen *and* Henrietta.

Don CARLOS.

O ſweet——.
If ſuch Tranſport be in a Taſte ſo ſmall,
How bleſs'd muſt he be that poſſeſſes all!
Where am I, *Poſa?* Where's the Queen?
[*Standing amaz'd.*

POSA.

——My Lord,
A while ſome Reſpite to your Heart afford:
The Queen's retir'd——

Don CARLOS.

——Retir'd! And did ſhe then
Juſt ſhew me Heav'n, to ſhut it in again?
This little Eaſe augments my Pain the more;
For now I'm more impatient than before,
And have diſcover'd Riches make me mad.

POSA.

But ſince theſe Treaſures are not to be had,
You ſhould correct Deſires that drive you on
Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.

No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;
The Brave may by themſelves be happy made.
You to your Father now muſt all reſign.

Don CARLOS.

But ere he robb'd me of her ſhe was mine,
To be my Friend is all thou haſt to do,
For half my Miſeries thou canſt not know.
Make myſelf happy! Bid the Damn'd do ſo;
Who in ſad Flames muſt be for ever toſs'd,
Yet ſtill in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave loſt. [*Exeunt*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Grove *continues.*

Enter Don JOHN *of* AUSTRIA.

Don JOHN.

HOW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws?
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant with unbounded Liberty,
Rove as he list———
I find it; for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet———
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near Sweets they took my Sense away;
And I ev'n lost the Pow'r to reach at Joy.
But those crest-fallen Hitchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Frances sweeter far:
As anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the Swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched's then the Man, who tho' alone
He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
Is but at best a Pris'ner on a Throne?

To him KING *attended*, POSA, *and* GOMEZ.

KING.

Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y'ave lain of Earth the Rule and Care,

Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
And to thoſe weighty Cares add greater ſtill?
Or how could I your Deities enrage,
That bleſs'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Inceſt! diſmal Thought!

Don JOHN.

What is't ſo ſoon his Majeſty has brought [*To* Gomez.
From the ſoft Arms of his young Bride?

KING.

——Ay true!
Is ſhe not, *Auſtria*, young and charming too?
Doſt thou not think her to a Wonder fair?
Tell me——

Don JOHN.

——By Heaven more bright than Planets are:
Her Beauty's Force might ev'n their Pow'r out-do.

KING.

Nay, ſhe's as falſe, and as unconſtant too.
Oh *Auſtria*, that a Form ſo outward bright
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For ſhe, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that deareſt Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its Shrine the precious Relique down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her own.
My Son! that Rebel both to Heaven and me!
Oh the diſtracting Throes of Jealouſy!
But as a drowning Wretch juſt like to ſink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the Brink;
At the third Plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into Deſtruction too:
So thou from whom theſe Miſeries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown.
[*Seizes roughly on* Rui-Gomez.

RUI-GOMEZ.

My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Succeſſes of my Sov'reign's Fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you would command me?

KING.

How?——
What is't—I know not what I'd have thee do:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

Don JOHN.

Alas! what Frenzy does your Temper haunt?
Revenge! On whom?

KING.

On my falſe Queen and Son.

RUI-GOMEZ.

On them! good Heaven! what is't that they have done;
Oh had my Tongue been curs'd ere it had bred
This Jealouſy— [*Half aſide.*

KING.

——Then cancel what thou'ſt ſaid.
Didſt thou not tell me, that thou ſaw'ſt him ſtand
Printing ſoft Vows in Kiſſes on her Hand;
Whilſt in Requital ſhe ſuch Glances gave,
Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

RUI-GOMEZ.

I did; and what more could the Queen allow
To him, than you to every Vaſſal ſhow?
Th' affording him that little from Love's Store,
Imply'd that ſhe for you reſerv'd much more.

KING.

Oh, doubtleſs, ſhe muſt have a wondrous ſtore
Of Love, that ſells it at a rate ſo poor.
Now thou'dſt rebate my Paſſions with Advice;
And when thou ſhou'dſt be active, wou'dſt be wiſe.
No, lead me where I may their Inceſt ſee,
Do, by Heaven—do, and I'll worſhip thee!

Oh

Oh how my Paſſions drive me to and fro!
Under their heavy Weight I yield and bow,
But I'll re-gather yet my Strength, and ſtand
Brandiſhing all my Thunder in my Hand.

POSA.

And may it be ſent forth, and where it goes
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.
But let your Loyal Son and Conſort bear
No Ill, ſince they of any guiltleſs are.
Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim
To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

Don JOHN.

I too dare with my Life their Cauſe make good.

KING.

Sure well their Innocence y've underſtood,
That you ſo prodigal are of your Blood.
Or wouldſt thou ſpeak me Comfort? I would find
'Mongſt all my Counſellers at leaſt one kind.
Yet any thing like that I muſt not hear;
For ſo my Wrongs I ſhould too tamely bear,
And weakly grow my own fond Flatterer.
Poſa, withdraw——— [*Exit* Poſa.
My Lords, all this y'ave heard.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Yes, I obſerv'd it, Sir, with [illegible] Regard:
The young Lord's Friendſhip was too great to hide.

KING.

Is he then ſo to my falſe Son ally'd?
I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all
My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.
Like *Cæſar* in the Senate, thus I ſtand,
Whilſt Ruin threaten'd him on ev'ry Hand
From each Side he had warning he muſt die;
Yet ſtill he brav'd his Fate, and ſo will I.

To

To ſtrive for Eaſe would but add more to Pain:
As Streams, that beat againſt their Banks in vain,
Retreating ſwell into a Flood again,
No, I'll do things the World ſhall quake to hear:
My juſt Revenge ſo true a Stamp ſhall bear,
As henceforth Heav'n itſelf ſhall emulate,
And copy all its Vengeance out by that.
All but *Rui-Gomez* I muſt have withdrawn,
I've ſomething to diſcourſe with him alone.
[*Ex. Omnes, præter* King *and* Gomez.
Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate:
Thou'ſt wrought my Senſe of Wrong to ſuch a Height,
Within my Breaſt it will no longer ſtay,
But grows each Minute till it force its Way.
I would not find myſelf at laſt deceiv'd.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Nor would I 'gainſt your Reaſon be believ'd.
Think, Sir, your Jealouſy to be but Fear
Of loſing Treaſures, which you hold ſo dear.
Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:
I know but what they did, not what they meant.

KING.

Meant! What ſhould Looks, and Sighs, and Preſſings mean?
No, no; I need not hear it o'er again.
No Repetition—ſomething muſt be done.
Now there's no Ill I know that I would ſhun.
I'll fly, till them I've in their Inceſt found,
Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;
Like a Granado from a Cannon ſhot,
Which lights at laſt upon the Enemy's Ground,
Then breaking deals Deſtruction all around. [*Exit King.*

RUI-GOMEZ.

So now his Jealouſy is at the top,
Each little Blaſt will ſerve to keep it up.

But

But ſtay; there's ſomething I've omitted yet;
Poſa's my Enemy; and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd 'gainſt all that he can do;
For my Snare's large enough to hold him too;
Yet I'll diſguiſe that Purpoſe for awhile:
But when he with the reſt is caught i'th' Toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter POSA.

POSA.

My Lord *Rui-Gomez!* and the King not here!
You, who ſo eminent a Fav'rite are
In a King's Eye, ſhould ne'er be abſent thence.

RUI-GOMEZ.

No, Sir, 'tis you that by a riſing Prince
Are cheriſh'd, and ſo tread a ſafer way,
Rich in that Bliſs the World waits to enjoy.

POSA.

Since what may bleſs the World we ought to prize,
I wiſh there were no publick Enemies:
No lurking Serpents Poiſon to diſpenſe,
Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence;
No Flatt'rers, that with Royal Goodneſs ſport,
Thoſe ſtinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Nay, if good Wiſhes any thing could do,
I have as earneſt Wiſhes, Sir, as you:
That tho' perhaps our King enjoys the beſt
Of Pow'r, yet may he ſtill be doubly bleſs'd.
May he——

POSA.

Nay, *Gomez*, you ſhall ne'er out-do me there;
Since for Great *Philip*'s Good, I would you were
(If poſſible) more honeſt than you are.

RUI-

RUI-GOMEZ.

Why, *Poſa*; what Defect can you diſcern?

POSA.

Nay, half your Myſteries I'm yet to learn;
Tho' this I'll boldly juſtify to all,
That you contrive a gen'rous Prince's Fall.
[Gomez *ſmiles.*
Nay, think not by your Smiles, and careleſs Port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to ſport,
I do not, Sir.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Young Lord, what Meaning has
This Heat?

POSA.

To let you ſee I know y'are baſe.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Nay then I Pardon aſk that I did ſmile:
By Heav'n, I thought y'had jeſted all this while.
Baſe!——

POSA.

Yes, more baſe than impotent or old,
All Virtue in thee, like thy Blood, runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carcaſe is leſs full
Of Rancour than thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I ſaw it plain;
But Duty to that Preſence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treaſon with my Sword:
But ſtill——
Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a Word.
True, thou art old; yet if thou haſt a Friend,
To whom thy curſed Cauſe thou dar'ſt commend;
'Gainſt him in Public I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Fair Youth, bold Champion——

Learn

Learn better how your Paſſions to diſguiſe,
Appear leſs choleric, and be more wiſe. [*Exit* R. Go.

POSA.

How frail is all the Glory we deſign,
Whilſt ſuch as theſe have Pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'ſt have ſafely ſtood
If thou hadſt been leſs great, or not ſo good.
Why the vile Monſter's Blood did I not ſhed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own Head?
My Honour ſo had had this juſt Defence,
That I preſerv'd my Patron and my Prince,

Enter CARLOS *and* QUEEN.

Brave *Carlos:* Ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed,
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown;
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up againſt you both.

Don CARLOS.

Has then the falſe *Rui-Gomez* broke his Oath?
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

POSA.

Yes, all his ſubtleſt Snares are for you laid.
The King within this Minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd, if but ſeen with her.
Retire, my Lord———

QUEEN.

How! is he jealous grown?
I thought my Virtue he had better known.
His unjuſt Doubts have ſoon found out the way,
To make their Entry on our Marriage-Day:
For yet he has not known with me a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight;
And to ſuch Height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exerciſe it on his Queen and Son.

But ſince, my Lord, this time we muſt obey
Our Intereſt, I beg you would not ſtay:
Not ſeeing you, he may to me be juſt.

Don CARLOS.

Should I then leave you, Madam?

QUEEN.

Yes, you muſt.

Don CARLOS.

Not then when Storms againſt your Virtue riſe.
No; ſince to loſe you, wretched *Carlos* dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cauſe.
This is the nobleſt thing that Fate could do,
She thus abates the Rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis ſome Pleaſure but to die for you.

QUEEN.

Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their baſe Fears compel 'em to deſpair:
Hope's the far nobler Paſſion of the Mind;
Fortune's a Miſtreſs that's with Caution kind;
Knows that the Conſtant merit her alone,
They who, tho' ſhe ſeem froward, yet court on.

Don CARLOS.

To wretched Minds thus ſtill ſome Comfort gleams:
And Angels eaſe our Griefs, tho' but with Dreams.
I have too ſ[illegible]dy been deceiv'd,
And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.
You, Madam, bid me go. [*Looking earneſtly at the Queen.*

QUEEN.

You muſt.

POSA.

You ſhall.
Alas, I love you, would not ſee you fall;
And yet may find ſome Way t'evade it all.

Don CARLOS.

Poſa, ever wert my trueſt Friend;
I almoſt wiſh thou wert not now ſo kind.

Thou

Thou of a Thing that's loſt tak'ſt too much Care;
And you, fair Angel, too indulgent are. [*To the Queen.*
Great my Deſpair; but ſtill my Love is higher.
Well——in Obedience to you, I'll retire;
Tho' during all the Storm I will be nigh,
Where if I ſee the Danger grow too high,
To ſave you, Madam, I'll come forth and die.
[*Exit* Carlos.

Enter KING *and* RUI-GOMEZ.

KING.

Who would have gueſs'd that this had ever been?
[*Seeing* Poſa *and the Queen.*
Diſtraction! Where ſhall my Revenge begin?
Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin:
And to diſguiſe it, puts on Friendſhip's Maſk,
But his Diſpatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Taſk.
With him pretend ſome private Conference,
And under that Diſguiſe ſeduce him hence;
Then in ſome Place fit for the Deed impart
The Buſ'neſs by a Poniard to his Heart.

RUI-GOMEZ.

'Tis done.

KING.

So, Madam—— [*Steps to the Queen.*

QUEEN.

——By the Fury in your Eyes,
I underſtand you come to tyrannize.
I hear you are already jealous grown,
And dare ſuſpect my Virtue with your Son.

KING.

Oh Woman-kind! thy Myſt'ries who can ſcan,
Too deep for eaſy, weak, believing Man?
Hold, let me look: indeed, y'are wond'rous fair,
So on the out-ſide *Sodom*'s Apples were:

And

And yet within when open'd to the View,
Not half ſo dangrous, or ſo foul as you.

QUEEN.

Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!
And you unworthy of a Huſband's Name!
Do you not bluſh?

KING.

Yes, Madam, for your Shame.
Bluſh too my Judgment e'er ſhould prove ſo faint,
To let me chuſe a Devil for a Saint.
When firſt I ſaw and lov'd that tempting Eye,
The Fiend within the Flame I did not ſpy;
But ſtill ran on and cheriſh'd my Deſires,
For heav'nly Beams miſtook infernal Fires:
Such raging Fires, as you have ſince thought fit
Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth ſhould meet.
Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!——

QUEEN.

——Poor ungenerous King!
How mean's the Soul from which ſuch thoughts muſt ſpring!
Was it for this I did ſo late ſubmit,
To let you whine and languiſh at my Feet;
When with falſe Oaths you did my Heart beguile,
And prefer'd all you Empire for a Smile?
Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did reſign,
Tho' you ſtill ſwore you would preſerve it mine.
And ſtill it ſhall be ſo, for from this Hour
I vow to hate, and never ſee you more.
Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you ſoon ſhall know
I can reſent and rage as well as you.

KING.

By Hell, her Pride's as raging as her Luſt.
A Guard there——Seize the Queen—— [*Enter Guard.*

Enter

Enter CARLOS, *and intercepts the Guards.*

Don CARLOS.

—— Hold, Sir, be juſt.
Firſt look on me, whom once you call'd your Son;
A Title I was always proud to own.

KING.

Good Heav'n! to merit this what have I done,
That he too dares before my Sight appear?

Don CARLOS.

Why, Sir, where is the Cauſe that I ſhould fear?
Bold in my Innocence, I come to know
The Reaſon why you uſe this Princeſs ſo?

KING.

Sure I ſhall find ſome way to raiſe this Siege:
He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.
Foul raviſher of all my Honour, hence!
But ſtay! Guards, with the Queen ſecure the Prince
Wherefore in my Revenge ſhould I be ſlow?
Now in my Reach, I'll daſh 'em at a Blow.

Enter Don JOHN *of* AUSTRIA, EBOLI, HENRIETTA, *and* GARCIA.

Don JOHN.

I come, great Sir, with Wonder here, to ſee
Your Rage grown up to this Extremity.
Againſt your beauteous Queen, and loyal Son;
What is't that they to merit Chains have done?
Or is't your own wild Jealouſy alone?

KING.

O *Auſtria*, thy vain Enquiry ceaſe,
If thou haſt any value for thy Peace.
My mighty Wrongs ſo loud an Accent bear,
'Twould make thee miſerable but to hear.

Don

Don CARLOS.

Father, if I may dare to call you ſo,
Since now I doubt, if I'm your Son or no;
As you have ſeal'd my Doom, I may complain.

KING.

Will then that Monſter dare to ſpeak again?

Don CARLOS.

Yes: Dying Men ſhould not their Thoughts diſguiſe;
And ſince you take ſuch Joy in Cruelties,
Ere of my Death the new Delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
Time was that we were ſmil'd on by our Fate,
You not unjuſt, nor I unfortunate:
Then, then, I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early Praiſe was talk'd abroad.
Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would diſplay,
Told me where this rich beauteous Treaſure lay,
And how to gain't inſtructed me the Way.
I came, and ſaw, and lov'd, and bleſs'd you for't.
But then when Love had ſeal'd her to my Heart,
You violently tore her from my Side:
And 'cauſe my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But ſtill ſome Pleaſure to behold her took,
You now will have my Life but for a Look,
Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
Your Heart with envious Jealouſy boils o'er,
'Cauſe I can love no leſs, and you no more.

HENRIETTA.

Alas! how can you hear his ſoft Complaint,
And not your harden'd ſtubborn Heart relent?
Turn, Sir, ſurvey that comely, awful Man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruel if you can.

KING.

Away, Deluder; who taught thee to ſue?

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

Loving the Queen, what is't ſhe leſs can do,
Than lend her Aid againſt the dreadful Storm?

KING.

Why can the Devil dwell too in that Form?
This is their little Engine by the by,
A Scout to watch, and tell when Danger's nigh.
Come, pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when; nay do not fear——you ſhall.

HENRIETTA.

Ah, Sir, unkind!——

KING.

——Now hold thy Syren's Tongue:
Who would have thought there was a Witch ſo young?

Don JOHN.

Can you to ſuing Beauty ſtop your Ears;
[*Takes up* Hen. *and makes his Addreſs to her.*
Heav'n lays its Thunders by, and gladly hears,
When Angels are become Petitioners.

EBOLI.

Ha! what makes *Auſtria* ſo officious there?
That Glance ſeems as it ſent his Heart to her.
[*Aſide to* Garcia

Don CARLOS.

A Banquet then of Blood ſince you deſign,
Yet you may ſatisfy yourſelf with mine.
I love the Queen, I have confeſs'd, 'tis true:
Proud too to think I love her more than you;
Tho' ſhe, by Heav'n, is clear——but I indeed
Have been unjuſt, and do deſerve to bleed.
There were no lawleſs Thoughts that I did want,
Which Love had pow'r to aſk, or Beauty grant;
Tho' I ne'er yet found Hopes to raiſe 'em on,
For ſhe did ſtill preſerve her Honour's Throne,
And daſh the bold aſpiring Devils down.

If to her Cauſe you do not Credit give,
Fondly againſt your Happineſs you'll ſtrive;
As ſome loſe Heav'n, becauſe they won't believe.

QUEEN.

Whilſt, Prince, my Preſervation you deſign,
Blot not your Virtue to add more to mine.
The Clearneſs of my Truth I'd not have ſhown,
By any other Light beſides its own.
No, Sir, he thro' Deſpair all this has ſaid,
And owns Offences which he never made.
Why ſhould you think that I would do you wrong:
Muſt I needs be unchaſte, becauſe I'm young?

KING.

Unconſtant wav'ring Heart, why heav'ſt thou ſo?
I ſhiver all, and know not what I do.
I who ere now have Armies led to Fight,
Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight;
Whole Winter Nights ſtood under Heav'n's wide Roof,
Daring my Foes; now am not Beauty proof.
Oh take away thoſe Baſiliſks, thy Eyes;
Th' Infection's fatal, and who ſees 'em dies. [*Going away.*

QUEEN.

Oh, do not fly me; I have no Deſign
Upon your Life, for you may yet ſave mine. [*Kneels.*
Or if at laſt I muſt my Breath ſubmit,
I'll take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your Feet:
Will you not look on me, my deareſt Lord?

KING.

Why? Wouldſt thou live?——

QUEEN.

Yes, if you'll ſay the Word.

Don CARLOS.

Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he ſees
A praying Beauty proſtrate on her Knees!
Riſe, Madam—— [*Steps to take her up.*

KING.

——Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breaſt her Glances thick are ſhot.
Not true!——Stay, let me ſee—by Heav'n, thou art
[*Looks earneſtly on her.*
——A falſe vile Woman——Oh my fooliſh Heart!
I give thee Life—but from this time refrain,
And never come into my Sight again:
Be baniſh'd ever.——

QUEEN.

This you muſt not do,
At leaſt till I've convinc'd you I am true.
Grant me but ſo much time; and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

KING.

I've all this while been angry, but in vain:
She heats me firſt, then ſtroaks me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy ſhould I be!
Think'ſt thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdom for the Bliſs I'd give;
Nay, tho' it were not ſo, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

QUEEN.

I would not, Sir, deceive you, if I might.
But if you'll take my Oaths, by all above,
'Tis you, and only you, that I will love.

KING.

Thus as a Mariner that ſails along,
With Pleaſure hears the enticing *Siren*'s Song,
Unable quite his ſtrong Deſires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, tho' certain to be drown'd,
Come to my Boſom then, make no Delay:
[*Takes her in his Arms.*
My Rage is huſh'd, and I have room for Joy.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Again you'll think that I unjuſt will prove.

KING.

No, thou art all o'er Truth, and I all Love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again!

QUEEN.

Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

KING.

Then from this Minute ne'er ſee *Carlos* more.
Thou Slave, that dar'ſt do Ill with ſuch a Port,
For ever here I baniſh thee my Court.
Within ſome Cloiſter lead a private Life,
That I may love and rule without this Strife.
Here, *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:
The Treaſure's precious, and the Truſt is large.
Whilſt I retiring hence, myſelf make fit
To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet. [*Ex.* King.

Don CARLOS.

My Exile from his Preſence I can bear
With Pleaſure: But, no more to look on her!
Oh 'tis a dreadful Curſe I cannot bear.
No, Madam, all his Pow'r ſhall nothing do:
I'll ſtay and take my Baniſhment from you.
Do you command me, ſee how far I'll fly.

QUEEN.

Will *Carlos* be at laſt my Enemy?
Conſider, this Submiſſion I have ſhown,
More to preſerve your Safety than my own.
Ungratefully you needleſs ways deviſe
To loſe a Life which I ſo dearly prize.

Don CARLOS.

So now her Fortune's made, and I am left
Alciſe, a naked Wanderer to ſhift. [*Aside.*

am, you might have ſpar'd the Cruelty; [*To the* Queen.
L.. 'd with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.
But now to loſe it drives me to Deſpair,
Making me wiſh to die, and yet not dare.
Well, to ſome ſolitary Shore I'll roam,
And never more into your Preſence come,
Since I already find I'm troubleſome. [*Is going.*

QUEEN.

Stay, Sir, yet ſtay:—You ſhall not leave me ſo.

Don CARLOS.

Ha!———

QUEEN.

——I muſt talk with you before you go.
Oh *Carlos*, how unhappy is our State?
How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?
Who promis'd fair when we did firſt begin,
Till envying to ſee us like to win,
Strait fell to cheat, and threw the falſe Lot in.
My Vows to you I now remember all.

Don CARLOS.

Oh Madam, I can hear no more—— [*Kneels.*

QUEEN.

——You ſhall.——
For I can't chuſe but let you know, that I,
If you'll reſolve on't, yet will with you die.

Don CARLOS.

Sure nobler Gallantry was never known,
Good Heav'n! This Bleſſing is too much for one:
No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.
My Father, all my Woes I now forgive.

QUEEN.

Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.
But to what Country, whereſoe'er you go,
Forget not me, for I'll remember you.

Don

Don CARLOS.

Shall I ſuch Virtue and ſuch Charms forget?
No, never.——

QUEEN.

——Oh that we had never met,
But in our diſtant Climates ſtill been free!
I might have heard of you, and you of me:
So to vain Happineſs more ſafely mov'd;
And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.
What makes you look ſo wildly?—Why d'ye ſtart?

Don CARLOS.

A faint cold Damp is thickning round my Heart.

QUEEN.

What ſhall we do?——

Don CARLOS.

——Do any thing but part;
Or ſtay ſo long 'till my poor Soul expires
In view of all the Glory it admires.

EBOLI.

In ſuch a Lover how might I be bleſs'd!
Oh! were I of that noble Heart poſſeſs'd,
How ſoft, how eaſy would I make his Bands! [*Aſide.*
But, Madam, you forget the King's Commands:
[*To the* Queen.
Longer to ſtay, your Dangers you'll renew.

Don CARLOS.

Ah Princeſs! Lover's Pains you never knew;
Or what it is to part, as we muſt do.
Part too for ever——
After one Minute, never more to ſtand
Fix'd on thoſe Eyes, or preſſing this ſoft Hand.
'Twere but enough to feed one, and not ſtarve:
Yet that is more than I did e'er deſerve:
Tho' Fate to us is niggardly and poor,
That from Eternity can't ſpare one Hour.

QUEEN.

If it were had, that Hour would ſoon be gone,
And we ſhould wiſh to draw another on.
No, rigorous Neceſſity has made
Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.
Come let us try the parting Blow to bear.
Adieu——

Don CARLOS.

Farewel. [*Looking at each other.*
———I'm fix'd and rooted here;
I cannot ſtir.———

QUEEN.

Shall I the Way then ſhow?
Now hold, my Heart——
[*Goes to the Door then ſtops, and turns back again.*
Nay, Sir, why don't you go?

Don CARLOS.

Why do you ſtay?

QUEEN.

I won't.——

Don CARLOS.

——You ſhall awhile [*Kneels.*
With one Look more my Miſeries beguile,
That may ſupport my Heart till you are gone.

QUEEN.

Ch *Eboli!* thy Help, or I'm undone,
[*Takes hold on* Eboli.
Here take it then, and with it too my Life.
[*Leans into* Eboli's *Arms.*

Don CARLOS.

My Courage with my Tortures is at Strife
Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,
I'll try to vanquiſh and out-toil the Ill.
Well, Madam, now I'm ſomething hardier grown:
Since I at laſt perceive you muſt be gone,

To

To venture the Encounter I'll be bold ; [*Leads her to the*
For certainly my Heart will ſo long hold. [*Door.*
Farewel——be happy as y'are fair and true.

QUEEN.

And all Heav'n's kindeſt Angels wait on you.

[*Exit with* Eboli.

Don CARLOS.

Thus long I've wander'd in Love's crooked Way,
By Hope's deluding Meteor led aſtray :
For ere I've half the dang'rous Deſert croſs'd,
The glim'ring Light's gone out, and I am loſt.

[*Exit Don* Carlos.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Don CARLOS *and* POSA.

Don CARLOS.

THE next is the Apartment of the Queen:
In vain I try, I muſt not venture in. [*Is going.*
Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd Men, [*Returns.*
Who to their Bodies would again repair;
But finding that they cannot enter there,
Mourning and groaning wander in the Air.
Rob'd of my Love, and as unjuſtly thrown
From all thoſe Hopes that promis'd me a Crown;
My Heart, with the Diſhonours to me done,
Is poiſon'd, ſwells too mighty for my Breaſt:
But it will break, and I ſhall be at Reſt.
No: Dull Deſpair this Soul ſhall never load:
Tho' Patience be the Virtue of a God,
Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
Or are above the Injuries we bear.
Father and *King*; both Names bear mighty Senſe:
Yet ſure there's ſomething too in *Son* and *Prince*.
I was born high, and muſt not fall leſs great;
Since Triumph crown'd my Birth, I'll have my Fate
As glorious and majeſtic too as that.
To *Flanders*, *Poſa*, ſtraight my Letters ſend;
Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend:

And

And that to head their Forces I deſign;
So vindicate their Cauſe, if they dare mine.

POSA.

To th' Rebels?———

Don CARLOS.

No, th'are Friends; their Cauſe is juſt;
Or, when I make it mine, at leaſt it muſt.
Let the common Rout like Beaſts love to be dull,
Wilfully ſordidly they live at Eaſe and full;
Senſeleſs what Honour and Ambition means,
And ignorantly drag their Load of Chains.
I am a Prince, have had a Crown in view,
And cannot brook to loſe the Proſpect now.
If th'art my Friend, do not my Will delay.

POSA.

I'll do't——— [*Exit* Poſa.

Enter EBOLI.

EBOLI.

My Lord.

Don CARLOS.

Who calls me?

EBOLI.

You muſt ſtay.

Don CARLOS.

What News of freſh Affliction can you bear?

EBOLI.

Suppoſe it were the Queen; you'd ſtay for her?

Don CARLOS.

For her? yes, ſtay an Age, for ever ſtay;
Stay ev'n till Time itſelf ſhould paſs away;
Fix here a Statue never to remove,
An everlaſting Monument of Love.
Tho', tell a Thing ſo wretched as I am
But the leaſt Place in her Remembrance claim?

EBOLI.

Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing elſe but you:
Whilſt from the Theme ev'n Emulation ſprings,
Each ſtriving who ſhall ſay the kindeſt things.

Don CARLOS.

But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which only pities, and can nothing give.

EBOLI.

Nothing! propoſe what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be Security.

Don CARLOS.

No, Madam, what's my Due none e'er can pay;
There ſtands that Angel Honour in the way,
Watching his Charge with never-ſleeping Eyes,
And ſtops my Entrance into Paradiſe.

EBOLI.

What Paradiſe? What Pleaſures can you know,
Which are not in my Power to beſtow?

Don CARLOS.

Love, Love, and all thoſe eager melting Charms,
The Queen muſt yield when in my Father's Arms.
That Queen, ſo excellently, richly fair,
You, could he come again a Lover here,
Would court Mortality to die for her.
Oh, Madam, take not Pleaſure to renew
Thoſe Pains, which if you felt, you would not do.

EBOLI.

Unkindly urg'd: Think you no Senſe I have
Of what you feel? Now you may take your Leave:
Something I had to ſay, but let it die.

Don CARLOS.

Why, Madam, who has injur'd you? Not I? —

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

Nay, Sir, your Preſence I would not detain;
Alas! you do not hear that I complain.
Tho' could you half of my Misfortune ſee,
Methinks you ſhould incline to pity me.

Don CARLOS.

I cannot gueſs what mournful Tale you'd tell;
But I am certain you prepare me well.
Speak, Madam——

EBOLI.

Say I lov'd, and with a Flame,
Which even melts my tender Heart to name:
Lov'd too a Man, I will not ſay ingrate,
Becauſe he's far above my Birth or Fate:
Yet ſo far he at leaſt does cruel prove,
He proſecutes a dead and hopeleſs Love,
Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be bleſs'd,
Tho' I invite him kindly to a Feaſt.

Don CARLOS.

What ſtupid Animal could ſenſeleſs lie,
Unmov'd by Beams from that illuſtrious Eye?

EBOLI.

Nay, to encreaſe your Wonder, you ſhall know,
That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
Till ev'n I bluſh, as now I tell it you.

Don CARLOS.

You neither ſhall have Cauſe of Shame or Fear,
Whoſe Secrets ſafe within my Boſom are.

EBOLI.

Then farther I the Riddle may explain,
Survey that Face, and blame me if you can.

[*She ſhows him a Picture.*

Don CARLOS.

Diſtraction of my Eyes! what have they ſeen?
'Tis my own Picture, which I ſent the Queen,

When to her Fame I paid Devotion firſt,
Expecting Bliſs, but loſt it: I am curs'd,
Curs'd too in thee, who from my Saint d[illegible]r'ſt ſteal
The only Relic left her of my Zeal;
And with the Sacrilege attempt my Hea[illegible].
Wert thou more charming than thou think'ſt thou art,
Almighty Love preſerves the Fort for her,
And bids Defiance to thy Entrance there.

EBOLI.

Neglected! Scorn'd by Father and by Son!
What a malicious Courſe my Stars have run?
But ſince I meet with ſuch unlucky Fate
In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate:
My own dull Huſband may aſſiſt in that.
To his Revenge I'll give him freſh Alarms,
And with the grey old Wizard muſter Charms.
I have't; thanks, thanks, Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.
[*Aſide.*
Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can.
[*To* Carlos *mildly.*
I'll try to recompenſe the Wrongs I've done,
And better finiſh what is ill begun.

Don CARLOS.

Madam, you at ſo ſtrange a Rate proceed,
I ſhall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

EBOLI.

No matter; be but to my Honour true,
As you ſhall ever find I'll be to you.
The Queen's my Charge, and you may, on that Score,
Preſume that you ſhall ſee her yet once more.
I'll lead you to thoſe ſo much worſhipp'd Charms,
And yield you to my h[illegible]ival's Arms.

Don CARLOS.

In what a mighty Sum ſhall I be bound?
I did not think ſuch Virtue could be found.

The

Thou Mistress of all best Perfections, stay:
Fain I in Gratitude would something say;
But am too far in Debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don JOHN *of* AUSTRIA.

Don JOHN.

Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?

Don CARLOS.

My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here
Mere Man, of all my Comfort stripp'd and bare.
Once, like a Vine, I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

Don JOHN.

Amongst those Numbers which your Wrongs deplore,
Than me there's none that can resent 'em more.
I feel a gen'rous Grudging in my Breast,
To see such Honour, and such Hopes oppress'd.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I see more that's like myself in you.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here. [*Embraces.*

Don CARLOS.

From you, to whom 'tis by such Kindness ty'd,
The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This gen'rous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
I once more shall be brought in Sight of Heav'n;
To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay:
And then for *Flanders* I intend my Way,
Where o'th' insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep myself from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

Don

Don JOHN.

Proſperity to the Deſign, 'tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

Don CARLOS.

My Lord, your ſpreading Glories flouriſh high,
Above the Reach or Shock of Deſtiny;
Mine early nipt, like Buds untimely die.

Enter OFFICER *of the Guards.*

OFFICER.

My Lord, I grieve to tell what you muſt hear;
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are to guard you as a Priſoner.

Don CARLOS.

A Priſ'ner! What new Game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the Name of *Son*,
Since I muſt be a Slave, becauſe I'm one.
Duty! to whom? He's not my Father: No:
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one Way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

Don JOHN.

If aſk'd by whoſe Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [*Ex.* Officer.

Don CARLOS.

Now were I certain it would ſink me quite,
I'd ſee the Queen once more, tho' but in ſpite;
Tho' he with all his Fury were in place,
I would careſs and court her to his Face.
Oh that I could this Miſtreſs die, if ſo
What he had loſt he might too lately know,
Curſing himſelf to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son;
With Pleaſure all his Glories ſaw, when young,
Look'd, and with Pride conſidering whence I ſprung;
Joyfully

Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Baſk'd in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade——
But now ——
Cancelling all whate'er he then conferr'd,
He thruſts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my Stay,
But drives and haunts me like a Beaſt of Prey.
Affliction! O Affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to ſuffer yet.
Th' Ruin at me from each Side takes Aim,
And I ſtand thus encompaſs'd round with Flame;
Tho' the devouring Fire approaches faſt;
Yet will I try to plunge; if Pow'r waſte,
I can at worſt but ſink, and burn at laſt.
[*Ex. Don* Carlos.

Don JOHN.

Go on, purſue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for Work where Honour's to be got.
But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

EBOLI.

You are no leſs to *Henriet*, I find.

Don JOHN.

Why ſhe's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

EBOLI.

I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.
You told me once my Beauty was not leſs.
Is this your Faith? Are theſe your Promiſes?

Don JOHN.

You would ſeem jealous, but are crafty grown:
Tax me of Falſhood to conceal your own.
Go, y'are a Woman——

EBOLI.

Yes, I know I am:
And by my Weakneſs do deſerve that Name,

When

When Heart and Honour I to you reſign'd.
Would I were not a Woman, or leſs kind.

Don JOHN.

Think you your Falſhood was not plainly ſeen,
When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?
Too well I ſaw it; how did you diſpenſe
In Looks your Pity to to' afflicted Prince?
Whilſt I my Duty paid the King, your Time
You watch'd, and fix'd your melting Eyes on him,
Admir'd him———

EBOLI.

Yes, Sir, for his Conſtancy——
But 'twas with Pain, to think you falſe to me,
When to another's Eye you Homage paid,
And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid,
Wrong'd too ſo far as nothing can reſtore.

Don JOHN.

Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewel —— [*Don* John *is going.*

EBOLI.

Farewel, if y'are reſolv'd to go:
Inhuman *Auſtria*, can you leave me ſo?
Enough my Soul is by your Falſhood rack'd;
Add not to your Inconſtancy Neglect.
Methinks you ſo far might have grateful prov'd,
Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

Don JOHN.

If ere you lov'd, 'tis you, not I, forget;
For a Remove is here too deeply ſet,
Firm rooted, and for ever muſt remain.
[Eboli *turns away.*
Why thus unkind?

EBOLI.

Why are you jealous then? [*Turns to him.*

Don

Don JOHN.

Come, let it be no more! I'm hush'd and ſtill!
Will you forgive?

EBOLI.

How can you doubt my Will?
I do.

Don JOHN.

Then ſend me not away unbleſs'd.

EBOLI.

Till you return I will not think of Reſt:
Carlos will hither ſuddenly repair.
The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.
Farewel. [Eboli *ſeems to weep.*

Don JOHN.

O do not let me ſee a Tear;
It quenches Joy, and ſtifles Appetite.
Like War's fierce God upon my Bliſs I'd prey;
Who, from the furious Toils of Arms all Day,
Returning home to Love's fair Queen at Night,
Comes riotous and hot with full Delight—[*Ex. D.* John.

EBOLI.

He has reap'd his Joys, and now he would be free,
And to effect it puts on Jealouſy:
But I'm as much a Libertine as he;
As fierce my Will, as furious my Deſires.
Yet will I hold him; tho' Enjoyment tires,
Tho' Love and Appetite be at the beſt,
He'll ſerve, as common Meats fill up a Feaſt,
And look like Plenty, tho' we never taſte.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee young.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Speak; there was always Muſic in thy Tongue

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

Thy Foes are tott'ring, and the Day's thy own;
Give 'em but one Lift now, and they go down.
Quickly to th' King and all his Doubts renew;
Appear diſturb'd, as if you ſomething knew
Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,
Then bring him hither lab'ring with the Weight.
I will take care that *Carlos* ſhall be here:
So for his jealous Eyes a Sight prepare,
Shall prove more fatal than *Meduſa*'s Head,
And he more monſtrous ſeem than ſhe e'er made.

Enter KING *attended.*

KING.

Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breaſt!
When ſhall I get th' Uſurper diſpoſſeſs'd?
My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their Reſt,
Around the Place where all was huſh'd before
Flutter, and hardly ſettle any more——
Ha, *Gomez*, what art thou thus muſing on? [*Sees* Gomez.

RUI-GOMEZ.

I'm thinking what it is to have a Son,
What mighty Cares, and what tempeſtuous Striſe
Attend on an unhappy Father's Life:
How Children Bleſſings ſeem, but Torments are,
When young, our Folly; and when old, our Fear.

KING.

Why doſt thou bring theſe odd Reflections here?
Thou envieſt ſure the Quiet which I bear.

RUI-GOMEZ.

No, Sir, I joy in th' Eaſe which you poſſeſs,
And with you never may have Cauſe for leſs.

KING.

Have Cauſe for leſs! come nearer, thou art ſad,
And look'ſt as thou wouldſt tell me that I had.

Now,

Now, now I feel it riſing up again ——
Speak quickly, where is *Carles?* where the Queen?
What not a Word? Have my Wrongs ſtruck thee dumb?
Or art thou ſwol'n and labouring with my Doom,
Yet dar'ſt not let the fatal Secret come?

RUI-GOMEZ.

Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
I'm old, and have a thouſand doting Thoughts.
Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

KING.

By Heav'n I muſt.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Nay, I would not be by Compulſion juſt.

KING.

Yet, if without it you refuſe, you ſhall.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Grant me then one Requeſt, I'll tell you all.

KING.

Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

RUI-GOMEZ.

It is that you would here forgive your Son,
For all his paſt Offences to this Hour.

KING.

Th'aſt almoſt aſk'd a Thing beyond my Pow'r.
But ſo much Goodneſs i'th' Requeſt I find,
Spite of myſelf I'll for thy Sake be kind:
His Pardon's ſeal'd; the Secret now declare.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Alas! 'tis only that I ſaw him here.——

KING.

Where? With the Queen! Yes, yes, 'tis ſo, I'm ſure,
Never were Wrongs ſo great as I endure:
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.
O! Woman! Monſtrous Woman!

Did

Did I for this into my Breaſt receive
The promiſing repenting Fugitive?
But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back again;
And thou ſhalt ſee me ſmile, and tear her then.
I'll cruſh her Heart where all the Poiſon lies,
Till when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

RUI-GOMEZ.

They the beſt Method of Revenge purſue;
Who ſo contrive that it may Juſtice ſhew;
Stay till their Wrongs appear at ſuch a Head,
That Innocence may have no Room to plead.
Your Fury, Sir, at leaſt a while delay;
I gueſs the Prince may come again this way:
Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

KING.

And when he's fix'd, be ſure bring word to me.
Till then I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,
Within my Breaſt ſuppreſs this angry Fire,
Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themſelves diſplay;
Then, like a Faulcon, gently cut my Way,
And with my Pounces ſeize th' unwary Prey.

[*Exit King.*

Enter EBOLI.

EBOLI.

I've over-heard the Buſineſs with Delight,
And find Revenge will have a Feaſt to Night.
Tho' thy declining Years are in their Wane,
I can perceive there's Youth ſtill in thy Brain.
Away: The Queen is coming hither. [*Exit* R. Gomez.

Enter QUEEN *and Women.* HENRIETTA.

QUEEN.

——Now
To all Felicity a long Adieu:
Where are you, *Eboli?*

EBOLI.

EBOLI.

——Madam, I'm here.

QUEEN.

Oh how freſh Fears aſſault me every where!
I hear that *Carlos* is a Priſoner made.

EBOLI.

No, Madam, he the Orders diſobey'd;
And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
To head the Rebels, whom he ſtiles his Friends.
But ere he goes, by me does humbly ſue,
That he may take his laſt Farewel of you.

QUEEN.

Will he then force his Deſtiny at laſt?
Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haſte:
Tell him, I beg his Purpoſe he'd delay,
Or if that can't his Reſolution ſtay,
Say I have ſworn not to ſurvive the Hour
In which I hear that he has left the Shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him——to ſtay him——tell him any thing——

EBOLI.

One Word from you his Duty would reſtore:
And tho' you promis'd ne'er to ſee him more,
Methinks you might upon ſo juſt a Score.
But ſee, he's here——

Enter Don CARLOS.

Don CARLOS.

Run out of Breath by Fate,
And perſecuted by a Father's Hate,
Weary'd withal, I panting hither fly,
To lay myſelf down at your Feet, and die.
[*Kneels, and kiſſes her Hand.*

QUEEN.

Oh too unhappy *Carlos!* Yet unkind!
'Gainſt you what Harms have ever I deſign'd,
That you ſhould with ſuch Violence decree
Ungratefully at laſt to murder me?

Don

Don CARLOS.

Pour all thy Curſes, Heav'n, upon this Head,
For I've the worſt of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
Myſelf upbraided of a Wrong to her. [*He riſes.*
Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snares t' entrap your Virtue laid?
Tell me, if not, why do you then upbraid?

QUEEN.

You will not know th' Afflictions which you give;
Was't not my laſt Requeſt, that you would live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I ſee,
Forgetting them, unmindful too of me,
Regardleſs, your own Ruin you deſign,
Tho' you are ſure to purchaſe it with mine.

Don CARLOS.

I, as you bade me live, obey'd with Pride;
Tho' it was harder far than to have dy'd.
But Loſs of Liberty my Life diſdains;
Theſe Limbs were never made to ſuffer Chains.
My Father ſhould have ſingled out ſome Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He ſhould have ſeen what *Carlos* would have done.
But to preſcribe my Freedom, ſink me low
To baſe Confinement, where no Comforts flow;
But black Deſpair, that foul Tormentor, lies;
With all my preſent Load of Miſeries;
Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
And rous'd the ſleeping Lion in my Heart.

QUEEN.

Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
I know, the leaſt Submiſſion will aſſuage;
You're hot with Youth, he's choleric with Age.
To him, and put a true Obedience on;
Be humble, and expreſs yourſelf a Son.

Carlos,

Carlos, I beg it of you: Will you not?

Don CARLOS.

Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.
I muſt obey whatever you prefer,
Knowing y'are all divine, and cannot err.
For if my Doom's unalterable, I ſhall
This way at leaſt with leſs Diſhonour fall:
And Princes leſs my Tameneſs thus condemn,
When I for you ſhall ſuffer, tho' by him.

QUEEN.

In my Apartment farther we'll debate
Of this, and for a happy Iſſue wait.
Your Preſence there he cannot diſapprove,
When it ſhall ſpeak your Duty, and my Love.

[*Exeunt* Carlos *and* Queen.

Enter RUI-GOMEZ.

EBOLI.

Now *Gomez*, triumph; all is ripe; the Toil
Has caught 'em, and Fate ſaw it with a Smile.
Thus far the Work of Deſtiny was mine;
But I'm content the Maſter-piece be thine.
Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood:
A Myſtery thou well haſt underſtood:
Whilſt I go reſt within a Lover's Arms, [*Aſide.*
And to my *Auſtria* lay out all my Charms. [*Exit.*

RUI-GOMEZ.

Fate, open now thy Book, and ſet 'em down:
I have already mark'd 'em for thy own.

Enter KING *and* Poſa *at a diſtance.*

My Lord the King?

KING.

Gomez?

RUI-GOMEZ.

The ſame.

KING.

KING.

Haſt ſeen

The Prince?

RUI-GOMEZ.

I have.

KING.

Where is he?

RUI-GOMEZ.

With the Queen.

KING.

Now ye that dwell in everlaſting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongſt your Precedents there e'er
Was ſeen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, didſt not hear th' Infernals groan?
Huſh, Hell, a little, and they are thy own.

POSA.

Who ſhould theſe be? The King and *Gomez*, ſure:
Methinks I wiſh that *Carlos* were ſecure: [*At a diſtance.*
For *Flanders* his Diſpatches I've prepar'd.

KING.

Who's there? 'Tis *Poſa*, Pander to their Luſt.
[*Drawing near to* Poſa.
Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thruſt;
In the Purſuit of Vengeance drive it far:
Strike deep, and if thou can'ſt, wound *Carlos* there.

RUI-GOMEZ.

I'll do't as cloſe as happy Lovers kiſs:
May he ſtrike mine, if of his Heart I miſs.
Thus, Sir——— [*Stabs him.*

POSA.

Ha, *Gomez!* Villain! thou haſt done
Thy worſt: But yet I would not die alone:
Here, Dog—— [*Stabs at him.*

RUI-GOMEZ.

So briſk? Then take it once again.
[*As they are ſtruggling, the Diſpatches fall out of* Poſa's
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain. [*Boſom.*
[*Stabs him again, and* Poſa *falls.*

POSA.

POSA.

My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindful of your Queen and Son. [*Dies.*

KING.

The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I ſhall be very mindful. What are theſe?
[*Takes up the Diſpatches.*
For *Flanders!* With the Prince's Signet ſeal'd!
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd.
See, *Gomez*, Practices againſt my Crown; [*Shews 'em him.*
Treaſon and Luſt have join'd to pull me down.
Yet ſtill I ſtand like a firm ſturdy Rock,
Whilſt they but ſplit themſelves with their own Shock.
But I too long delay: give word I come.

RUI-GOMEZ.

What, hoa! within; the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE *draws, and diſcovers Don* John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

KING.

Now let me, if I can, to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may ſtrike 'em dead.
[*Looking earneſtly on 'em.*
Ha——*Gomez!* on this Truth depends thy Life.
Why that's our Brother *Auſtria!*

RUI-GOMEZ.

And my Wife!
Embracing cloſe. Whilſt I was buſy grown
In others Ruins, here I've met my own.
Oh! had I periſh'd ere 'twas underſtood.

KING.

This is the Neſt where Luſt and Falſhood brood.
Is it not admirable?—[*Ex. D.* John *and* Eboli *embracing.*

RUI-GOMEZ.

O Sir, yes!
Ten thouſand Devils tear the Sorcereſs——

KING.

But they are gone, and my Diſhonour near.

Enter Don CARLOS *and* QUEEN *diſcourſing.*

Look, my inceſtuous Son and Wife appear.
See, *Gomez*, how ſhe languiſhes and dies.
'Sdeath! there are very Pulſes in her Eyes.
[*Don* Carlos *approaches the King.*

Don CARLOS.

In Peace, Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;
In War, Succeſs and Triumph crown his Arms;
Till all the Nations of the World ſhall be
Humble and proſtrate at his Feet like me. [*Kneels.*
I hear your Fury has my Death deſign'd;
Tho' I've deſerv'd the worſt, you may be kind:
Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,
And do not ſpill that Blood which is your own.

KING.

Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'er doubt
But for my Health 'tis good to let it out;
But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me,
Or elſe be curs'd thy Mother's Memory!
And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night,
In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

Don CARLOS.

Thus then I lay aſide all Rights of Blood. [*Riſes boldly.*
My Mother curs'd! She was all juſt and good.
Tyrant! too good to ſtay with thee below,
And therefore's bleſs'd, and reigns above thee now.
Submiſſion! which way got it Entrance here?

KING.

Perhaps it came ere Treaſon was aware.

Thy

Thy traiterous Design's now come to light,
Too great and horrid to be hid in Night.
See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains.
[*Shews the Diſpatches.*
I've paid your Secretary for his Pains.
He waits you there, to Council with him go,
[*Shews* Poſa's *Body.*
Aſk what Intelligence from *Flanders* now.

Don CARLOS.

My Friend here ſlain, my faithful *Poſa* 'tis.
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples ſack'd, what Deſolation made,
To pull down ſuch a Vengeance on my Head?
This, Villain, was thy work: What Friend of thine [*To* Go.
Did I e'er wrong, that thou ſhouldſt murder mine?
But I'll take care it ſhall not want Reward— [*Draws.*

KING.

Courage, my *Gomez*, ſince thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfil.

Don CARLOS.

No; tho' unjuſt, you are my Father ſtill;
[*Throws away his Sword.*
And from that Title muſt your Safety own:
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis [illegible] there contain'd I had deſign'd:
To ſuch a Height your Jealouſy was grown,
It was the only way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

KING.

Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decreaſe,
You'd eaſe me of my Crown to give me Peace.

Don CARLOS.

Alas! you fetch your Miſconſtructions far:
The Injuries to me, and Wrongs to her,
Were much too great for Empire to repair.

When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right,
Branded my Honour, and purſu'd my Life,
My Duty long with Nature was at Strife.
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name
Could ſuffer by the Voice of common Fame;
A thing I ſtill eſteem'd beneath my Pride:
For tho' condemn'd by all the World beſide,
Had you but thought me juſt, I could have dy'd.
At laſt this only way I found to fly
Your Anger, and divert your Jealouſy——
To go for *Flanders*, and be ſo remov'd
From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd:
There in your Right hoping I might compleat,
Spight of my Wrongs, ſome Action truly great.
Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your Hate, and ſhun that Storm which threaten'd here.

QUEEN.

And can this merit Hate? he would forego
The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchaſe you;
Baniſh himſelf, and ſtem the dang'rous Tide
Of lawleſs Outrage and rebellious Pride.

KING.

How evenly ſhe pleads in his Defence!
So blind is Guilt when 'twould ſeem Innocent.
She thinks her Softneſs may my Rage diſarm.
No, Sorcereſs, you're miſtaken in your Charm,
And whilſt you ſooth, do but aſſiſt the Storm.
Do, take full view of your tall able Slave;
[Queen *looking on* Carlos.
Look hard; it is the laſt you're like to have.

Don CARLOS.

My Life or Death are in your Power to give.

KING.

Yes, and thou dy'ſt.

Don

Don CARLOS.

Not till ſhe give me leave:
She is the Star that rules my Deſtiny;
And whilſt her Aſpect's kind, I cannot die.

QUEEN.

No Prince, for ever live, be ever bleſs'd.

KING.

Yes, I will ſend him to's eternal Reſt.
Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,
I never had known the Pains that rack me now.

QUEEN.

What Pains? what Racks? [*Approaching him.*

KING.

Avoid, and touch me not.
I ſee thee foul, all one inceſtuous Blot;
Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

QUEEN.

Have I then in your Pity left no Place?

KING.

Oh! thus it was you drew me in before,
With Promiſes you ne'er wou'd ſee him more.
But now your ſubtleſt Wiles too weak are grown,
I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep my own.

QUEEN.

May you be ever free; but can your Mind
Conceive that any Ill was here deſign'd?
Hither came, only that he might ſhow
Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.
You ſaw his humble dutiful Addreſs.

KING.

But you before-hand ſign'd the happy Peace.

Enter EBOLI.

Oh Princeſs, thank you for the Care you take.
Tell me how got this Monſter Entrance? ſpeak.

EBOLI.

Heav'n witneſs 'twas without my Knowledge done.

RUI-GOMEZ.

No, ſhe had other Bus'neſs of her own. [*Aſide.*
Oh Blood and Murder!

KING.

All are falſe: A Guard!

Enter Guard.

Seize on that Traitor——— [*To Carlos.*

Don CARLOS.

Welcome; I'm prepar'd——

QUEEN.

Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

KING.

No, thou ſhalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*
By Heav'n, but not a Day. [*Aſide.*
I a Revenge ſo exquiſite have fram'd,
She unrepenting dies, and ſo ſhe's damn'd.

HENRIETTA.

If ever Pity could your Heart engage,
If e'er you hope for Bleſſings on your Age,
Incline your Ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

KING.

I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'ſt thou ſay?

HENRIETTA.

Deſtroy not, in one Man,
More Virtue than the World can boaſt again.
View him the eldeſt Pledge of your firſt Love,
Your Virgin-Joys; that may ſome Pity move——

KING.

No; for the Wrongs I ſuffer weigh it down:
I'd now not ſpare his Life to ſave my own.

Away,

Away, by thy ſoft Tongue I'll not be caught.

HENRIETTA.

By all that Hopes can frame I beg. If not,
May you by ſome baſe Hand unpity'd die,
And childleſs Mothers curſe your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life——

KING.

Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee elſe. Still dar'ſt thou ſtay?
Can'ſt Death terrify thee?

HENRIETTA.

——No; for I,
If you refuſe me, am reſolv'd to die.

Don CARLOS.

Kind Fair one, do not waſte your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in ſtore,
When I in Duſt am laid, and ſeen no more.
Oh Madam! [*To the Queen.*

QUEEN.

Oh my *Carlos!* muſt you die
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

Don CARLOS.

Hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Weakneſs that miſbecomes my Heart:
For I muſt, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my Aid my manly Spirits call.

QUEEN.

You, like a Man, as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a Woman ſtill. [*Weeps.*

KING.

Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſ'd.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd:
But your great Lord, the Devil, taught you Pride.

He too an Angel, till he durſt rebel;
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a Stock of Tears like Vows you have,
And always ready when you would deceive.

QUEEN.

Cruel! Inhuman! Ch my Heart! Why ſhould
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a Stranger to whate'er was ſo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to do.
The juſt Reſentment of my Wrong's ſo great,
My Spirits ſink beneath the heavy Weight.
[*Ready to ſink with Paſſion.*
Tyrant, ſtand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

Don CARLOS.

Bleſs'd Angel, ſtay—— [*Takes her in his Arms.*

QUEEN.

Carlos, the ſole Embrace
You ever took, you have before his Face.

Don CARLOS.

No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous Eaſt,
In all the Glories of his Empire dreſs'd,
Was ever half ſo rich, or half ſo bleſs'd.
But from ſuch Bliſs, how wretched is the Fall
They too like us muſt die, and leave it all.

KING.

All this before my Face? what Soul could bear?
Go force her from him. [*Officer approaches.*

Don CARLOS.

——Slave, 'twill coſt thy Heart.
Th'adſt better meet a Lion on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprize the Prey.
She's Miſtreſs of my Soul, and to prepare
Myſelf for Death, I muſt conſult with her.

RU

RUI-GOMEZ.

Have pity — [*Ironically.*

KING.

Hence! how wretchedly he rules,
That's serv'd by Cowards, and advis'd by Fools.
Oh Torture! ——

Don CARLOS.

——Rouze, my Soul, consider now,
That to thy blissful Mansion thou must go.
But so mighty Joys have tasted here,
I'hardly shall have Sense of any there;
Oh sofr as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!
[*Leaning on her Bosom.*
Sweeter than Incense which to Heav'n ascends,
Tho' 'tis presented there by Angels Hands.

KING.

Still in his Arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.

Don CARLOS.

You'll sooner from its Center shake the Earth:
I'll hold her fast till my last Hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

KING.

Cut off his Hold! or any thing. ——

Don CARLOS.

——Ay come;
[illegible] and bear me hence into my Tomb.
I'd have my Monument erected here,
With broken mangled Limbs still clasping her.

QUEEN.

Hold, and I'll quit his Arms. ——
[*The Guards offer their Axes.*

KING.

Now bear him hence. [*They part.*

QUEEN.

O horrid Tyrant! [*Guards are hurrying Car. off.*

Stay, unhappy Prince——
Turn, turn! O Torment! muſt I leave you ſo?
No, ſtay, and take me with you where you go.

Don CARLOS.

Hark, Slaves, my Goddeſs ſummons me to ſtay.
Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you diſobey?
See her? Oh let me but juſt touch my bliſs.
[*Preſſing forward.*

KING.

By Hell he ſhan't: Slaves, are you mine or his?

QUEEN.

My Life——

Don CARLOS.

My Soul, farewel—— [*Exit* Carlos.

QUEEN.

——He's gone, he's gone,
Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone;
Give me my Death, that hate both Life and thee.

KING.

I know thou doſt; yet live.

QUEEN.

——O Miſery! [*Throws herſelf on the Floor.*
Why was I born to be thus curs'd? or why
Should Life be forc'd when 'tis ſo ſweet to die?

KING.

Thou, Woman, haſt been falſe; but to re[deem]
Thy Credit in my Heart, aſſiſt me now. [*To* Eboli.
Prepare a Draught of Poiſon, ſuch as will
Act ſlow, and by Degrees of Torment kill.
Give it the Queen, and to prevent all Senſe
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that ere Morning he'll attend her. I
In a Diſguiſe his Preſence will ſupply;
So glut my Rage, and ſmiling ſee her die.

EBOLI.

Your Majeſty ſhall be obey'd——

RU

RUI-GOMEZ.

Do, work thy Miſchiefs to their laſt Degree,
And when th'are in their Height I'll murder thee. [*Aſide.*

KING.

Now, *Gomez*, ply my Rage, and keep it hot:
O'er Love and Nature I've the Conqueſt got.
Still charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes;
[*Looking at the* Queen.
Yet for my Honour and my Reſt ſhe dies.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and Women.*
But oh! what Eaſe can I expect to get,
When I muſt purchaſe at ſo dear a Rate? [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE

Enter KING *ſolus.*

KING.

'TIS Night; the Seaſon when the Happy take
Repoſe, and only Wretches are awake:
Now diſcontented Ghoſts begin their Rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholeſom Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Reſtleſs wait,
To frighten 'em with ſome ſad Tale of Fate.
When I would reſt, I can no Reſt obtain:
The Ills I've borne ev'n o'er my Slumbers reign,
And in ſad Dreams torment me o'er again.
The fatal Buſ'neſs is ere this begun:
I'm ſhockt, and ſtart to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that *Philip* am,
So much for Conſtancy renown'd by Fame;
Who thro' the Progreſs of my Life was ne'er
By Hopes tranſported, or depreſs'd by Fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And ſtedfaſtneſs will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter EBOLI *in a Night-Gown.*

Who? *Eboli?*

EBOLI.

My Lord.

KING.

Is the Deed done?

EBOLI.

'Tis, and the Queen to ſeek Repoſe is gone?

KING

Can ſhe expect it, who allow'd me none?

No,

No, *Eboli*; her Dreams muſt be as full
Of Horror, and as helliſh as her Soul.
Does ſhe believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

EBOLI.

She does.

KING.

How were the Tidings entertain'd?

EBOLI.

O'er all her Face young wand'ring Bluſhes were;
Soft as ſpeak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear:——
But when confirm'd, no Lover e'er ſo kind;
She cl[illegible]ſp'd me faſt, careſs'd, and call'd me Friend.
Which Opportunity I took, to give
The Poiſ[illegible] and till Day ſhe cannot live.

KING.

Quickly then to her; ſay that *Carlos* here
Waits to confirm his Happineſs with her.
Go; that my Vengeance I may finiſh quite:
'Twould be imperfect, ſhould I loſe the Sight.
But to contrive that I may not be known,
And ſhe may ſtill miſtake me for my Son,
Remove all Light but that which may ſuffice
To let her ſee me ſcorn her when ſhe dies.

EBOLI.

You'll find her all in rueful Sables clad,
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light,
Such as in Vaults aſſiſt the ghaſtly Shade,
Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.
Thus ſhe reſolves to die, or living mourn,
Till *Carlos* ſhall with Liberty return. [*Exit.*

KING.

Oh ſtedfaſt Sin! incorrigible Luſt!
Not damn'd! it is impoſſible; ſhe muſt:
How do I long to ſee her in her Pains,
The pois'nous Sulphur rolling through her Veins?

Enter

Enter Don JOHN *and Attendants.*

Who's there? my Brother?

Don JOHN.

Yes, Sir, and your Friend.
What can your Preſence here ſo late intend.

KING.

Oh *Auſtria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy youthful Courage to a ſtand,
Survey me; do I look as heretofore?

Don JOHN.

You look like King of *Spain* and Lord of P[illegible]
Like one who ſtill ſeeks Glory on the Win[illegible]
You look as I would do, were I a King.

KING.

A King! why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miſerable in a Man.
But thou ſhalt ſee how calm anon I'll grow:
I'll be as happy and as gay as thou.

Don JOHN.

No, Sir, my Happineſs you cannot have,
Whilſt to your abject Paſſions thus a Slave.
To know my Eaſe you Thoughts like mine must b[illegible]
Be ſomething leſs a Man, and more a King.

KING.

I'm growing ſo, 'tis true, that long I ſtrove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Thoſe Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul ſo faſt;
But now the Date of the Enchantment's paſt.
Before my Rage like Ruins down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o'er 'em all.

Don JOHN.

I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal Hour is nigh.

Why

Why would you cut a ſure Succeſſion off,
At which your Friends muſt grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if ſince Age has from you took away
Increaſe, you'd grow malicious and deſtroy?

KING.

Doubt it not, *Auſtria:* thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain haſt a Part.
Only the Juſtice of my Vengeance own;
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

Don JOHN.

I muſt confeſs there in a Crown are Charms,
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms:
But in my Nephew's Wrong I muſt decline,
Since he muſt be extinguiſh'd ere I ſhine.
To mount a Throne o'er Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death ſhould wait on me, not I on him.
Did you e'er love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of ſo brave a Son?

KING.

I gueſs'd I ſhould be treated thus before;
I know it is thy Kindneſs, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art eaſy grown,
And think'ſt all Hearts as honeſt as thy own.

Don JOHN.

Not, Sir, ſo eaſy as I muſt be bold,
And ſpeak what you perhaps would have untold;
That y'are a Slave to th' vileſt that obey,
Such as Diſgrace on Royal Favour lay,
And blindly follow, as they lead aſtray:
Voracious Varlets, ſordid Hangers-on,
Beſt by Familiarity th'are known,
Yet ſhrink at Frowns, but when you ſmile they fawn.
They're theſe have wrong'd you, and abus'd your Ears,
Poſſeſs'd your Mind with falſe miſgrounded Fears.

KING.

KING.

Miſgrounded Fears? Why, is there any Truth
In Woman's Vows, or diſobedient Youth?
I ſooner would believe this World were Heaven,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to Man was given.
But thou ſhalt ſee how my Revenge I'll treat.

The SCENE *draws and diſcovers the* Queen *alone in Mourning on her Couch, with a Lamp by her.*

Look where ſhe ſits as quiet and ſerene, [*Ironically.*
As if ſhe never had a Thought of Sin;
In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to ſhew:
Sh'as ſworn't ſo oft that ſhe believes it true,
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow ſhe'll in Darkneſs dwell:
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell,
Treating with Fiends, and making Leagues with Hell.
[*The* Queen *riſes, and comes towards him.*

QUEEN.

My Lord! Prince *Carlos?* may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes bleſs'd? and am I not deceiv'd?

KING.

My Queen, my Love, I'm here—— [*Embraces her.*

QUEEN.

My Lord the King?
This is ſurprizing Kindneſs which you bring.
Can you believe me innocent at laſt?
Methinks my Griefs are half already paſt.

KING.

O Tongue, in nothing practiſ'd but Deceit!
Too well ſhe knew him, not to find the Cheat.
Yes, vile inceſtuous Woman, it is I,
The King; look on me well, deſpair, and die.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
Since to Affliction you could add no more?
Methinks Death is leſs welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

KING.

No, now th'art fit for Death: Had I believ'd
Thou couldſt have been more wicked, thou hadſt liv'd.
I liv'd and gone on in Luſt and Riot ſtill;
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell,
And that of the Reward thou might'ſt not miſs;
This Night th'aſt drank thy Bane, th'art poiſon'd; yes,
Thou art.——————

QUEEN.

——The welcome everlaſting Bliſs.
But ere I die, let me here make a Vow,
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm true.

KING.

Vows you had always ready when you ſpoke:
How many of 'em have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Power that does your Falſhood hear,
A juſt one too, that lets thee live to ſwear.
How comes it that above ſuch Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

QUEEN.

You have been ever ſo to all that's good,
My Innocence had elſe been underſtood.
At firſt your Love was nothing but your Pride,
When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,
You then a kind indulgent Father were:
But finding me unfortunately fair,
Thought me a Prize too high to be poſſeſs'd
By him, and forc'd yourſelf into my Breaſt:
Where you maintain'd an unreſiſted Pow'r;
Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more,

Till

Till conſcious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,
And I a leud Adultereſs proclaim'd,
Accus'd of fouleſt Inceſt with your Son.
What more could my worſt Enemy have done?

KING.

Nothing, I hope; I would not have it ſaid,
That in my Vengeance any Fault I made.
Love me? oh low Pretence! too feebly built!
But 'tis the conſtant Fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the laſt to cry they're Innocent;
When their Deſpair's ſo great, they can't repent.

QUEEN.

Thus having urg'd your Malice to the Head,
You ſpightfully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With ſpeedy Fury I'd have ſnatch'd her Life;
Torn a broad Paſſage open to her Heart,
And there have ranſack'd each polluted Part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t' have ſeen the iſſuing Flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my Hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge you bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

KING.

I'm glad I know what Death you'd wiſh to have,
You wou'd go down in Silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as preſent Times,
And bury with you, if you could, your Crimes.
No, I will have my Juſtice underſtood,
Proclaim thy Falſhood and thy Luſt aloud.

QUEEN.

About it then, the noble Work begin;
Be proud and boaſt how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance!
Do, quickly let it reach the Ears of *France*.

I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's Wrong;
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make thee quite forget thou e'er wert King.

KING.

I ne'er had Pleasure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh! were he here, and durst maintain that Word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the dastard Craven cry'd;
Then throw him panting by his Sister's Side.

QUEEN.

Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord, your Hand:
My Spirits fail, and I want Strength to stand. [*To D.* J.

Don JOHN.

O Jealousy!
A Curse which none but he that bears it knows;
[*Leads her to a Chair.*
So rich a Treasure who wou'd live to lose?

KING.

The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were enough;
She is so foul, she may be Poison proof.
Now, my false fair one———

QUEEN.

Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away; I would not leave the Light
With such a hated Object in my Sight.

KING.

No, I will stay, and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent;
I would not give thee Leisure to repent;
But let thy Sins all in one Throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Glut then your Eyes; your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And triumph; but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel thoſe Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worſt Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you ſhall not force a Tear.

KING.

Thus, *Auſtria*, my loſt Freedom I obtain,
And once more ſhall appear myſelf again.
Love held me faſt, whilſt like a fooliſh Boy,
I of the thing was fond becauſe 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away.

EBOLI.

Help, Murder! help—— [Eboli *within.*

KING.

——See, *Auſtria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh.
[*Enter Guards.*

Enter EBOLI *in her Night-dreſs, wounded and bleeding;* RUI-GOMEZ *purſuing her.*

EBOLI.

Oh! guard me from that cruel Murderer:
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've ſomething to unfold;
Nor can I die till the ſad Secret's told.

KING.

The Woman's mad; to ſome Apartment by
Remove her, where ſhe may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to Night reſolv'd to range:
I love a kind Companion in Revenge. [*Hugs* R. Go.

EBOLI.

If in your Heart Truth any Favour wins,
If e'er you would repent of ſecret Sins,
Hear me a Word.

KING.

KING.

——What wouldſt thou ſay? Be brief.

EBOLI.

Do what you can to ſave that precious Life;
Try ev'ry Art that may her Death prevent:
You are abus'd, and ſhe is innocent.
When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain,
Led by my Luſt I practis'd all my Charms
To gain the Prince, Don *Carlos*, to my Arms.
But there too croſs'd, I did the Purpoſe change,
And Pride made him my Engine for Revenge: [*To* R. Go.
Taught him to raiſe your growing Jealouſy.
Then my wild Paſſion at this Prince did fly, [*To D.* J.
And that was done for which I now muſt die.

KING.

Ha, *Gomez!* ſpeak, and quickly; is it ſo?

RUI-GOMEZ.

I'm ſorry you ſhould doubt if't be or no.
She, by whoſe Luſt my Honour was betray'd,
Cannot want Malice now to take my Head;
And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

EBOLI.

Oh *Auſtria*, take away that ugly Fiend:
He ſmiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul;
See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls roll.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt:
But ſince you'll have my Blood, let it be ſpilt.

KING.

No more—— [*To* R. Go.
Speak on, I charge thee, by the Reſt [*To* Eboli.
Thou hop'ſt, the Truth, and as thou ſhalt be bleſs'd.

EBOLI.

As what I've ſaid is ſo,

There

There may I find, where I muſt anſwer all,
What moſt I need, Heaven's Mercy on my Soul. [*Dies.*

KING.

Heav'n! She was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould die,
And durſt not in the Minute tell a Lye.

Don JOHN.

His Guilt's too plain; ſee his wild ſtaring Eye.
By Unconcern he would ſhew Innocence:
But harden'd Guilt ne'er wanted the Pretence
Of great Submiſſion, when 't had no Defence.
Thus whilſt of Life you ſhew this little Care,
You ſeem not guiltleſs, but betray Deſpair.

KING.

His Life? What Satisfaction can that give?
But oh! in Doubt I muſt for ever live,
And loſe my Peace—Yet I the Truth will find:
I'll rack him for't. Go, in this Minute bind
Him to the Wheel———

RUI-GOMEZ.

How have I this deſerv'd,
Who only your Commands obey'd and ſerv'd?
What would you have me do?

KING.

——I'd have thee tell
The Truth: Do, *Gomez*, all ſhall then be well.

RUI-GOMEZ.

Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm loſt,
And can but tell you what I think at moſt.
You ſet me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I ſtill brought the beſt Intelligence
I could; till finding him too much aware
Of me, I nearer Meaſures took by her:
Which if I after a falſe Copy drew,
'Tis I have been unfortunate as you.

KING.

KING.

And is this all thou haſt for Life to ſhow?

RUI-GOMEZ.

Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.

KING.

Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n! where is now thy ſleeping Providence,
That took ſo little Care of Innocence?
Oh *Auſtria*, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half ſo good as thou wert kind!
But I'm too tame; ſecure the Traitor. Oh!

[*Guards ſeize* R. Gom.

Earth open, to thy Center let me go,
And there for ever hide my impious Head.
Thou faireſt, pureſt Creature Heav'n e'er made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've underſtood:
Yet live, and be immortal as th'art good.

QUEEN.

Can you to think me innocent incline
On her bare Word, and would not credit mine?
The Poiſon's very buſy at my Heart;
Methinks I ſee Death ſhake his threatning Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Perſiſt, continue on the Injury:
Call me ſtill vile, inceſtuous, all that's foul.

KING.

Oh pity, pity my deſpairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raiſe my Phyſicians ſtraight;
Haſten them quickly ere it be too late;
Propoſe Rewards may ſet their Skill at ſtrife:
I'll give my Crown to him that ſaves her Life.
Curs'd Dog! —— [*To* Gomez.

Don JOHN.

Vile Proſtitute!

KING.

KING.

—Revengeful Fiend!
But I've forgotten half; to *Carlos* ſend;
Prevent what his Deſpair may make him do.

Enter HENRIETTA.

HENRIETTA.

Oh Horror, Horror! everlaſting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

KING.

Ha! ſpeak.

HENRIETTA.

—He dies, he dies,
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies,
Juſt taken from the Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the ſpringing Blood flows ſwiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that ſhall oppoſe
His Fate, to ſave that Life which he will loſe.

KING.

Dear *Auſtria*, haſten; all thy Int'reſt uſe,
Tell him it is to Friendſhip an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live.——

RUI-GOMEZ.

Since you've decreed my Death, know 'twill be hard:
The Bath by me was poiſon'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

KING.

There never was ſo curs'd a Villain born.
But by Revenge ſuch Pains he ſhall go thro',
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne'er knew.
Rack him! I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Freſh Torments for him ev'ry Hour deviſe,
Till he curſe Heaven, and then the Caitiff dies.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

My faithful *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th' unhappy Miſtreſs to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now muſt leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong;
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodneſs, let it then thy Queen forgive.

HENRIETTA.

How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unſpeakable, I lov'd ſo well.
A Proof of it the World ſhall quickly find;
For when you die, I'll ſcorn to ſtay behind.

Enter Don CARLOS *ſupported between two, and bleeding.*

Don JOHN.

See, Sir, your Son.

KING.

My Son? But oh! how dare
I uſe that Name, when this ſad Object's near?
See, injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves,
No more thy Father, but the worſt of Slaves:
Behold the Tears that from theſe Fountains flow.

Don CARLOS.

I come to take my Farewel, ere I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Blood, and where the Cruel never come.

KING.

I know there is not, therefore muſt deſpair.
Oh Heaven! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Doſt thou not hear thy wretched Father ſue?

Don CARLOS.

My Father! ſpeak the Word once more; is't you?
And may I think the dear Converſion true?
Oh that I could.

KING.

By Heav'n thou muſt——it is!
Let me embrace and kiſs thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos* live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

Don CARLOS.

Life was my Curſe, and giv'n me ſure in ſpite.
Oh! had I periſh'd when I firſt ſaw Light,
I never then theſe Miſeries had brought
On you, nor by you had been guilty thought.
Prop me: Apace I feel my Life decay.
The little Time on Earth I have to ſtay,
Grant I without Offence may here beſtow;
[*Pointing to the* Queen,
You cannot certainly be jealous now.

KING.

Break, break, my Heart——
[*Leads Don* Carlos *to the Chair.*

Don CARLOS.

You've thus more Kindneſs ſhown,
Than if y'ad crown'd, and plac'd me on your Throne,
Methinks ſo highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to ſee you there.
Take me away again: You are too good.

QUEEN.

Carlos, is't you? O ſtop that Royal Flood;
Live, and poſſeſs your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.

Don CARLOS.

Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fix'd, and dying by your Side.
How much a Life and Empire I diſdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both ſhall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

O matchleſs Youth! O Conſtancy divine!
Sure there was never Love that equall'd thine;
Nor any ſo unfortunate as mine——
Henceforth forſaken Virgins ſhall in Songs,
When they would eaſe their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy Sake,
A ſolemn annual Proceſſion make;
In ſwchaſte Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lilies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my Lord and you.

Don CARLOS.

H'as done no Wrong to me, I am poſſeſs'd
Of all, beyond my Expectation bleſs'd.
But yet methinks there's ſomething in my Heart
Tells me, I muſt not too unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raiſe me with your Hand;
Before I die, what is't you would command?

KING.

Why wert thou made ſo excellently good?
And why was it no ſooner underſtood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led aſtray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'ſt aſk that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Deſpair.

Don CARLOS.

Thus then with the Remains of Life we kneel;
[*Don* Carlos *and the Queen ſink out of the Chairs, and kneel;*
May you be ever free from all that's ill.

QUEEN.

And everlaſting Peace upon you dwell.

KING.

No more: This Virtue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul, too converſant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light.

Here raiſe 'em up, gently: Ye Slaves, down, down!
Ye glorious Toils, a Sceptre and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten; in your ſtead,
Only Eternal Darkneſs wrap my Head.

QUEEN.

Where are you? Oh! farewel, I muſt be gone.

KING.

Bleſs'd happy Soul, take not thy Flight ſo ſoon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which elſe muſt ſink below.

QUEEN.

From all my Injuries, and all my Fears,
From Jealouſy, Love's Bane, the worſt of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that Stranger Reſt.
Carlos, thy Hand; receive me on thy Breaſt;
Within this Minute how ſhall we be bleſt?

Don CARLOS.

Oh, far above
Whatever Wiſhes fram'd, or Hopes deſign'd;
Thus, where we go, we ſhall the Angels find
For ever praiſing, and for ever kind.

QUEEN.

Make haſte, in the firſt Sphere I'll for you ſtay;
Thence we'll riſe both to everlaſting Day.
Farewel—— [*Dies.*

Don CARLOS.

I follow you; now cloſe my Eyes; [*Leans on her Boſom.*
Thus all o'er Bliſs the happy *Carlos* dies. [*Dies.*

KING.

They're gone, they're gone, where I muſt ne'er aſpire.
Run, ſally out, and ſet the World on fire,
Alarum Nature, let looſe all the Winds,
Set free thoſe Spirits whom ſtrong Magic binds;
Let the Earth open all her ſulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends ſtart from their Hell and ſhake their Chains;

Till

Till all Things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confuſion be as great as mine.
Here I'll lie down, and never more ariſe,
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

Don JOHN.

Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart ſome Eaſe.

KING.

Oh! name it not: there's no ſuch thing as Peace.
From theſe warm Lips yet one ſoft Kiſs I'll take,
How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebel break?
My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, ſpeak.
Oh! he regards not now my Miſeries,
But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.
Oh, now I think on't better, all is well;
Here's one that's juſt deſcending into Hell:
How comes it that he's not already gone?
The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll ſpur him on.
Hey! How he flies! [*Stabs* R. Gomez.

RUI-GOMEZ.

'Twas aim'd well at my Heart;
That I had Strength enough but to retort.
Dull Life, ſo tamely muſt I from thee part?
Curſes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?
Meet, meet me at thy own dark Houſe below. [*Dies.*

KING.

He's gone, and now there's not ſo vile a thing
As I.

Don JOHN.

Remember, Sir, you are a King.

KING.

A King! it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an Emperor;
He kill'd his Mother, but I've that out-done,
Murder'd a loyal Wife and guiltleſs Son.

Yet, *Auſtria*, why ſhould I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was unfortunate?

Don JOHN.

Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

KING.

Look to't; ſtrange Things I tell thee are deſign'd.
Thou, *Auſtria*, ſhalt grow old, and in thy Age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long grey Beard,
With Eyes diſtilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be ſuch Charms, thou canſt not want Succeſs,
But above all beware of Jealouſy;
It was that dreadful Curſe that ruin'd me.

Don JOHN.

Dread Sir, no more.

KING.

Oh Heart! O Heav'n! But ſtay,
Nam'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the Word
(Methought I ſaw't) the Azure Fabric ſtirr'd.
Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare.
But I'll purſue and overtake 'em there,
Whirl, ſtop the Sun, arreſt his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that way; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount——— [*Runs off raving.*

Don JOHN.

Look to the King.
See of this Fair one too, ſtrict Care be had.
[*Pointing to* Henrietta.
Deſpair, how vaſt a Triumph haſt thou made?
No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll lie;
Shaking off Softneſs, to the Camp I'll fly,
Where Thirſt of Fame the active Hero warms;
And what I've loſt in Peace, regain in Arms.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

NOW what d'ye think my Meſſage hither means?
Yonder's the Poet ſick behind the Scenes:
He told me there was Pity in my Face,
And therefore ſent me here to make his Peace.
Let me for once perſuade ye to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to ſtand my Friend.
And if this time I can your Kindneſs move,
He'll write for me, he ſwears by all above,
When I am big enough to be in Love.
Now won't ye be Good-natur'd, ye fine Men?
Indeed I'll grow as faſt as e'er I can,
And try if to his Promiſe he'll be true.
Think on't when that Time comes, you do not know
But I may grow in Love with ſome of you.
Or, at the worſt, I'm certain I ſhall ſee
Amongſt you thoſe who'll ſwear they're ſo with me.
But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,
You know what your Unkindneſs oft has done;
I'll e'en forſake the Play-Houſe, and turn Nun.

TITUS and BERENICE,

A

TRAGEDY.

With a FARCE call'd

The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Grandis Oratio non eſt Turgida,
Sed naturali pulchritudine exſurgit. Pet. Arb.

To the Right Honourable

JOHN,

EARL of ROCHESTER,

One of the Gentlemen of his Majeſty's Bed-Chamber, *&c.*

My LORD,

DEDICATIONS are grown Things of ſo nice a Nature, that it is almoſt impoſſible for me to pay your Lordſhip thoſe Acknowledgments I owe you, and not (from thoſe who cannot judge of the Sentiments I have of your Lordſhip's Favours) incur the Cenſure either of a Fawner or a Flatterer; both which ought to be as hateful to an ingenuous Spirit as Ingratitude. None of theſe would I be guilty of, and

yet in letting the World know how good and how generous a Patron I have, (in ſpite of Malice) I am ſure I am honeſt.

My Lord,

Never was Poetry under ſo great an Oppreſſion as now, as full of Phanaticiſms as Religion, where every one pretends to the Spirit of Wit, ſets up a Doctrine of his own, and hates a Poet worſe than a Quaker does a Prieſt.

To examine how much goes to the making up one of thoſe dreadful Things that reſolve on our Diſſolution. It is for the moſt part a very little *French* Breeding, much Aſſurance, with a great deal of Talk, and no Senſe.

Thus he comes to a new Play, enquires the Author of it, and (if he can find any) makes his perſonal Misfortunes the Subject of his Malice to ſome of his Companions, who have as little Wit, and as much Ill-Nature as himſelf; and ſo to be ſure (as far as he can) the Play is damn'd.

At Night he never fails to appear in the Withdrawing-room, where he picks out

ſome

ſome as have as little to do there, as himſelf; who muſtering up all their puny Forces, damn as poſitively as if, like *Muggleton*, it were their Gift; when indeed they have as little right to Wit, as a Journey-man Taylor can have to Prophecy.

Wit, which was the Miſtreſs of former Ages, is become the Scandal of ours: Either the old Satire, to let us underſtand what he has known, damns and decries all Poetry but the Old; or elſe the young affected Fool, that is impudent beyond Correction, and ignorant above Inſtruction, will be cenſuring the preſent, though he miſplace his Wit, as he generally does his Courage, and ever makes uſe of it on the Wrong Occaſion.

How great a Hazard then does your Lordſhip run in ſo ſtedfaſtly protecting a poor exil'd thing that has ſo many Enemies! but that your Wit is more eminent than all their Folly or Ignorance, and your Goodneſs greater than any Malice or Ill-Nature can be. I am ſure (and I muſt own it with Gratitude) I have taſted of it much above

my

my Merit, or what even Vanity might prompt me to expect: Though in doing this, I ſhall at beſt but appear an humble Debtor, who acknowledges honeſtly what he owes, though to keep up his Credit he muſt be forced to borrow more: For my Genius always led me to ſeek an Intereſt in your Lordſhip; and I never ſee you, but I am fir'd with an Ambition of being in your Favour. For all I have received, the higheſt Return I am able to make, is my Acknowledgment; in which I can hardly diſtinguiſh whether my Thankfulneſs or my Pride be the greater, when I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged and

moſt devoted Servant,

THO. OTWAY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. UNDERHILL.

GAllants, our Author met me here To-day,
And begg'd that I'd ſay ſomething for his Play.
You Wags, that judge by Rote, and damn by Rule,
Taking your Meaſures from ſome Neighbour Fool,
Who has Impudence, a Coxcomb's uſeful Tool;
That always are ſevere, you know not why,
And would be thought great Criticks by the bye;
With very much Ill-Nature, and no Wit,
Juſt as you are, we humbly beg you'd ſit,
And with your ſilly ſelves divert the Pit.
You Men of Senſe, who heretofore allow'd
Our Author's Follies, make him once more proud.
But for the Youths that newly 're come from France,
Whoſe Heads want Senſe, tho' Heels abound with Dance:
Our Author to their Judgment won't ſubmit,
But ſwears, that they, who ſo infeſt the Pit
With their own Follies, ne'er can judge of Wit.
'Tis thence he chiefly Favour would implore;
[To the Boxes.
And, Fair Ones, pray oblige him on my Score:
Confine his Foes, the Fops, within their Rules;
For, Ladies, you know how to manage Fools.

Perſons repreſented in the TRAGEDY.

MEN.

Titus Veſpaſian, Emperor of *Rome*,	Mr. *Betterton.*
Antiochus, King of *Comagene*,	Mr. *Smith.*
Paulinus, the Emperor's Confident,	Mr. *Medbourn.*
Arſaces, *Antiochus* his Confident,	Mr. *Croſby.*
Rutilius, a Tribune,	Mr. *Gillow.*

WOMEN.

Berenice, Queen of *Paleſtine*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Phœnice, her Confident,	Mrs. *Barry.*

The SCENE, *ROME.*

Perſons repreſented in the FARCE.

MEN.

Thrifty, *Gripe*,	Two old Merchants,	Mr. *Sandford.* Mr. *Nokes.*
Octavian, *Leander*,	Their Sons,	Mr. *Norris.* Mr. *Percivall.*
Scapin, a Cheat,		Mr. *Anth. Leigh.*
Shift, *Sly*,	*Scapin*'s Inſtruments,	Mr. *Richards.* Mr. ———

WOMEN.

Lucia, *Thrifty*'s Daughter,	Mrs. *Barry.*
Clara, *Gripe*'s Daughter,	Mrs. *Gibbs.*

The SCENE, *DOVER.*

TITUS AND BERENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS *and* ARSACES.

ANTIOCHUS.

THOU, my *Arſaces*, art a Stranger here:
This is th' Apartment of the charming Fair,
That *Berenice*, whom *Titus* ſo adores;
The Univerſe is his, and he is hers:
Here from the Court himſelf he oft conceals;
And in her Ears his charming Story tells;
Whilſt I a Vaſſal for admittance wait,
And am at beſt but thought importunate.

ARSACES.

You want Admittance? who with gen'rous Care
Have follow'd all her Fortunes ev'ry where,
Whoſe Fame throughout the World ſo loudly rings,
One of the greateſt of our Eaſtern Kings.

As

As once you ſeem'd the Monarch of her Breaſt,
Too firmly ſeated to be diſpoſſeſt;
Nor can the Pride ſhe doth in *Titus* take,
Already ſo ſevere a Diſtance make.

ANTIOCHUS.

Yes! ſtill that Wretch *Antiochus* I am.
But Love! Oh how I tremble at the Name;
And my diſtracted Soul at that doth ſtart,
Which once was all the Pleaſure of my Heart;
Since *Berenice* has all my Hopes deſtroy'd,
And an eternal Silence on me laid.

ARSACES.

That you reſent her Pride, I ſee with Joy;
'Tis that which does her Gratitude deſtroy:
But Friendſhip wrong'd ſhould into Hatred turn,
And you methinks might learn her Art to ſcorn.

ANTIOCHUS.

Arſaces, how falſe Meaſures doſt thou take!
Remove the Poles, and bid the Sun go back;
Invert all Nature's Orders, Fate's Decrees;
Then bid me hate the charming *Berenice*.

ARSACES.

Well, love her ſtill; but let her know your Pain;
Reſolve it, you ſhall ſee, and ſpeak again;
Urge to her Face your rightful Claim aloud,
And court her haughtily, as ſhe is proud.

ANTIOCHUS.

Arſaces, no; ſhe's gentle as a Dove,
Her Eyes are Tyrants, but her Soul's all Love,
And owes ſo little for the Vows I've made,
That if ſhe pity me, I'm more than paid.

Enter RUTILIUS.

But ſee, the Man I ſent at laſt returns;
Oh how my Heart with Expectation burns!

Rutilius,

Rutilius, have you *Berenice* ſeen?

RUTILIUS.

I have.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh ſpeak! what ſays the charming Queen?

RUTILIUS.

I preſs'd with difficulty thro' the Croud;
A Throng of Court-Attendants round her ſtood.
The Time now paſt of his ſevere Retreat,
Titus laments no more his Father's Fate.
Love takes up all his Thoughts, and all his Cares,
Whilſt he to meet thoſe mighty Joys prepares,
Which may in *Berenice*'s Arms be found;
For ſhe this Day will be *Rome*'s Empreſs crown'd.

ANTIOCHUS.

What do I hear? Confuſion on thy Tongue!
To tell me this, why was thy Speech ſo long?
Why didſt not Ruin with more ſpeed afford?
Thou mightſt have ſpoke, and kill'd me in a Word.
But may I not one Moment with her ſpeak,
And my poor Heart diſcloſe before it break?

RUTILIUS.

You ſhall: For when I told what you deſign'd,
She ſweetly ſmil'd, and her fair Head inclin'd;
Titus ne'er from her had a Look more kind.

Enter BERENICE *and* PHÆNICE.

She's here.

BERENICE.

At laſt from the rude Joy I'm freed
Of thoſe new Friends, whom my new Fortunes breed.
The tedious Form of their Reſpect I ſhun,
To find out him whoſe Words and Heart are one.
Antiochus, for I'll no Flattery uſe,
Since you neglect, I juſtly may accuſe.

How

How great your Cares for *Berenice* have been,
Ev'n all the *Eaſt*, and *Rome* itſelf has ſeen.
In my worſt Fate I did your Friendſhip find,
But now I grow more great, you grow leſs kind.

ANTIOCHUS.

Now durſt I hope, I would forget my Smart?
So well ſhe underſtands to ſooth my Heart.
But, Madam, it's a Truth by Rumour ſpread,
That *Titus* ſhall this Night poſſeſs your Bed.

BERENICE.

Sir, all my Conflicts I'll to you reveal,
Tho' half the Fears I've had, I cannot tell:
So much did *Titus* for his Father mourn,
I almoſt doubted Love would ne'er return:
He had not for me that aſſiduous Heat,
As when whole Days fix'd on my Eyes he ſat:
Grief in his Eyes, Cares on his Brow did dwell;
Oft came, and look'd; ſaid nothing, but Farewel.

ANTIOCHUS.

But now his Kindneſs he renews again.

BERENICE.

Oh! he will doubtly recompenſe my Pain
For that: if any Faith may be allow'd
Two thouſand Oaths, two thouſand times renew'd;
Or any Juſtice in the Pow'rs Divine,
Antiochus, he'll be for ever mine.

ANTIOCHUS.

How ſhe inſults and triumphs in my Ill!
Sh'as with long Practice learnt to ſmile and kill.
Oh, *Berenice*, eternally farewel.

BERENICE.

Farewel! good Heav'n! What Language do I hear!
Stay! I conjure you, Sir——by all that's dear.
Antiochus, what is it I have done?
Why don't you ſpeak?

ANTI-

ANTIOCHUS.

Madam, I muſt be gone.

BERENICE.

How cruelly you uſe me! I implore
The Reaſon———

ANTIOCHUS.

I muſt never ſee you more.

BERENICE.

For Heav'n's ſake tell, you wound me with delay.

ANTIOCHUS.

At leaſt remember, I your Laws obey.
Why ſhould I here wretched and hopeleſs ſtay?
If the Remembrance ben't extinguiſh'd quite
Of that bleſt Place, where firſt you ſaw the Light;
'Twas there, oh there began my endleſs Smart,
When thoſe dear Eyes prevail'd upon my Heart:
Then *Berenice* too my Vows approv'd,
Till happy *Titus* came and was belov'd.
He did with Triumph and with Terror come,
And in his Hands bore the Revenge of *Rome*.
Judea trembled, but 'twas I alone
Firſt felt his Weight, and found myſelf undone.

BERENICE.

Hah!

ANTIOCHUS.

You too, then t'encreaſe the Pains I bore,
Commanded me to ſpeak of Love no more.
So on your Hand I ſwore at laſt t' obey;
And for that Taſte of Bliſs gave all away.

BERENICE.

Why do you ſtudy ways t' afflict my Mind?
You may believe, Sir, I am not unkind.
Alas, I'm ſenſible how well y'ave ſerv'd,
And have been kinder much than I deſerv'd.

ANTI-

ANTIOCHUS.

Why in this Empire ſhould I longer ſtay,
My Paſſion and its Weakneſs to betray?
Others, tho' I retire, will bring their Joys
To crown that Happineſs which mine deſtroys.

BERENICE.

You triumph thus becauſe your Pow'r you know;
Or if you did not, you'd not uſe me ſo.
Tho' crown'd *Rome*'s Empreſs I the Throne aſcend;
What Pleaſure in my Greatneſs can I find,
When I ſhall want my beſt and trueſt Friend?

ANTIOCHUS.

I reach your Purpoſe, you would have me there,
That you might ſee the worſt of my Deſpair;
I know it, the Ambition of your Sex.
'Tis true, I've been a fond obedient Fool:
Yet came this Time but to new-freight my Heart,
And with more Love poſſeſt, than ever, part.

BERENICE.

Tho' it could never enter in my Mind,
Since *Cæſar*'s Fortunes muſt with mine be join'd,
That any Mortal durſt ſo hardy prove
T' invade his Right, and talk to me of Love;
I hear th' unpleaſing Narrative of yours,
And Friendſhip, what my Honour ſhuns, endures.
Nay more: your parting I with trouble hear,
For you, next him, are to my Soul moſt dear.

ANTIOCHUS.

In Juſtice to my Memory and Fame,
I fly from *Titus*, that unlucky Name:
A Name, which ev'ry Moment you repeat,
Whilſt my poor Heart lies bleeding at your Feet.
Farewel. Oh, be not at my Ravings griev'd:
When of my Death the News ſhall be receiv'd,
Remember why I dy'd, and what I liv'd— [*Ex.* Ant.

PHÆ-

PHÆNICE.

I grieve for him; a Love ſo true as this,
Deſerv'd, methinks, more fortunate Succeſs.
Are you not troubled, Madam?——

BERENICE.

Yes, I feel
Something within me difficult to quell.

PHÆNICE.

You ſhould have ſtaid him.

BERENICE.

Who, I ſtay him? no.
From my Remembrance rather let him go.
His Fancy does with wild Diſtraction rove,
Which thy raw Ignorance interprets Love.

PHÆNICE.

Titus his Thoughts, yet to unfold, denies;
And *Rome* beholds you but with jealous Eyes.
Its rigorous Laws create my Fears for you;
Romans no foreign Marriages allow;
To kingly Power ſtill Enemies they've been,
Nor will, I fear, admit of you a Queen.

BERENICE.

Phœnicia, no; my Time of Fear is paſt;
Me *Titus* loves, and that includes the reſt.
The Splendor of this Night thou haſt beheld;
Are not thy Eyes with his bright Grandeur fill'd?
Theſe Eagles, *Faſces*, marching all in State,
And crouds of Kings that with their Tributes wait;
Triumphs below, and Bleſſings from above,
Seem all at ſtrife to grace this Man of Love.
Away, *Phœnicia*, let's go meet him ſtraight,
I can no longer for his Coming wait.
My eager Wiſhes drive me wildly on;
Nor will be temper'd till my Joy's begun. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter TITUS, PAULINUS, *and Attendants.*

T. VESPASIAN.

To th' *Syrian* King did you the Meſſage bear?
And does he know that I expect him here?

PAULINUS.

Sir, in the Queen's Apartment, he alone
Was ſeen, but ere I there arriv'd, was gone.

T. VESPASIAN.

'Tis well, *Paulinus:* for theſe ten Days paſt
I have to *Berenice* a Stranger been;
But you can tell me all——what does the Queen?

PAULINUS.

She does, what ſpeaks how much ſhe values you;
When you mourn'd for your Father, ſhe mourn'd too.
So juſt a Sorrow in her Face was ſhown,
It ſeem'd as if the Loſs had been her own.

T. VESPASIAN.

Oh lovely fair One, little doſt thou know
How hard a Trial thou muſt undergo. [*Aſide.*
Heav'n! Oh my Heart!

PAULINUS.

What is't your Grief ſhould raiſe
For her, whom almoſt all the *Eaſt* obeys?

T. VESPASIAN.

Command, *Paulinus*, that all theſe retreat;
[Paul. *moves his Hand, and the reſt go out.*
Rome of my Purpoſe is uncertain yet,
Expects to know the Fortune of the Queen;
Their Murm'rings I have heard, and Troubles ſeen.
The Buſineſs of our Love is the Diſcourſe
And Expectation of the Univerſe.

And

And by the Face of my Affairs, I find,
'Tis time that I reſolve and fix my Mind.
Tell me, *Paulinus*, juſtly, and be free,
What ſays the World of *Berenice* and me.

PAULINUS.

In every Heart you Admiration raiſe;
All your high Virtues, and her Beauty praiſe.

T. *VESPASIAN.*

Alas! thou anſwer'ſt wide of my Deſire:
Paulinus, be my Friend, and come yet nigher.
How do they of my Sighs and Vows approve?
Or what expect they from ſo true a Love?

PAULINUS.

Love, or not love, Sir, all is in your Power;
The Court will ſecond ſtill the Emperor.

T. *VESPASIAN.*

Courtiers, *Paulinus*, ſeldom are ſincere;
To pleaſe their Maſter they have too much Care.
The Court did *Nero*'s horrid Acts applaud,
To all his Luſts ſubſcrib'd, and call'd him God.
Th' idolatrous Court ſhall never judge for me:
No, my *Paulinus*, I rely on thee.
What then muſt *Berenice* expect, declare;
Will *Rome* be gentle to her, or ſevere?
My Happineſs is plac'd in her alone.
Now they have rais'd me to th' Imperial Throne,
Where on my Head continual Cares muſt fall,
Will they deny me what may ſweeten all?

PAULINUS.

Her Virtues they acknowledge, and Deſert,
Proclaim indeed ſhe has a *Roman* Heart;
But ſhe's a Queen, and that alone withſtands
All which her Beauty and her Worth demands.
In *Rome* the Law has long unalter'd ſtood,
Never to mix its Race with Strangers Blood.

T. VESPASIAN.

It is a Sign they are capricious grown,
When they deſpiſe all Virtues but their own.

PAULINUS.

Julius, who firſt ſubdu'd her to his Arms,
And quite had ſilenc'd Laws with War's Alarms,
Burning for *Cleopatra*'s Love; to Fame
More juſt, fled from her Eyes, and hid his Flame.

T. VESPASIAN.

But which way from my Heart ſhall I remove
So long eſtabliſh'd and deep-rooted Love?

PAULINUS.

The Conflict will be difficult, I gueſs;
But you your riſing Sorrows muſt ſuppreſs.

T. VESPASIAN.

Who can a Heart that's ne[illegible]ul?
Her Preſence was the Comfort of my Soul.
After a thouſand Oaths confirm'd in Tears,
By which I vow'd myſelf for ever hers,
I hop'd with all my Love, and all her Charms,
At laſt to have her in my longing Arms.
But now I can ſuch rare Perfections crown;
And that my Love's more great than ever grown.
When in one Hour a happy Marriage may
Of all my five Years Vows the Tribute pay;
I go, *Paulinus*,——how my Heart does riſe!

PAULINUS.

Whither?

T. VESPASIAN.

To part for ever from her Eyes.
Tho' I requir'd th' Aſſiſtance of thy Zeal,
To cruſh a Paſſion that's ſo hard to quell;
My Heart had of its Doom reſolv'd before:
Yet *Berenice* does ſtill diſpute the War.

The

The Conqueſt of ſo great a Flame muſt coſt
Conflicts, in which my Soul will oft be toſt.

PAULINUS.

You in your Birth for Empire were deſign'd,
And to that Purpoſe Heav'n did frame your Mind;
Fate in that Day wiſe Providence did ſhew,
Fixing the Deſtiny of *Rome* in you.

T. VESPASIAN.

My Youth rejoic'd in Love and glorious Wars,
But my Remains of Life muſt waſte in Cares.
Rome by new Conduct now obſerves, 'twould be
Both ominous to her, and mean in me,
If in my Dawn of Power, to clear my Way
To Happineſs, I ſhould her Laws deſtroy:
No, I've reſolv'd on't, Love and all ſhall go;
Alas! it muſt ſince *Rome* will have it ſo.
But how ſhall I poor *Berenice* prepare?

PAULINUS.

You muſt reſolve to go and viſit her;
Sooth her ſad Heart, and on her Patience win:
Then by degrees——

T. VESPASIAN.

——But how ſhall I begin?
Oh, my *Paulinus*, I have oft deſign'd
To ſpeak my Thoughts, but ſtill they ſtay'd behind.
I hop'd, as ſhe diſcern'd my troubled Breaſt,
She might a little at the Cauſe have gueſs'd:
But nought ſuſpecting as I weeping lay,
With her fair Hand ſhe'd wipe the Tears away,
And in that Miſt never the Loſs perceiv'd
Of the ſad Heart, ſhe had too much believ'd.
But now a firmer Conſtancy I take,
Either my Heart ſhall vent its Grief, or break.
I thought t' have met *Antiochus*, and here
All I e'er lov'd ſurrender'd to his Care.

To-morrow he conducts her to the Eaſt;
And now I go to ſigh, and look my laſt.

PAULINUS.

I ne'er expected leſs from that Renown,
Which all your Actions muſt with Glory crown.

T. VESPASIAN.

How lovely's Glory, yet how cruel too!
How much more fair and charming were ſhe now,
If thro' eternal Dangers to be won!
So I might ſtill call *Berenice* my own.
In *Nero*'s Court, where I was bred, my Mind
By that Example to all Ills inclin'd;
The looſe wild Paths of Pleaſure I purſu'd,
Till *Berenice* firſt taught me to be good.
She taught me Virtue; but, oh curſed *Rome!*
The Good I owe her, muſt her Wrong become.
For ſo much Virtue, and Renown ſo great,
For all the Honour I did ever get.
Her for whoſe Sake alone I Fame purſu'd,
I muſt forego, to pleaſe the Multitude!

PAULINUS.

You cannot with Ingratitude be charg'd,
You have the Bounds of *Paleſtine* enlarg'd.
Ev'n to *Euphrates* her wide Power extends;
So many Kingdoms *Berenice* commands.

T. VESPASIAN.

Weak Comforts, for the Griefs muſt on her dwell
I know fair *Berenice*, and know too well
To Greatneſs ſhe ſo little did incline,
Her Heart aſk'd never any thing but mine.
Let's talk no more of her, *Paulinus*.

PAULINUS.

Why?

T. VESPASIAN.

The Thought of her but ſhakes my Conſtancy:

Yet

Yet in my Heart if Doubts already riſe,
What will it do when I behold her Eyes?

Enter RUTILIUS.

RUTILIUS.

Sir, *Berenice* deſires admittance here——

T. VESPASIAN.

Paulinus——Oh!

PAULINUS.

Can you already fear?
So fooliſh are all your Reſolutions ſhook?
Now, Sir, 's the Time—— [*Ex.* Rut.

Enter BERENICE, PHÆNICIA, *and Attendants.*

T. VESPASIAN.

I have no Power to look.

BERENICE.

Sir, ben't diſpleas'd that I thus far preſume;
It is to pay my Gratitude I come.
Whilſt all the Court aſſembled in my View,
Admire the Favour you on me beſtow,
It were unjuſt, ſhould I remain alone
Silent as tho' I had a Senſe of none.
Your Mourning's done, and you from Griefs are free;
Are now your own, and yet not viſit me?
Your Preſent of new Diadems I wait.
Oh! give me more Content and leſs of State:
Give me a Word, a Sigh, a Look at leaſt,
In thoſe th' Ambition of my Soul is plac'd.
Was your Diſcourſe of me when I arriv'd?
Was I ſo happy, may it be believ'd?
Speak, tell me quick, is *Berenice* ſo bleſt?
Or was I preſent to your Thoughts at leaſt?

T. VESPASIAN.

Doubt it not, Madam: By the Gods I ſwear't,
That *Berenice* is always in my Heart:
Nor Time, nor Abſence can you thence remove:
My Heart's all yours, and you alone I love.

BERENICE.

You vow your Love perpetual and ſincere,
But 'tis with a ſtrange Coldneſs that you ſwear.
Why the juſt Gods to witneſs did you call?
I don't pretend to doubt your Faith at all;
In you I truſt; would only for you live,
And what you ſay, I ever muſt believe.

T. VESPASIAN.

Madam!

BERENICE.

Proceed. Alas, whence this Surprize!
You ſeem confus'd, to turn away your Eyes.
Nothing but Trouble in your Face I find:
Does ſtill a Father's Death afflict your Mind?

T. VESPASIAN.

Oh! did my Father, good *Veſpaſian*, live,
How happy ſhould I be?

BERENICE.

Ah, ceaſe to grieve!
Your Tears have reverenc'd his Mem'ry now.
Cares are to *Rome* and your own Glory due.
A Father you lament, a feeble Grief,
Whilſt for your Abſence I find no Relief.
But in your Preſence only take Delight,
I, who ſhall die, if but debarr'd your Sight.

T. VESPASIAN.

Madam, what is it that your Griefs declare:
What Time d' you chuſe? For Pity's ſake forbear,
Your Bounties my Ingratitude proclaim.

BERE-

BERENICE.

You can do nothing that deſerves that Name;
No, Sir, you never can ungrateful prove.
May be I'm fond, and tire you with my Love.

T. VESPASIAN.

No, Madam, no; my Heart (ſince I muſt ſpeak)
Was ne'er more full of Love, or half ſo like to break!
But——

BERENICE.

What?

T. VESPASIAN.

Alas!

BERENICE.

Proceed.

T. VESPASIAN.

The Empire *Rome*——

BERENICE.

Well

T. VESPASIAN.

Oh, the diſmal Secret will not come——
Away, *Paulinus*, ere I'm quite undone.
My Speech forſakes me, and my Heart's all Stone.
[*Ex.* Tit. *and* Paul.

BERENICE.

So ſoon to leave me, and in Trouble too?
Titus, how have I this deſerv'd from you?
What have I done, *Phœnicia*, tell me, ſpeak.

PHÆNICIA.

Does nothing to your Memory appear
That might provoke him?——

BERENICE.

By all that's to me dear,
Since the firſt Hour I ſaw his Face, till now,
Too much of Love is all the Guilt I know.
This Silence is too rude, and racks my Breaſt,
In the Uncertainty I cannot reſt;
He knows, *Phœnicia*, all my Moments paſt.

Perhaps he's jealous of the *Syrian* King;
'Tis that's the Root whence all this Change muſt ſpring.
Titus, this Victory I ſhall not boaſt.
I wiſh the Gods would try me to the moſt,
With a more potent Rival tempt my Heart,
One that would make me greater than thou art:
Then, my dear *Titus*, ſhouldſt thou ſoon diſcern,
How much for thee I all Mankind would ſcorn.
Let's go, *Phœnicia*, with one gentle Word
He will be ſatisfy'd, and I reſtor'd.
" My injur'd Truth by my Compliance find,
" And if he has a Heart, he muſt be kind." [*Exeunt*,

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter TITUS, ANTIOCHUS, *and* ARSACES.

T. VESPASIAN.

Antiochus! you've done your Friendſhip wrong,
[illegible] that you've kept this Secret hid ſo long.
What [illegible]'t that your Departure does incite,
Which, not unjuſtly, I may call a Flight?
For tho' on the Imperial Throne I'm plac'd,
So highly ſeem with Fortune's Favour grac'd;
As if ſhe nothing farther had to grant;
I more than ever do your Friendſhip want.

ANTIOCHUS.

Sir, your great Kindneſs I ſo well did know,
I durſt not ſtay, where I ſo much did owe.
When firſt *Nudea* heard your loud Alarms,
You made me your Companion in your Arms,
Nay, nearer to you did with Friendſhip join,
And lodg'd the Secrets of your Breaſt in mine.
Yet all this Goodneſs but augments my Sin,
For I have falſe and moſt ungrateful been.

T. VESPASIAN.

I can't forget, that to your Arms alone
[illegible]owe the Half of all I ever won:
[illegible]s thoſe precious Spoils you hither brought,
[illegible]ffrom the *Jews*, when on my Side you fought.
[illegible]ll thoſe Purchaſes I lay no Claim;
Your Heart and Friendſhip are my only Aim.

ANTIOCHUS.

My Heart! my Friendſhip! Heav'n, how you miſtake!
On my Deceit how weak a Gloſs you make!
When firſt you thought yourſelf of me poſſeſt,
You took a very Serpent to your Breaſt.

T. VESPASIAN.

Antiochus, I find where thou art ſtung:
Tell me th' officious Slave that does me wrong.
Some baſe Detractor has my Honour ſtain'd,
And in your eaſy Heart a Credit gain'd;
Abus'd, and told you *Titus* was unjuſt:
But I will know the treacherous Fiend, I muſt.
Tho' you unkindly from your Friend would run,
And own th' Injuſtice which you think I've done.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh *Titus*, if I durſt but ſpeak my Heart;
But 'tis a Secret hard from thence to part:
'Tis not from you, it is from *Rome* I fly,
There's a Diſeaſe in't I muſt ſhun or die.
Seek then no more what's dangerous to know,
When moſt your Friend, I ſhall appear your Foe.

T. VESPASIAN.

I either to your Heart a Stranger am,
Or ſure *Antiochus* is not the ſame:
What elſe ſhould make you not your Mind declare?
What is't that you dare ſay, I dare not hear?

ANTIOCHUS.

If then, whate'er I utter, you dare hear,
Receive the fatal Secret in your Ear.
But arm your Heart with Temper: Well, 'tis this.

T. VESPASIAN.

Go on.

ANTIOCHUS.

I love the charming *Berenice*.

T. VES.

T. VESPASIAN.

Hah!

ANTIOCHUS.

Yes, nor was I hateful to her Eyes,
Till you came on, and robb'd me of the Prize.
When at your Army's Head you did appear,
You ſack'd *Jeruſalem* and conquer'd her.

T. VESPASIAN.

A braver Rival I'd not wiſh to find,
Than him that dares be juſt, and tell his Mind.
So far's Reſentment from my Heart remov'd,
That *Berenice* is by my Friend belov'd,
That I *Antiochus*, the thing extol,
For he was made to be ador'd by all:
And happy he that ſhall poſſeſs her.

ANTIOCHUS.

True;
But 'tis fit none ſhould be ſo bleſt ſave you:
And *Berenice* for none could be deſign'd,
But him that's the Delight of all Mankind.
'Tis for this Cauſe to *Syria* I repair:
For when you're bleſt, no Envy ſhould be near.

T. VESPASIAN.

O my *Antiochus*, when thou ſhalt ſee
How ſmall's the Happineſs in ſtore for me,
Thou need'ſt not fear thy Envy; let me have
Thy Pity and thy Aid, 'tis that I crave.
My beſt and trueſt Friend, you muſt be ſo,
For there's none fit for't in the World but you:
None but a King, my Rival, and my Friend,
Can ſpeak the Torments of my Mind.
In my Behalf you *Berenice* muſt ſee.

ANTIOCHUS.

Is that an Office, *Titus*, fit for me?

Is't not enough her Cruelties I bear,
But you muſt too ſolicit my Deſpair?
I ſwore for ever from her to depart,
Alas! and dare not truſt again my Heart.
Your Paſſion by another may be ſhown,
I have enough to do to rule my own.

T. VESPASIAN.

He that ſo well his own Misfortunes bears,
Can beſt inſtruct her how to temper hers.
Nay, my *Antiochus*, you muſt not ſtart;
I know by mine, your News will ſhake her Heart
For I muſt too for ever from her part.

ANTIOCHUS.

You part?

T. VESPASIAN.

Yes! curſt Neceſſity! 'tis true.
She that both conquer'd me and fetter'd you,
In whom alone I ſumm'd up all Delight,
Muſt be for ever baniſh'd from my Sight.

ANTIOCHUS.

It cannot be: No Slave that wears her Chains,
Upon ſo eaſy Terms his Freedom gains.

T. VESPASIAN.

Lord of the World my Empire wide does flow,
I can make Kings, and can depoſe 'em too:
The ſtubborn'ſt Hearts muſt to my Pow'r bow down.
And yet I am not Maſter of my own.
Rome, that to Kings ſo long a Foe has been,
Will not admit my Marriage with the Queen.
If *Berenice* to-morrow be not gone,
The Multitude will to her Palace run;
And from their rude outrageous Tongue ſhe'll hear
The News I dread to tell, and you to bear.

ANTI.

ANTIOCHUS.

Now if my Heart was to Revenge ally'd,
How might I triumph in her falling Pride!
To ſee her Cruelties to me repaid,
And with 'em all her tortur'd Soul upbraid.
But, *Titus*, I'm more juſt; and rather mov'd,
That ev'n, Sir, you dare wrong the thing I lov'd.

T. VESPASIAN.

When I th' Imperial Power did firſt aſſume,
I firmly ſwore t' uphold the Right of *Rome*.
Should I to follow Love from Glory fly,
Forſake my Throne, in ev'ry Vaſſal's Eye,
How mean and deſpicable muſt I prove!
An Emperor led about the World with Love!
No Prince, the fatal Story you muſt tell,
And bid me from poor *Berenice* farewel.
But if the Hopes of reigning in my Heart,
May give Eaſe to her ſad Mind impart,
Swear, Friend, by all that to my Soul is dear,
Entire I will preſerve her ever there.
Mourning at Court, and more exil'd than ſhe,
My Reign but a long Baniſhment ſhall be
From all thoſe Joys that wait on Pomp and Power.
To-morrow ſhe her Journey hence muſt take,
And ſo I all that e'er I lov'd forſake.
Her to your Care and Conduct I commend;
For tho' my Rival, as a King and Friend,
The deareſt Treaſure I dare with you truſt.

ANTIOCHUS.

Sir, do not tempt me; leſt I prove unjuſt:
Her Charms that made me my own Fame forego,
Will be too apt to make me falſe to you.

T. VESPASIAN.

No more; I know thee, have thy Honour try'd,
Firm ſtill in Dangers found thee by my Side.

Thou

Thou knew'ſt my Love, whilſt thine was yet conceal'd,
When all thy Hopes by my Succeſs were quell'd:
Even at that time thou didſt no Falſhood ſhow,
And wilt not wrong me on Advantage now.

Exit T. Veſpaſian.

ANTIOCHUS.

No, I'll not ſee her, neither dare I go:
Too ſoon from others her hard Lot ſhe'll know.
Doſt thou not think her Fate's enough ſevere,
Unleſs that I th' unwelcome Meſſage bear?
I, who her Hate enough have felt before,
And need not ſeek new Ways to purchaſe more.

ARSACES.

See, ſhe approaches; now the Coward play,
And, when you might have conquer'd, run away.

Enter BERENICE *and* PHÆNICIA.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh Heav'n!

BERENICE.

My Lord, I ſee you are not gone;
Perhaps 'tis me alone that you would ſhun.

ANTIOCHUS.

You come not here, *Antiochus* to find,
The Viſit to another was deſign'd;
Ceſar: And 'tis on him the Blame muſt light,
If now my Preſence here offend your Sight.
They're his Commands are guilty of the Sin;
It may be elſe I had at *Oſtia* been.

BERENICE.

His Friends are always with his Preſence grac'd,
'Tis I alone that cannot be ſo bleſt.

ANTIOCHUS.

Too much has Prejudice upon you gain'd:
'Twas for your Sake alone I was detain'd.

BERE.

BERENICE.

For mine [illegible] away.

ANTIOCHUS.

Tyrannic Fair, 'tis true,
He kept me here, only to talk of you.

BERENICE.

Of me, my Lord! forbear this courtly Art;
You're brave, and ſhould not mock an eaſy Heart.
In my Diſtreſs what Pleaſure could you ſee!
Alas! or what could *Titus* ſay of me?

ANTIOCHUS.

Better a thouſand times than I can tell.
So firm a Paſſion in his Heart does dwell,
When you are nam'd he's from himſelf transform'd,
And ev'ry way betrays how much he's charm'd.
Love in his Face does like a Tyrant riſe,
And Majeſty's no longer in his Eyes.
But there are things behind I dare not ſpeak:
For at the News your tender Heart would break.

BERENICE.

How, Sir?

ANTIOCHUS.

Ere Night the Truth of what I've ſaid you'll know,
And then, I doubt not, juſtify me too.
Farewel.

BERENICE.

Oh, Heav'n! what can this Language mean?
You ſee before your Eyes a wretched Queen.
Sir, of my Quiet if you have ſuch Care,
Or if myſelf your Eyes held ever dear,
Diſpel this Miſt of Trouble from my Soul.

ANTIOCHUS.

Madam, yourſelf excuſe,
For your own Sake it is that I refuſe.

'Twill

'Twill not be long before the Doubt's remov'd.

BERENICE.

You told me once, *Antiochus*, you lov'd;
But ſure 'twas only that you might be ſo;
Or elſe you more would fear to diſobey.

ANTIOCHUS.

I diſobey you! aſk my Life, and try
How glorioufly I for your Sake can die.
It would by far be the more welcome Fate,
Than now to ſpeak, and ever gain your Hate.

BERENICE.

No, Sir, you never ſhall my Hatred find;
'Tis my Deſire, and you muſt be ſo kind.
Will you?

ANTIOCHUS.

Heav'n! this Conſtraint is worſe than Death.
You drive, and will not give me time to breathe.
Oh, Madam! put me to no farther Pain.

BERENICE.

Muſt I then ever beg, and beg in vain?
Hence, froward Prince, either the Truth relate,
Forbear, or be aſſur'd for ever of my Hate.

ANTIOCHUS.

My Heart was always yours, and is ſo ſtill,
For ever muſt depend upon your Will.
I wiſh another way your Pow'r you'd try'd;
But you're reſolv'd, and muſt be ſatisfy'd:
Yet flatter not yourſelf, I ſhall declare
Thoſe Horrors which perhaps you dare not hear.
You cannot but believe; I know your Heart;
Look then to feel me ſtrike its tender'ſt Part.
Titus has told me——

BERENICE.

What? fear no Surprize.

ANTIOCHUS.

That he muſt part for ever from your Eyes.

BERE-

BERENICE.

We part! Can Things another Nature take?
Or *Titus* ever *Berenice* forſake?

ANTIOCHUS.

Perhaps 'tis ſtrange that I ſhould tell you ſo:
But you ſhall find I'll do him Juſtice too.
Whatever in a Heart, both kind and great,
Love with Deſpair moſt dreadful could create,
I ſaw in his: He weeps, laments, and more
Than ever does fair *Berenice* adore.
But what avails it, that ſuch Love he ſhows?
A Queen ſuſpected to *Rome*'s Empire grows,
And *Titus* cannot with her Laws diſpenſe;
For therefore 'tis you muſt be baniſh'd hence.

BERENICE.

What do I hear, alas, *Phœnicia!*

ANTIOCHUS.

Nay, To-morrow is your laſt and utmoſt Day:
In bearing this the Courage well you'll prove
Of that great haughty Soul, which ſcorn'd my Love.

BERENICE.

Will *Titus* leave his *Berenice* forlorn?
He who ſo many Oaths ſo oft hath ſworn!
I'll not believe't; his Love and Faith's more ſtrong;
I'm ſure he's guiltleſs, and you do him Wrong:
This is a Snare to diſunite us laid;
Titus thou lov'ſt me, doſt not wiſh me dead.
No, ſtrait I'll ſee him, and ſecure all Fear.
Let's go.

ANTIOCHUS.

Too well you may behold him here.

BERENICE.

Too well you wiſh it, to perſuade it. No.
In this your baſe degenerate Soul you ſhow;

When

When you no other Stratagem could find
T'abuſe my Heart, you would betray your Friend.
Howe'er he prove, know I your Sight abhor,
And from this Minute never ſee me more.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh *Berenice!* remorſeleſs cruel Fair!
Born only for my Torment and Deſpair;
Was it for this ſo faithfully I ſerv'd?
Is this the Recompence I have deſerv'd?
I, who for you did all Ambition wave,
And left a Kingdom to become your Slave!
Curſe on my Fate!

BERENICE.

If e'er my Heart you priz'd,
You never had this Cruelty deviſ'd;
Never to work my Torment been thus bold,
And ſo triumphantly the Victory told.
Away, *Phœnicia*; no more I'll hear him ſpeak.
[*Ex.* Ber. *and* Phœn.

ANTIOCHUS.

Now, my *Arſaces*, would my Heart but break;
But yet I hope in part I've Freedom won,
And what Love would not, by her Hate ſhe's done.
The Pain I late endur'd thou haſt beheld;
I left her all enamour'd, jealous, wild:
But now performing this ignoble Part,
Perhaps, I'll ever baniſh her my Heart.
She left me cruelly, and let her go;
My Honour and Repoſe command it too:
For ever to my Eyes a Stranger be,
Till I have learnt to ſcorn as well as ſhe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BERENICE *in diſorder.*

BERENICE.

Of my Wrong too well am ſatisfy'd:
To ſee the perjur'd *Titus* twice I try'd;
Twice for Admittance to him begg'd in vain,
Nor is *Phœnicia* yet return'd again.
Phœnicia has no Anſwer to bring back,
Ingrateful *Titus* will not hear her ſpeak:
But hides himſelf, and from my Fury flies;
Nor will have Senſe, tho' *Berenice* dies.

Enter PHÆNICIA.

Phœnicia, well, my *Titus* haſt thou ſeen?
What? will he come and make me live again?

PHÆNICIA.

Madam, the Emperor I alone did find;
And ſaw in his the Trouble of your Mind;
I ſaw the Tears he would have hid, run down.

BERENICE.

But was he not aſham'd they ſhou'd be ſhown?
Look'd he not as he thought his Love Diſgrace?
And was not all the Emperor in his Face?

PHÆNICIA.

Doubt it not, Madam, he will ſoon be here:
But wherefore will you this Diſorder wear?
Your ruffled Dreſs let me in order place,
And theſe diſhevel'd Locks that hide your Face.

BERE-

BERENICE.

Forbear, *Phœnicia*, let it all alone:
No, he ſhall ſee the Triumph he has won;
How vain theſe fooliſh Ornaments muſt prove,
If neither Faith, nor Tears, nor Moans can move!

Enter ANTIOCHUS *and* ARSACES.

Oh, my unruly Sorrows! Oh, my Fears!
Who's here?

ANTIOCHUS.

Arſaces, *Berenice* in Tears!

BERENICE.

Antiochus! Phœnicia, let's away;
To let him ſee my Torments I'll not ſtay. [*Exit.*

ANTIOCHUS.

Now whither's all my Reſolution gone?
Arſaces, who could ſee't and be his own!
I ſaid I'd never ſee her Face again:
But come and find my Boaſtings all were vain;
Seeing her Sufferings, all her Scorn forget,
And loſe at once my Vengeance and my Hate.
Wretched *Antiochus!* with how much Care
And Labour my own Miſchiefs I prepare!
How poorly all my Injuries have born!
Hopeleſs, undone, and to myſelf a Scorn.
Leave me alone unhappy as I am;
I would not have a Witneſs of my Shame.

Enter T. VESPASIAN *attended.*

T. VESPASIAN.

'Twas cruel not to ſee her: Oh my Heart
And now I go to ſee her, but to part.
Rutilius fly, and ſooth the Queen's Deſpair,
And for our meeting *Berenice* prepare.'

ANTI-

ANTIOCHUS.

What have you done, Sir? *Berenice* will die;
I ſaw her hence with Hair diſhevel'd fly.
'Tis only you her Fury can ſurceaſe;
Whene'er you're nam'd, ſhe's inſtantly at peace.
Her Eyes ſtill bent to your Apartment were,
And ev'ry Moment ſeem'd to wiſh you near.

T. VESPASIAN.

Antiochus, aſſiſt me what to do;
I'm not prepar'd for the ſad Interview:
I have not yet conſulted well my Heart,
And doubt it is not ſtrong enough to part.
Since firſt I took poſſeſſion of the Throne,
What is it for my Honour I have done?
My Love and Folly only I've diſclos'd,
And nothing but my Weakneſſes expos'd.
The Golden Days, where are they to be found,
So much expected when this Head was crown'd?
Whoſe Tears have I dry'd up? or in what Face
Can I the Fruits of any good Act trace?
Know I what Years Heav'n has for me decreed?
And of thoſe few, how few are to ſucceed?
And yet how many have I ſpent in waſte!
But now to Honour I'll make greater haſte:
Alas! 'tis but one Blow, and all is paſt.

Enter BERENICE *preſſing from* RUTILIUS *and* PAULINUS.

BERENICE.

Let me alone, your Counſels all are weak;
See him I muſt, he's here, and I will ſpeak.
Has *Titus* then forſaken me? is it true?
Muſt we too part? does he command it too?

T. VES-

T. VESPASIAN.

O! ſtop the Deluge, which ſo fiercely flows;
This is not time t' allay each others Woes:
Enough I feel my own Afflictions ſmart,
And need not thoſe dear Tears to damp my Heart.
But if we neither can our Griefs command,
Yet with ſuch Honour let 'em be ſuſtain'd,
As the whole World to hear it told ſhall ſmart;
For, deareſt *Berenice*, we muſt part.
And now I would not a Diſpute maintain,
Whether I lov'd, but whether I muſt reign.

BERENICE.

Reign (Cruel) then, and ſatisfy your Pride,
And for your Cruelties be deify'd.
I'll ne'er diſpute it farther. I but ſtay'd
Till *Titus*, who ſo many Vows had made
Of ſuch a Love as nothing could impair,
Should come himſelf and tell how falſe they were.
Now I believe't, enough I've heard you tell,
And I am gone——eternally farewel,
Eternally——Ah, Sir, conſider now
How harſh that Word is, and how dreadful too.
Conſider oh! the Miſeries they bear,
That are for ever robb'd of all that's dear,
From this ſad Moment never more to meet:
Is it for Day to dawn, and Day to ſet,
In which I muſt not find my Hopes ſtill young,
Nor yet once ſee my *Titus* all Day long?
Heav'ns! how I wildly rave——to loſe my Pains
On him ungrateful, that my Tears diſdains!
Of all thoſe Days of Abſence I ſhall count
With him, the Number will to nothing mount.

T. VESPASIAN.

Doubt it not, Madam, there will be no need
To count the Days that ſhall your Loſs ſucceed:

I hope

Hope ere long that you will hear from Fame,
How very wretched and how juſt I am.
My Heart bleeds now, I feel the Drops run down;
Nor can it be long dying when you're gone.

BERENICE.

Ah why, Sir, muſt we part, if this be true?
My Claims to Marriage I'll no more renew.
Will *Rome* accept of nothing but my Death?
Or why d'ye envy me the Air I breathe?

T. VESPASIAN.

Madam, you are too pow'rful ev'ry way:
Shall I withſtand it? no, for ever ſtay.
Then I from Bliſs muſt always be debar'd,
And on my Heart for ever keep a Guard:
With Fears thro' all my Courſe of Glory move,
Left ere aware I loſe myſelf, and Love.
Ev'n now my Heart is from my Boſom ſtray'd,
And all its Swellings on a ſudden laid,
Beat thus to you by all Love's ſofteſt Pow'rs,
And only this remembers, that 'tis yours.

BERENICE.

O *Titus*, whilſt this charming Tale you tell,
D'ye ſee the *Romans* ready to rebel?

T. VESPASIAN.

How they will look on the Affront, who knows,
If once they murmur and then fall to Blows?
Muſt I in Battle juſtify my Cauſe?
O if they ſhould ſubmit and ſet their Laws,
How muſt I be expos'd another Day!
And for their Patience too how largely pay!
With Grievances and wild Demands ſtill curſt,
Shall I dare plead the Laws that break 'em firſt?

BERENICE.

How much you are an Emperor now I find,
'Tis plain in your unſteddy anxious Mind.

You weigh your People's Rights to your own Fears,
But never value *Berenice*'s Tears.

T. VESPASIAN.

Not value 'em! Why are you ſo unjuſt?
Now, by the Honour of my Father's Duſt,
By Heav'n, and all the Gods that govern there,
If any thing to me be half ſo dear;
May I be as a Slave, depos'd and ſerve,
Or elſe forlorn in ſome wild Deſart ſtarve,
Till I'm as wretched as my Ills deſerve.

BERENICE.

Laws you may change; why will you for their Sake,
Into your Breaſt eternal Sorrows take?
Rome has her Privileges; have not you
Your Intereſts? your Rights are ſacred too.
Say, ſpeak.

T. VESPASIAN.

Alas! how do you rend my Breaſt!
I know indeed I never can have Reſt;
And yet the Laws of *Rome* I cannot change.
Do, break my Heart, and take your full Revenge.

BERENICE.

How weak a Guard does now your Honour keep!
You are an Emperor, and yet you weep!

T. VESPASIAN.

I grant it. I am ſenſible I do,
I weep, alas! I ſigh and tremble too.
For when to Empire firſt I did attain,
Rome made me ſwear I would her Rights maintain.
I did, and muſt perform what I then vow'd;
Others before me to the Yoke have bow'd:
And 'tis their Honour: yet in leaving you,
All their auſtereſt Laws I ſhall out-do:
And an Example leave ſo brave and great,
As none ſhall ever after intimate.

BERE

BERENICE.

To your Barbarity there's nothing hard:
Go on, and Infamy be your Reward.
Long ſince my Fears your Falſhood had diſplay'd;
Nor would I at your Suit have longer ſtay'd.
Would I the baſe Indignities have borne
Of a rude People, public Hate and Scorn?
No, to this Breach I would have ſpurr'd you on,
And I am pleas'd it is already done.
No longer ſhall the Fear of me prevail;
Alas! you muſt not think to hear me rail,
Or Heav'n invoke, its Vengeance to prepare;
No, for if Heav'n vouchſafe to hear my Pray'r,
I beg no Memory may there remain,
Of either your Injuſtice, or my Pain. [*Kneels.*
But ſhe ſad *Berenice*, before ſhe dies,
Is ſure to have Revenge, if you have Eyes.
Nor, *Titus*, need I go to find it far,
No further than that Heart, I have it there.
[*Points to his Breaſt.*
Within yourſelf ſhall riſe your dreadfull'ſt Foe;
My paſt Integrities, my Torments now,
Which you, ungrateful perjur'd Man, have bred,
My Blood, which in your Palace I ſhall ſhed,
Sufficient Powers to your Soul ſhall give,
And 'tis to them that my Revenge I'll leave. [*Ex. furiouſly.*

PAULINUS.

Thus, Sir, at laſt the Conqueſt you have won,
The Queen you ſee's contented to be gone.

T. VESPASIAN.

Curſe on thy *Roman* Rudeneſs, that canſt ſee
Such Tears unmov'd, and mock ſuch Miſery!
Oh! I am loſt, and 'tis in vain to ſtrive;
If *Berenice* dies, I cannot live.

Fly and prevent that Fate to which ſhe's gone.
Bid her but live, tell her the World's her own. [*Ex.* Rut.

PAULINUS.

Sir, if I might adviſe, you ſhould not ſend,
Rather command her Women to attend;
They better can her Melancholy cheer;
The worſt is paſt, and now 'tis mean to fear.
I ſaw your melting Pity when ſhe wept,
And my rough Heart but very hardly ſcap'd.
Yet look a little farther, and you'll find
That, ſpite of all, your Fortune yet is kind.
What Triumphs the whole World prepares, you'll ſee,
And then hereafter think how great you'll be.

T. VESPASIAN.

Who for Barbarity would be ador'd?
I hate myſelf. *Nero* ſo much abhorr'd,
That bloody Tyrant, whom I bluſh to name,
Was never half ſo cruel as I am.
No, I'll purſue the Queen, ſhe loves me ſtill,
Will pardon me when at her Feet I kneel:
Let's go, and let proud *Rome* ſay what it will.

PAULINUS.

How, Sir?

T. VESPASIAN.

By Heav'n, I know not what I ſay:
Exceſs of Sorrow drives my Mind aſtray.

PAULINUS.

O follow where your full Renown does lead,
Your laſt Adieus Report abroad has ſpread.
Rome that did mourn, does now new Triumphs frame,
The Temples fume with Offerings to your Name:
The People wild in the Applauſe you've won,
With Laurel Wreaths to crown your Statues run.

T. VES-

T. VESPASIAN.

By that their ſavage Natures they betray;
For ſo wild Beaſts roar o'er their murder'd Prey.
Who would have Senſe the Sweets of Pow'r to prize?
Since moſt in danger when we higheſt riſe:
For who by Greatneſs e'er did happy grow?
None but the heavy Slave is truly ſo,
Who travels all his Life in one dull Road,
And, drudging on, in quiet loves his Load;
Seeking no farther than the Needs of Life,
Knows what's his own, and ſo exempt from Striſe,
And cheriſhes his homely careful Wife,
Lives by the Clod, and thinks of nothing higher;
Has all, becauſe he cannot much deſire.
Had I been born ſo low, I had been bleſt:
Of what I love, without control, poſſeſt:
Never had Honour or Ambition known,
For ever to be Great had been undone. [*Shouts within.*

PAULINUS.

The Tribunes, Sir, and Senate with their State,
Th' Name of all the Empire for you wait;
They're follow'd too by an impatient Throng,
Who ſeem to murmur you delay ſo long.

T. VESPASIAN.

Toil me no more, diſperſe that clamorous Rout;
Tell 'em, they ſhall no more have Cauſe to doubt:
The Queen's Departure they'll to-morrow ſee,
And me as wretched as they'd have me be.
Take this, *Paulinus*, bear it to the Queen;
[*Writes on a Table.*
For ſhould we meet, I muſt relapſe again;
I've bid her here eternally adieu:
Stay while ſhe reads it, and her Troubles view,
And bring me faithful Word, as thou art true.

Hold! Oh my Heart! yet go, it muſt be done,
For what's Neceſſity we cannot ſhun.
Would I had never known what 'tis to live,
Or a new Being to myſelf could give;
Some monſtrous and unheard-of Shape now find,
As ſavage, and as barbarous as my Mind.
Antiochus!

Enter ANTIOCHUS, *Attendants, and* ARSACES.

ANTIOCHUS.

My laſt Adieu to pay
I come, and dare in *Rome* no longer ſtay.
My Griefs and my Afflictions grow ſo high,
If not by Abſence ſlacken'd I muſt die.

T. VESPASIAN.

What Reaſons have the Happy to repine?
Now *Berenice* for ever will be thine.
With all her Charms receive her to thy Breaſt,
And be of all I ever lov'd poſſeſt.

ANTIOCHUS.

It is beneath you, Sir, to mock my Pain:
I ever kneel to *Berenice* again!
No, ſhould I ſtay to ſee you when you part
Tho' I am ſure the Sight would break my Heart,
Yet ſhe, as ſtill my Pray'rs have been deny'd,
Tho' I but begg'd one Bleſſing ere I dy'd,
Ev'n then with Scorn would throw me from her Side.

T. VESPASIAN.

Oh Heav'n! ſhe's entring, from her Charms let's fly:
Meet and prevent her——— [*Ex.* T. Veſp.

Enter BERENICE, *&c.*

BERENICE.

How he haſtes away!
Ingrateful! Deareſt perjur'd *Titus*, ſtay. [*Kneels.*

Aſſig-

Afflictions catch him, great as thoſe I bear.
My Lord, at laſt I have receiv'd my Doom:
'Tis ſeal'd: But ere I part from you and *Rome*,
I aſk, and I your Pardon would receive,
Can you the Wrongs which I have done forgive?

ANTIOCHUS.

I never any Injuries did find:
No, *Berenice* has always been too kind.
With one ſoft Word, how ſuddenly I'm loſt,
And have no Senſe of my Diſgraces paſt!
But muſt I then for ever loſe you ſo?
I am no *Roman*, nor was e'er your Foe.
No, rather here continue, and be Great,
Whilſt I lie ever hopeleſs at your Feet.

BERENICE.

Should I ſtay here, and my Wrongs tamely bear
For him that ſhuns, and flies me ev'ry where?
I have a nobler Mind, and you ſhall ſee
I can diſdain and ſcorn as much as he:
For tho' 'tis true, I never can be yours;
Both *Rome* and him my Heart this Hour abjures.

ANTIOCHUS.

To baniſh him your Heart whilſt you prepare,
What will you do with all the Love that's there?
There's no one Mortal can deſerve it all,
And ſure a little to my Share might fall.

BERENICE.

Oh of that killing Subject talk no more;
I would have lov'd you, if I cou'd before.
Love for another ſtruck me with his Dart,
And 'tis not in my Power to force my Heart.

ANTIOCHUS.

When firſt my Paſſion was diſdain'd for him,
You kept me yet alive with your Eſteem.

But now at laſt his Breach of Faith you ſee,
And bear it nobly too: How can you be
T' yourſelf ſo juſt, and yet ſo hard to me?

BERENICE.

What cruel Storms and fierce Aſſaults you make,
To batter down a Heart you cannot take,
Till you have broke it. Will you not give o'er?
No, rather let me go, and hear no more.

ANTIOCHUS.

O ſtay, ſince of the Victʼry you're ſecure;
Pity the Pains and Angʼiſh I endure,
In Wounds, which you and none but you can cure.
[*Kneels.*
Look back, whilſt at your Feet myſelf I caſt,
And think the Sigh that's coming is my laſt.
My Heart its ſad eternal Farewel takes;
Be but ſo kind to ſee me when it breaks.

BERENICE.

Riſe, riſe, my Lord. The Emperor's return'd,
Conduct me hence, let me no more be ſcorn'd.

Enter T. VESPASIAN.

T. VESPASIAN.

Now am I loſt! reſolve on what I will,
Spite of myſelf I wander this way ſtill.
Why would you, *Berenice*, my Preſence ſhun?

BERENICE.

No! I'll hear nothing, I've reſolv'd on Flight,
And will be gone. Why come you in my Sight?
Why come you thus t' exaſperate my Deſpair?
Are you not yet content? I know you are.

T. VESPASIAN.

If ever yet my Heart was dear to yours,
By all our plighted Vows, thoſe ſofteſt Hours,
In which for ever to be true I ſwore,
I beg that you'd afford me yet one more.

BERE-

BERENICE.

I will To-morrow had your Leave to ſtay:
But my Reſolves are to be gone To-day;
And I depart.

T. VESPASIAN.

No Journey muſt you take.
Would you poor *Titus* in his Griefs forſake?
No! Stay——

BERENICE.

I ſtay! Ungrateful as you are;
For what! a People's rude Affronts to bear;
That with the Sound of my Misfortunes rend
The Clouds, and Shouts to Heav'n in Volleys ſend?
Does not their cruel Joy yet reach your Ears,
Whilſt I alone torment myſelf in Tears?
For what Offence or Crime are they thus mov'd!
Alas! what have I done, but too much lov'd?

T. VESPASIAN.

D'you mind the Voice of an outrageous Throng?
I ever thought your Conſtancy more ſtrong:
Never believ'd your Heart ſo weak could be,
Whoſe powerful Charms had captivated me.

BERENICE.

All that I ſee Diſtraction does create:
Theſe rich Apartments, and this pompous State,
Theſe Places where I ſpent my happieſt Hours,
And plighted all my Vows, falſe Man, to yours;
All, as moſt vile Impoſtors, I deteſt.
How ſtrangely, *Titus*, might we have been bleſt!

T. VESPASIN.

This Art to torture Souls where did you learn?
Or was it in your Nature with you born?
Oh *Berenice!* how you deſtroy me!

[*Attendants bring a Chair.*

BERENICE.

No,
Return, and to your famous Senate go,
That for your Cruelties applaud you ſo.
Have you not Honour to your full Delight?
Have you not promis'd to forget me quite?
What more in Expiation can you do?
Have you not ever ſworn to hate me too?

T. VESPASIAN.

Can you do any thing to make me hate?
Or can I ever *Berenice* forget?
This hard Suſpicion was unjuſtly urg'd
'Gainſt a poor Heart, too much before ſurcharg'd.
Oh, Madam! know me better, and recal
The Wrong, ſince firſt I at your Feet did fall:
Count all the ſingle Days and Minutes paſt,
Wherein my Vows and my Deſires I preſt,
And at this time your greateſt Conqueſt know:
For you were never ſo belov'd as now;
Nor ever——

BERENICE.

Still your Love you'd have me own,
Yet you yourſelf command me to be gone.
Is my Deſpair ſo charming to your View?
D'you think the Tears I ſhed are all too few?
Of ſuch a Heart a vain Return you make;
No, never call thoſe dear Ideas back;
But ſuffer me in this Belief to reſt,
That ſecretly long ſince exil'd your Breaſt:
I only from a faithleſs Wretch depart,
And one that never lays the Loſs to Heart.
If you had lov'd me, this had ne'er been ſent:
Here you've commanded me to Baniſhment.
[*Opens the Tablets.*

What

What wond'rous Love you bear me this doth ſhow;
Read, read, ungrateful, read, and let me go.
[*Gives him the Tablets.*

T. VESPASIAN.

You ſhall not go, I have not given Conſent,
Nor will I ever to your Baniſhment:
Your cruel Reſolution I deſcry,
To be reveng'd of me you ſeek to die.
And then of all I love, except the Pain,
Nought but the ſad Remembrance will remain.
Antiochus! be thou a Witneſs here [*Ber. ſinks in a Chair.*
Of all my Miſery and my Deſpair.

ANTIOCHUS.

Deſpair's a Theme I only underſtand:
You, if you will, your Wiſhes may command.
Such Beauty ready for Poſſeſſion ſee,
And leave that ugly Hag, Deſpair, to me,

T. VESPASIAN.

Behold thoſe Eyes, how dull and dark they grow!
Madam, when at your Feet I fall thus low, [*Kneels.*
Vouchſafe my ſad Afflictions to believe,
Alas! 'tis all the Eaſe I'm like to have.
When firſt the dreadful Minute I beheld,
That by my Duty and the Laws compell'd,
I found it forc'd that you muſt hence depart,
Tho' nothing e'er can baniſh you my Heart:
'Twas then my Soul had firſt a Senſe of Fears,
Foreſeeing your Reproaches and your Tears.
I then expected, Madam, all the Weight
Of Woes that can on worſe Misfortunes light.
But whatſoever Fears oppreſs'd my Heart,
I find I but foreſaw the leſſer Part.
I thought my Virtue not ſo apt to bow;
And am aſham'd 'tis thus entangled now.

BERENICE.

Let me alone, and vex my Soul no more;
You of your Virtue talk'd enough before:
Urge it not ſtill to aggravate my Shame.
When crown'd with Conqueſt from the Wars you came,
I know you brought me but to fill your State;
For elſe the Triumph had not been compleat.

T. VESPASIAN.

Since you have then reſolv'd, it ſhall be ſo;
And judge by this if you're belov'd or no.
No longer Torments on my Soul ſhall prey,
Since I to Freedom ſee ſo brave a Way:
A Way by more than one great *Roman* ſhown,
Who when their Miſeries had preſt 'em down,
Propt from within, ſhook off with Life the Weight,
[*Offers to ſtab himſelf.*
And thus fell nobly grapling with their Fate.

BERENICE.

Oh ſtay! to wrong me more what way d'ye take!
Would *Titus* die for *Berenice*'s Sake?
I ſee the Blow you cruelly prepare
To wound that Breaſt, where I, you ſay, have Share.
To hurt what's mine would be unjuſtly done;
No, rather ſtrike this Heart that's all your own.

T. VESPASIAN.

Beſt of thy Sex! and deareſt! now I ſee
How poor is Empire when compar'd to thee.
Hence, ye perplexing Cares that clog the Brain,
Whilſt ſtruck with Ecſtaſy, I here fall down.
Thus at your Feet a happy Proſtrate laid, [*Kneels.*
I'm much more bleſt than if the World I ſway'd.

BERENICE.

Now the bleſt *Berenice* enough has ſeen:
I thought your Love had quite extinguiſh'd been:

But

But 'twas my Error; for you ſtill are true,
Your Heart is troubled, and your Tears I view.
Ev'n my worſt Sufferings much o'er-paid I ſee,
Nor ſhall th' unhappy World be curſt for me.
Nothing, ſince firſt 'twas yours, my Love would ſhake,
So abſolute a Conqueſt did you make:
But now I'll bring it to the utmoſt Teſt,
And with one funeral Act crown all the reſt.

T. VESPASIAN.

Ha! tell me, *Berenice*, what will you do?

BERENICE.

Far from your Sight and *Rome* for ever go:
I have reſolv'd on't, and it ſhall be ſo.

T VESPASIAN.

Antiochus! I'm born to be undone;
When I the greateſt Conqueſt thought t' have won,
Ev'n in my nobleſt Race I am out-run.
But thou wert always gen'rous, always kind:
Your enlarg'd Kingdom ſhall to her's be join'd.
And now how much you are my faithful Friend,
In being ſo to her, you'll beſt expreſs.
[*Falling on his Neck.*
Never forſake her in her ſad Diſtreſs.
Where-e'er ſhe goes, for ever with her be;
And ſometimes in my Abſence ſigh for me.

ANTIOCHUS.

Arſaces! on thy Boſom let me lie,
Whilſt I but take one laſt dear Look, and die.

BERENICE.

No, live, and by a generous Strife out-do
Us both, and of yourſelf be Conqu'ror too.
Farewel.
Let us all three a rare Example prove,
Of a moſt tender tho' unhappy Love.

Thus, Sir, your Peace and Empire I reſtore;
Farewel, and reign, I'll never ſee you more. [*Ex.* Ber.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh Heav'n!

T. VESPASIAN.

She's gone, and all I valu'd loſt:
Now, Friend, let *Rome* of her great Emp'ror boaſt.
Since they themſelves firſt taught me Cruelty,
I'll try how much a Tyrant I can be.
Henceforth all Thoughts of Pity I'll diſown,
And with my Arms the Univerſe o'er-run.
Robb'd of my Love, thro' Ruins purchaſe Fame,
And make the World as wretched as I am.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE CHEATS of SCAPIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* SHIFT.

OCTAVIAN.

THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is returned already.

SHIFT.

'Tis but too true.

OCTAVIAN.

That he arriv'd this Morning?

SHIFT.

This very Morning.

OCTAVIAN.

And that he is come with a Resolution to marry me?

SWIFT.

Yes, Sir, to marry you.

OCTA-

OCTAVIAN.

I am ruin'd and undone; pr'ythee adviſe me.

SHIFT.

Adviſe you?

OCTAVIAN.

Yes, adviſe me. Thou art as ſurly, as if thou really couldſt do me no good. Speak: Has Neceſſity taught thee no Wit? Haſt thou no Shift?

SHIFT.

Lord, Sir, I am at preſent very buſy in contriving ſome Trick to ſave myſelf; I am firſt prudent, and then good-natur'd.

OCTAVIAN.

How will my Father rage and ſtorm, when he underſtands what Things have happen'd in his Abſence? I dread his Anger and Reproaches.

SHIFT.

Reproaches! Wou'd I could be quit of him ſo eaſily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

OCTAVIAN.

Diſinheriting is the leaſt I can expect.

SHIFT.

You ſhould have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover*-Coach: She is indeed a good ſmug Laſs, but God knows what ſhe is beſides; perhaps ſome———

OCTAVIAN.

Villain.

SHIFT.

I have done, Sir, I have done.

OCTAVIAN.

I have no Friend that can appeaſe my Father's Anger, and now I ſhall be betray'd to Want and Miſery.

SHIFT.

SHIFT.

For my part I know but one Remedy in our Misfortunes.

OCTAVIAN.

Pr'ythee, what is it?

SHIFT.

You know that Rogue and Arch-Cheat, *Scapin.*

OCTAVIAN.

Well; what of him?

SHIFT.

There is not a more ſubtle Fellow breathing; ſo cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis ſuch a wheedling Rogue, I'd undertake in two Hours he ſhall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Money for your neceſſary Debauches: I ſaw him in three Days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymiſt and Proiector.

OCTAVIAN.

He is the fitteſt Perſon in the World for my Buſineſs; the impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peeviſh old Man. Pr'ythee go look him out, we'll ſet him to work immediately.

SHIFT.

See where he comes——————*Scapin.*

Enter SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

Worthy Sir!

SHIFT.

I have been giving my Maſter a brief Account of thy moſt noble Qualities: I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden Cuckold, ſincere as Whores, honeſt as imps in Want.

SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you ſcorn the Gibbets, Halters and Priſons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

OCTAVIAN.

Oh *Scapin!* I am utterly ruin'd without thy Aſſiſtance.

SCAPIN.

Why, what's the Matter, good Mr. *Octavian?*

OCTAVIAN.

My Father is this Day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a Reſolution to marry me.

SCAPIN.

Very well.

OCTAVIAN.

Thou knoweſt I am already marry'd. How will my Father reſent my Diſobedience? I am for ever loſt, unleſs thou canſt find ſome means to reconcile me to him.

SCAPIN.

Does your Father know of your Marriage?

OCTAVIAN.

I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

SCAPIN.

No matter, no matter, all ſhall be well; I am public-ſpirited: I love to help diſtreſſed young Gentlemen; and thank Heaven I have had good Succeſs enough.

OCTAVIAN.

Beſides, my preſent Want muſt be conſider'd; I am in Rebellion without any Money.

SCAPIN.

I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I can cheat upon occaſion; but cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heaven be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by public Authority ruin ſuch little Under-traders as I am.

OCTA.

OCTAVIAN.

Well, get thee ſtraight about the Buſineſs: Canſt thou make no uſe of my Rogue here?

SCAPIN.

Yes, I ſhall want his Aſſiſtance; the Knave has cunning, and may be uſeful.

SHIFT.

Ay, Sir; but like other wiſe Men, I am not over-valiant: Pray leave me out of this Buſineſs: My Fears will betray you; you ſhall execute, I'll ſit at home and adviſe.

SCAPIN.

I ſtand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou haſt enough of that: Come, come, thou ſhalt along: What Man, ſtand out for a Beating? that's the worſt can happen.

SHIFT.

Well, well.

Enter CLARA.

OCTAVIAN.

Here comes my deareſt *Clara.*

CLARA.

Ah me, *Octavian!* I hear ſad News: They ſay, your Father is return'd.

OCTAVIAN.

Alas! 'tis true, and I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon in the World; but 'tis not my own Miſery that I conſider, but yours: How can you bear thoſe Wants to which we muſt be both reduc'd?

CLARA.

Love ſhall teach me, that can make all Things eaſy to us; which is a Sign it is the chiefeſt Good: But I have other Cares. Will you be ever conſtant? Shall not your Father's Severity conſtrain you to be falſe?

OCTA-

OCTAVIAN.

Never, my Deareſt, never.

CLARA.

They that love much may be allow'd ſome Fears.

SCAPIN.

Come, come; we have now no time to hear you ſpeak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

CLARA.

I tremble at the Thoughts of it.

SCAPIN.

You muſt appear reſolute at firſt: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Soldier; or, what will frighten him worſe, ſay, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Compoſition.

OCTAVIAN.

What would I give 'twere over?

SCAPIN.

Let us practiſe a little what you are to do. Suppoſe me your Father, very grave, and very angry.

OCTAVIAN.

Well.

SCAPIN.

Do you look very careleſly, like a ſmall Courtier upon his Country Acquaintance; a little more ſurlily:——Very well:———Now I come full of my Fatherly Authority——

Octavian, thou makeſt we weep to ſee thee; but alas! they are not Tears of Joy, but Tears of Sorrow: Did ever ſo good a Father beget ſo lewd a Son? Nay, but for that I think thy Mother virtuous, I ſhould pronounce thou art not mine; *Newgate*-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick haſt thou play'd me in my Abſence? Marry'd? Yes: But to whom? Nay that thou knoweſt not. I'll warrant

rant you ſome Waiting-Woman corrupted in a civil Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houſes, remov'd from thence by ſome Keeping Coxcomb, or——

CLARA.

Hold, *Scapin*, hold——

SCAPIN.

No Offence, Lady, I ſpeak but another's Words. Thou abominable Raſcal, thou ſhalt not have a Groat, not a Groat. Beſides, I will break all thy Bones ten times over; get thee out of my Houſe——Why, Sir, you reply not a Word, but ſtand as baſhfully as a Girl that is examin'd by a Baudy-Judge about a Rape.

OCTAVIAN.

Look, yonder comes my Father.

SCAPIN.

Stay, *Shift*, and get you two gone: let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [*Ex.* Oct. *and* Clara.

Enter THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

Was there ever ſuch a raſh Action?

SCAPIN.

He has been inform'd of the Buſineſs, and is now ſo full of it that he vents it to himſelf.

THRIFTY.

I would fain hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

SCAPIN.

We are not unprovided. [*At a Diſtance.*

THRIFTY.

Will they be ſo impudent to deny the Thing?

SCAPIN.

We never intend it.

THRIFTY.

Or will they endeavour to excuſe it?

SCA-

SCAPIN.

That perhaps we may do.

THRIFTY.

But all ſhall be in vain.

SCAPIN.

We'll try that.

THRIFTY.

I know how to lay that Rogue my Son faſt.

SCAPIN.

That we muſt prevent.

THRIFTY.

And for the Tatterdemalion *Shift*, I'll thraſh him to Death; I will be three Years a cudgelling him.

SHIFT.

I wonder'd he had forgot me ſo long.

THRIFTY.

Oh, oh! Yonder the Raſcal is, that brave Governor! he tutor'd my Son finely.

SCAPIN.

Sir, I am overjoy'd at your ſafe Return.

THRIFTY.

Good-morrow, *Scapin*—Indeed you have follow'd my Inſtructions very exactly, my Son has behav'd himſelf very prudently in my Abſence, has he not, Raſcal, has he not? [*To* Shift.

SCAPIN.

I hope you are very well.

THRIFTY.

Very well——Thou ſay'ſt not a Word Varlet, thou ſay'ſt not a Word.

SCAPIN.

Had you a good Voyage, Mr. *Thrifty*?

THRIFTY.

Lord, Sir, a very good Voyage; pray give a Man a little leave to vent his Choler.

SCA-

SCAPIN.

Would you be in Choler, Sir.

THRIFTY.

Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

SCAPIN.

Pray with whom?

THRIFTY.

With that confounded Rogue there.

SCAPIN.

Upon what Reaſon?

THRIFTY.

Upon what Reaſon? Haſt thou not heard what hath happen'd in my Abſence?

SCAPIN.

I heard a little idle Story.

THRIFTY.

A little idle Story, quoth-a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

SCAPIN.

Come, come, Things have not been well carry'd; but I would adviſe you to make no more of it.

THRIFTY.

I'm not of your Opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

SCAPIN.

Lord, Sir, I have ſtorm'd about this Buſineſs as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well to wrong ſo good a Father: I preached him three or four times aſleep, but all would not do; till at laſt, when I had well examined the Buſineſs, I found you had not ſo much Wrong done you as you imagine.

THRIFTY.

How, not Wrong done me, to have my Son marry'd without my Conſent to a Beggar!

SCA-

SCAPIN.

Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

THRIFTY.

That's fine indeed; we ſhall ſteal, cheat, murder, and ſo be hang'd, then ſay we were ordain'd to it.

SCAPIN.

Truly, I did not think you ſo ſubtle a Philoſopher; I mean, he was fatally engag'd in this Affair.

THRIFTY.

Why did he engage himſelf?

SCAPIN.

Very true indeed, very true; but fy upon you now, would you have him as wiſe as yourſelf? Young Men will have their Follies, witneſs my Charge, *Leander*; who has gone and thrown away himſelf at a ſtranger rate than your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young yourſelf; yes, I warrant you, and had your Frailties.

THRIFTY.

Yes, but they never coſt me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he pleaſe, if it coſt him nothing.

SCAPIN.

Alas, he was ſo in love with the young Wench, that if he had not had her, he muſt have certainly hang'd himſelf.

SHIFT.

Muſt! why, he had already done it, but that I came very ſeaſonably and cut the Rope.

THRIFTY.

Didſt thou cut the Rope, Dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou ſhouldſt have let him hang.

SCAPIN.

Beſides, her Kindred ſurpriz'd him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

Then ſhould he have preſently gone, and proteſted againſt the Violence at a Notary's.

SCAPIN.

O Lord, Sir, he ſcorn'd that.

THRIFTY.

Then might I eaſily have diſannull'd the Marriage.

SCAPIN.

Diſannull the Marriage?

THRIFTY.

Yes.

SCAPIN.

You ſhall not break the Marriage.

THRIFTY.

Shall not I break it?

SCAPIN.

No.

THRIFTY.

What, ſhall not I claim the Privilege of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the Violence done to my Son?

SCAPIN.

'Tis a thing he will never conſent to.

THRIFTY.

He will not conſent to!

SCAPIN.

No: Would you have him confeſs he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himſelf a Coward: Oh fy, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do ſuch a thing.

THRIFTY.

Talk not to me of Honour; he ſhall do it or be diſinherited.

SCAPIN.

But ſhall diſinherit him?

THRIFTY.

That will I, Sir.

SCA-

SCAPIN.

You diſinherit him! very good.

THRIFTY.

How very good?

SCAPIN.

You ſhall not diſinherit him.

THRIFTY.

Shall not I diſinherit him?

SCAPIN.

No.

THRIFTY.

No!

SCAPIN.

No.

THRIFTY.

Sir, you are very merry; I ſhall not diſinherit my Son?

SCAPIN.

No, I tell you.

THRIFTY.

Pray who ſhall hinder me?

SCAPIN.

Alas, Sir, your own ſelf, Sir; your own ſelf.

THRIFTY.

I myſelf?

SCAPIN.

Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

THRIFTY.

You ſhall find I can, Sir.

SCAPIN.

Come, you deceive yourſelf; Fatherly Affection muſt ſhow itſelf, it muſt, it muſt; do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

THRIFTY.

You're miſtaken, Sir; you're miſtaken:——Piſh, why do I ſpend my Time in Tittle-tattle with this idle Fellow?

—Hang

——Hang-dog, go find out my Rake-Hell—— [*To Shift.*] whilſt I go to my Brother *Gripe*, and inform him of my Misfortune.

SCAPIN.

In the mean time, if I can do you any Service——

THRIFTY.

O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you— [*Exit* Thrifty.

SHIFT.

I muſt confeſs, thou art a brave Fellow, and our Affairs begin to be in a better Poſture —— but the Money, the Money—we are abominable poor, and my Maſter has the lean vigilant Duns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when ſhe ſolicits a Maintenance for her diſcarded Daughter.

SCAPIN.

Your Money ſhall be my next Care ——let me ſee, I want a Fellow to ——Canſt thou not counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alſatia*?—Stalk —— look big —— very well. Follow me, I have Ways to diſguiſe thy Voice and Countenance.

SHIFT.

Pray take a little Care and lay your Plot ſo that I may not act the Bully always; I would not be beaten like a Bully.

SCAPIN.

We'll ſhare the Danger, we'll ſhare the Danger.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter THRIFTY *and* GRIPE.

GRIPE.

SIR, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath ſtrangely fruſtrated our Deſigns.

THRIFTY.

Sir, trouble not yourſelf about my Son; I have undertaken to remove all Obſtacles, which is the Buſineſs I am ſo vigorouſly in purſuit of.

GRIPE.

In Troth, Sir, I'll tell you what I ſay to you: The Education of Children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the neareſt Concern of a Father. And had you tutur'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could ſo ſlightly have forfeited his.

THRIFTY.

Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence: Thoſe that are ſo quick to cenſure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought firſt to take care that all be well at home.

GRIPE.

Why, Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

THRIFTY.

It may be I have; and it may be worſe than of my own.

GRIPE.

What is't I pray? my Son!

THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

Even your own *Scapin* to'd it me, and you may hear it from him or ſomebody elſe: For my part, I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Meſſenger of ill News to one that I think ſo to me. Your Servant: I muſt haſten to my Counſel, and adviſe what's to be done in this Caſe. God be with you till I ſee you again.

[*Exit* Thrifty.

GRIPE.

Worſe than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Conſent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

LEANDER.

Oh my dear Father, how joyful am I to ſee you ſafely return'd! Welcome, as the Bleſſing which I am now craving will be.

GRIPE.

Not ſo faſt, Friend a'mine; ſoft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

LEANDER.

What d'ye mean, Sir?

GRIPE.

Stand ſtill, and let me look in thy Face.

LEANDER.

How muſt I ſtand, Sir?

GRIPE.

Look upon me with both Eyes.

LEANDER.

Well, Sir, I do.

GRIPE.

What's the meaning of this Report?

LEANDER.

Report, Sir?

GRIPE.

Yes, Report, Sir! I ſpeak *Engliſh*, as I take it: What is't that you have done in my Abſence?

LEANDER.

What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done?

GRIPE.

I do not aſk you, what I would have had you done; but what have you done?

LEANDER.

Who I, Sir? why I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

GRIPE.

Nothing at all?

LEANDER.

No, Sir.

GRIPE.

You have no Impudence to ſpeak on.

LEANDER.

Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man and my Innocence.

GRIPE.

Very well; but *Scapin*, d'ye mark me, young Man, *Scapin* has told me ſome Tales of your Behaviour.

LEANDER.

Scapin!

GRIPE.

Oh have I caught you? that Name makes ye bluſh, does it? 'Tis well you have ſome Grace left.

LEANDER.

Has he ſaid any thing concerning me?

GRIPE.

That ſhall be examin'd anon: In the mean while get you home, d'ye hear, and ſtay till my Return; but look to't.

to't, if thou haſt done any thing to diſhonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or ſee my Face more; but expect to be as miſerable as thy Folly and Poverty can make thee. [*Exit* Gripe.

LEANDER.

Very fine: I am in a hopeful Condition: This Raſcal has betray'd my Marriage, and undone me: Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by Rapine; and to ſet my Hand in, the firſt thing ſhall be to cut the Throat of that perfidious Lick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* SCAPIN.

OCTAVIAN.

Dear *Scapin*, how infinitely am I oblig'd to thee for thy Care!

LEANDER.

Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to ſee you, good Mr. Dog!

SCAPIN.

Sir, your moſt humble Servant, you honour me too far.

LEANDER.

You act an ill Fool's Part; but I ſhall teach you.

SCAPIN.

Sir?

OCTAVIAN.

Hold, *Leander*.

LEANDER.

No, *Octavian*, I'll make him confeſs the Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the Trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps nobody would have told me. But I'll make you confeſs it, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

SCAPIN.

Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the Heart to do ſuch a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

LEANDER.

Yes, Raſcal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll ſwinge it out of your already tann'd thick Hide. [*Beats him.*

SCAPIN.

The Devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr. *Leander*, pray Mr. *Leander*; 'Squire *Leander* ——As I hope to be ſav'd——

OCTAVIAN.

Pr'ythee be quiet; for ſhame; enough. [*Interpoſeth.*

SCAPIN.

Well, Sir, I confeſs indeed that——

LEANDER.

What! ſpeak, Rogue.

SCAPIN.

About two Months ago you may remember, a Maid-ſervant dy'd in the Houſe——

LEANDER.

What of all that?

SCAPIN.

Nay, Sir, if I confeſs, you muſt not be angry.

LEANDER.

Well, go on.

SCAPIN.

'Twas ſaid ſhe dy'd for love of me, Sir: But let that paſs.

LEANDER.

Death, you trifling Buffoon.

SCAPIN.

About a Week after her Death, I dreſt up myſelf like her Ghoſt, and went into Madam *Lucia*, your Miſtreſs's Chamber, where ſhe lay half in, half out of Bed, with her Woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-Book.

LEAN-

LEANDER

And was it your Impudence did that?

SCAPIN.

They both believe it was a Ghoſt to this Hour: But it was myſelf play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the ſcurvy Cuſtom of lying awake at thoſe unſeaſonable Hours, hearing filthy Plays, when ſhe had never ſaid her Prayers.

LEANDER.

I ſhall remember you for all in time and place: But come to the Point, and tell me what thou haſt ſaid to my Father.

SCAPIN.

To your Father? I have not ſo much as ſeen him ſince his Return, and if you'd aſk him he'll tell you ſo himſelf.

LEANDER.

Yes, he told me himſelf, and told me all that thou haſt ſaid to him.

SCAPIN.

With your good Leave, ſir, then he ly'd; I beg your Pardon, I mean he was miſtaken.

Enter SLY.

SLY.

Oh, Sir, I bring you the moſt unhappy News.

LEANDER.

What's the matter?

SLY.

Your Miſtreſs, Sir, is yonder arreſted in an Action of two hundred Pounds. They ſay 'tis a Debt ſhe left unpaid at *London*, in the haſte of her Eſcape hither to *Dover*; and if you don't raiſe Money within theſe two Hours to diſcharge her, ſhe'll be hurry'd to Priſon.

LEANDER.

Within theſe two Hours?

SLY.

Yes, Sir, within theſe two Hours.

LEANDER.

Ah, my poor *Scapin*, I want thy Aſſiſtance.

[Scapin *walks about ſurlily.*

SCAPIN.

Ah, my poor *Scapin!* Now I'm your poor *Scapin*, now you've need of me.

LEANDER.

No more: I pardon thee all that thou haſt done, and worſe if thou art guilty of it.

SCAPIN.

No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword in my Guts, you'll do better to murder me.

LEANDER.

For Heav'n's Sake, think no more upon that, but ſtudy now to aſſiſt me.

OCTAVIAN.

You muſt do ſomething for him.

SCAPIN.

Yes, to have my Bones broken for my Pains.

LEANDER.

Would you leave me, *Scapin*, in this ſevere Extremity?

SCAPIN.

To put ſuch an Affront upon me as you did.

LEANDER.

I wrong'd thee, I confeſs.

SCAPIN.

To uſe me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Raſcal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

LEANDER.

I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw myſelf at thy Feet, I'll do't

OCTA-

OCTAVIAN.

Faith, *Scapian*, you muſt, you cannot but yield.

SCAPIN.

Well then: But d'ye mark me, Sir, another time better Words, and gentler Blows.

LEANDER.

Will you promiſe to mind my Buſineſs?

SCAPIN.

As I ſee convenient, care ſhall be taken.

LEANDER.

But the Time you know is ſhort.

SCAPIN.

Pray, Sir, don't be ſo troubleſome: How much Money is't you want?

LEANDER.

Two hundred Pounds.

SCAPIN.

And you?

OCTAVIAN.

As much.

SCAPIN. [*To* Leander.

No more to be ſaid; it ſhall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, tho' he be covetous to the laſt degree, yet, thanks be to Heav'n, he's but a ſhallow Perſon, his Parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no Reſemblance of him, but that y'are very like him. Begone; I ſee *Octavian*'s Father coming, I'll begin with him.

[*Exeunt* Oct. *and* Leand.

Enter THRIFTY.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himſelf a clean Beaſt.

THRIFTY.

Oh, audacious Boy, to commit ſo inſolent a Crime, and plunge himſelf in ſuch a Miſchief!

SCAPIN.

Sir, your humble Servant.

THRIFTY.

How do you, *Scapin?*

SCAPIN.

What, you are ruminating on your Son's raſh Actions?

THRIFTY.

Have I not Reaſon to be troubled?

SCAPIN.

The Life of Man is full of Troubles, that's the Truth on't: But your Philoſopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Ancients, very fit for your Caſe.

THRIFTY.

What's that?

SCAPIN.

Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a World of good.

THRIFTY.

What is't, I aſk you?

SCAPIN.

Why, when the Maſter of a Family ſhall be abſent any conſiderable time from his Home or Manſion, he ought rationally, gravely, wiſely, and philoſophically, to revolve within his Mind all the concurrent Circumſtances, that may, during the Interval, conſpire to the Conjunction of thoſe Misfortunes and troubleſome Accidents that may intervene upon the ſaid Abſence, and the Interruption of his Oeconomical Inſpection, into the Remiſſneſs, Negligencies, Frailties, and huge and perilous Errors, which his Subſtitutes, Servants, or Truſtees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may ariſe from the

the Imperfection and Corruptneſs of ingenerated Natures, or the Taint and Contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Diſpoſition becomes muddy; and all the Streams of his Manners and Converſation run conſequently defil'd and impure: Theſe Things premis'd, and fore-conſider'd, arm the ſaid prudent Philoſophical *Pater-Familias*, to find his Houſe laid waſte, his Wife murder'd, his Daughters deflower'd, his Sons hang'd:

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc preſcribere longum eſt,

and to thank Heaven 'tis no worſe too. D'ye mark, Sir?

THRIFTY.

S'death! Is all this a Proverb?

SCAPIN.

Ay, and the beſt Proverb, and the wiſeſt in the World. Good Sir, get it by Heart: 'Twill do ye the greateſt Good imaginable; and don't trouble yourſelf: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by Heart.

THRIFTY.

No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

SCAPIN.

Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I ſay——When the Maſter of a——

THRIFTY.

Hold, hold, I have better Thoughts of my own; I'm going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

SCAPIN.

Going to Law! Are you mad to venture yourſelf among Lawyers? Do ye not ſee every Day how the Spunges ſuck poor Clients, and with a Company of fooliſh, nonſenſical Terms, and knaviſh Tricks, undo the Nation? No, you ſhall take another way.

THRIFTY.

You have Reaſon, if there were any other way.

SCAPIN.

Come, I have found one. The Truth is, I have a great Compaſſion for your Grief; I cannot, when I ſee tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons Miſcarriages, but have Bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

THRIFTY.

Truly my Caſe is ſad, very ſad.

SCAPIN.

So it is; Tears will burſt out; I have a great Reſpect for your Perſon. [*Counterfeits weeping.*

THRIFTY.

Thank you with all my Heart; in troth we ſhould have a Fellow-feeling.

SCAPIN.

Ay, ſo we ſhould; I aſſure you there is not a Perſon in the World whom I reſpect more than the noble Mr. *Thrifty*.

THRIFTY.

Thou art honeſt, *Scapin*. Ha'done, ha'done.

SCAPIN.

Sir, your moſt humble Servant.

THRIFTY.

But what is your Way?

SCAPIN.

Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has married.

THRIFTY.

What is he?

SCAPIN.

A moſt outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down-hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a ſwell'd red Face enflamed

flamed with Brandy; one that frowns, puffs, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and bellows out Curſes enough in a Day to ſerve a Garriſon a Week; bred up in Blood and Rapine, uſed to Slaughter from his Youth upwards; one that makes no more Conſcience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Louſe; he has killed Sixteen: Four for taking the Wall of him, Five for looking too big upon him, Two he ſhot piſſing againſt the Wall: In ſhort, he is the moſt dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

THRIFTY.

Heaven! How do I tremble at the Deſcription? But what's this to my Buſineſs?

SCAPIN.

Why, he (as moſt Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatning him with all the Courſes of Law, all the Aſſiſtance of your Friends, and your great Purſe, (in which I ventur'd my Life ten times, for ſo often he drew and run at me) yet, I ſay, at laſt I have made him hearken to a Compoſition, and to null the Marriage for a Sum of Money.

THRIFTY.

Thanks, dear *Scapin*; but what Sum?

SCAPIN.

Faith he was damnably unreaſonable at firſt, and 'gad I told him ſo very roundly.

THRIFTY.

A Pox on him, what did he aſk?

SCAPIN.

Aſk? Hang him, why he aſk'd five hundred Pounds.

THRIFTY.

'Ouns and Heart, five hundred Pounds! five hundred Devils take him——and fry and fricaſſee the Dog; does he take me for a Mad-man?

SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

Why ſo I ſaid; and after much Argument I brought him to this: Damme, ſays he, I am going to the Army, and I muſt have two good Horſes for myſelf, for fear one ſhould die; and thoſe will coſt at leaſt threeſcore Guineas.

THRIFTY.

Hang him, Rogue! why ſhould he have two Horſes? But I care not if I give threeſcore Guineas to be rid of this Affair.

SCAPIN.

Then, ſays he, my Piſtols, Saddle, Horſe-Cloth, and all, will coſt twenty more.

THRIFTY.

Why that's Fourſcore.

SCAPIN.

Well reckon'd: 'Faith this Arithmetic is a fine Art. Then I muſt have one for my Boy will coſt twenty more.

THRIFTY.

Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

SCAPIN.

Sir.

THRIFTY.

Not a Sous, damn'd Raſcal, let him turn Foot-Soldier and be hang'd.

SCAPIN.

He has a Man beſides; would you have him go afoot?

THRIFTY.

Ay, and his Maſter too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

SCAPIN.

Well, you are reſolv'd to ſpend twice as much at *Doctors-Commons*, you are; you will find out for ſuch a Sum as this, do.

THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

Oh damn'd unconſcionable Raſcal! well, if it muſt be ſo, let him have the other twenty.

SCAPIN.

Twenty! why it comes to forty.

THRIFTY.

No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not aſham'd to be ſo covetous.

SCAPIN.

Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors-Commons*; and tho' her Brother has no Money, ſhe has an Uncle able to defend her.

THRIFTY.

O eternal Rogue! well I muſt do't, the Devil's in him, I think!

SCAPIN.

Then, ſays he, I muſt carry into *France* Money to buy a Mule, to carry———

THRIFTY.

Let him go to the Devil with his Mule, I'll appeal to the Judges.

SCAPIN.

Nay, good Sir, think a little,

THRIFTY.

No, I'll do nothing.

SCAPIN.

Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

THRIFTY.

No, not ſo much as an Aſs!

SCAPIN.

Conſider.

THRIFTY.

I will not conſider, I'll go to Law.

SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

I am ſure if you go to Law, you do not conſider the Appeals, Degrees of Juriſdiction, the intricate Proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of ſo many ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, villainous Harpies! Promoters, Tipſtaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the cleareſt Right in the World for a Bribe. On the other Side, the Proctor ſhall ſide with your Adverſary, and ſell your Cauſe for ready Money: Your Advocate ſhall be gain'd the ſame way, and ſhall not be found when your Cauſe is to be heard. Law is a Torment of all Torments.

THRIFTY.

That's true: Why, what does the damn'd Rogue —— reckon for his Mule?

SCAPIN.

Why, for Horſes, Furniture, Mule, and to pay ſome Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, Two hundred Pounds.

THRIFTY.

Come, come, let's go to Law.

[Thrifty *walks up and down in a great Heat.*

SCAPIN.

Do but reflect upon——

THRIFTY.

I'll go to Law.

SCAPIN.

Do not plunge yourſelf.

THRIFTY.

To Law, I tell you.

SCAPIN.

Why, there's for Procuration, Preſentation, Counſels, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and ſcribling vaſt Volumes of Interrogatories, Depoſitions, and Articles, Con-

Conſultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Regiſter, Subſtitute, Judgments, Signings——Expedition-Fees, beſides the vaſt Preſents to them and their Wives. Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the Money, give him it, I ſay.

THRIFTY.

What, Two hundred Pounds!

SCAPIN.

Ay, ay, why you'll gain one hundred and fifty Pounds by it, I have ſumm'd it up; I ſay, give it him, I'faith do.

THRIFTY.

What, Two hundred Pounds!

SCAPIN.

Ay; beſides you ne'er think how they'll rail at you in Pleading, tell all your Fornications, Baſtardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

THRIFTY.

I defy 'em; let 'em tell of my Whoring, 'tis the Faſhion.

SCAPIN.

Peace; here's the Brother.

THRIFTY.

O Heaven! what ſhall I do?

Enter SHIFT *diſguis'd like a Bully.*

SHIFT.

Damme, where's this confounded Dog, this Father of *Octavian?* Null the Marriage! By all the Honour of my Anceſtors I'll chine the Villain.

THRIFTY.

Oh, oh! [*Hides himſelf behind* Scapin.

SCAPIN.

He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the two hundred Pounds.

SHIFT.

SHIFT.

By Heav'n, he ſhall be Worms-meat within theſe two Hours.

SCAPIN.

Sir, he has Courage, and fears you not.

THRIFTY.

You lie, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

SHIFT.

He! he! he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister! This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? ha!

SCAPIN.

Not he, Sir.

SHIFT.

Nor none of his Friends?

THRIFTY.

No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

SHIFT.

Art thou the Enemy of that Raſcal?

THRIFTY.

Ch! ay, hang him—Oh damn'd Bully! [*Aſide.*

SHIFT.

Give me thy Hand, old Boy, the next Sun ſhall not ſee the impudent Raſcal alive.

SCAPIN.

He'll muſter up all his Relations againſt you.

THRIFTY.

Do no provoke him, *Scapin.*

SHIFT.

Would they were all here: Hah! hah! hah!

[*He foyns every way with his Sword.*

Here I had one thro' the Lungs, there another into the Heart: Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah, Rogues! there I was with you: Hah!——hah!

SCAPIN

SCAPIN.

Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

SHIFT.

No, but I will find the Villains out while my Blood is up; I will deſtroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,—hah! [*Exit* Shift.

THRIFTY.

Here, *Scapin*, I have two hundred Guineas about me, take 'em. No more to be ſaid. Let me never ſee his Face again; take 'em, I ſay: This is the Devil.

SCAPIN.

Will you not give 'em him yourſelf?

THRIFTY.

No, no! I will never ſee him more: I ſhall not recover this theſe three Months. See the Buſineſs done. I truſt in thee, honeſt *Scapin*: I muſt repoſe ſomewhere: I am mightily out of order——A Plague on all Bullies I ſay. [*Exit* Thrifty.

SCAPIN.

So, there's one diſpatch'd; I muſt now find out *Gripe*: He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Nets one after another!

Enter GRIPE.

SCAPIN.

Oh Heav'n! unlook'd-for Misfortune; poor Mr. *Gripe*, what wilt thou do? [*Walks about diſtractedly.*

GRIPE.

What's that he ſays of me?

SCAPIN.

Is there nobody can tell me News of Mr. *Gripe?*

GRIPE.

Who's there? *Scapin!*

SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

How I run up and down to find him to no purpoſe! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr *Gripe?*

GRIPE

Art thou blind? I have been juſt under thy Noſe this Hour.

SCAPIN.

Sir——

GRIPE.

What's the matter?

SCAPIN.

Ch! Sir, your Son——

GRIPE.

Ha, my Son——

SCAPIN.

Is fallen into the ſtrangeſt Misfortune in the World.

GRIPE.

What is't?

SCAPIN.

I met him awhile ago, diſorder'd for ſomething you had ſaid to him, wherein you very idly made uſe of my Name. And ſeeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to walk upon the Pier: Amongſt other things, he took particular Notice of a new Caper in her full Trim: The Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handſomeſt Collation I ever met with.

GRIPE.

Well, and where's the Diſaſter of all this?

SCAPIN.

While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good Diſtance from the Shore, he diſcover'd himſelf to be an *Engliſh* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service, and ſent me off in his Long-boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith ſend him two hundred

hundred Pounds, he'll carry away your Son Priſoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to *Algiers*.

GRIPE.

How, in the Devil's Name? Two hundred Pounds!

SCAPIN.

Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allow'd me but two Hours time; you muſt adviſe quickly what Courſe to take to ſave an only Son.

GRIPE.

What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard?——Run quickly, *Scapin*, and tell the Villain, I'll ſend my Lord Chief-Juſtice's Warrant after him.

SCAPIN.

O law! his Warrant in the open Sea: d'ye think Pirates are Fools?

GRIPE.

I'th' Devil's Name, what Buſineſs had he a Shipboard?

SCAPIN.

There is an unlucky Fate that often hurries Men to Miſchief, Sir.

GRIPE.

Scapin, thou muſt now act the Part of a faithful Servant.

SCAPIN.

As how, Sir?

GRIPE.

Thou muſt go bid the Pirate ſend me my Son, and ſtay as a Pledge in his room, till I can raiſe the Money.

SCAPIN.

Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has ſo little Wit as to accept of ſuch a poor raſcally Fellow as I am inſtead of your Son?

GRIPE.

What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

SCA-

SCAPIN.

D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but two Hours time?

GRIPE.

Thou ſay'ſt he demands ——

SCAPIN.

Two hundred Pounds.

GRIPE.

Two hundred Pounds! Has the Fellow no Conſcience?

SCAPIN.

O law! the Conſcience of a Pirate! why very few lawful Captains have any.

GRIPE.

Has he no Reaſon neither? Does he know what the Sum Two hundred Pound is?

SCAPIN.

Yes, Sir; Tarpawlins are a ſort of People that underſtand Money, tho' they have no great Acquaintance with Senſe. But for Heav'n's Sake diſpatch.

GRIPE.

Here, take the Key of my Compting-Houſe.

SCAPIN.

So.

GRIPE.

And open it.

SCAPIN.

Very good.

GRIPE.

In the Left-hand Window lies the Key of my Garret; go take all the Clothes that are in the great Cheſt, and ſell 'em to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

SCAPIN.

Sir, y'are mad; I ſhan't get fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know how I am draitned for Time.

GRIPE.

GRIPE.

What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

SCAPIN.

Let Shipboard alone, and conſider, Sir, your Son. But Heaven is my Witneſs, I ha' done for him as much as was poſſible, and if he be not redeem'd, he may thank his Father's Kindneſs.

GRIPE.

Well, Sir, I'll go ſee if I can raiſe the Money. Was it not Nineſcore Pounds you ſpoke of?

SCAPIN.

No, Two hundred Pounds.

GRIPE.

What, Two hundred Pounds *Dutch*, ha?

SCAPIN.

No, Sir, I mean *Engliſh* Money, Two hundred Pounds Sterling.

GRIPE.

I'th' Devil's Name, what Buſineſs had he a Shipboard? Confounded Shipboard!

SCAPIN.

This Shipboard ſticks in his Stomach.

GRIPE.

Hold, *Scapin*, I remember I receiv'd the very Sum juſt now in Gold, but did not think I ſhould have parted with it ſo ſoon.

[*He preſents* Scapin *his Purſe, but will not let it go; and in his Tranſportments, pulls his Arm to and fro, whilſt* Scapin *reaches at it.*

SCAPIN.

Ay, Sir.

GRIPE.

But tell the Captain, he is a Son of a Whore.

SCA-

SCAPIN.

Yes, Sir.

GRIPE.

A Dogbolt.

SCAPIN.

I ſhall, Sir.

GRIPE.

A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him Two hundred Pounds contrary to all Law or Equity.

SCAPIN.

Nay, let me alone with him.

GRIPE.

That I will never forgive him, dead or alive.

SCAPIN.

Very good.

GRIPE.

And that if ever I light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

[*He puts up his Purſe, and is going away.*

SCAPIN.

Right, Sir.

GRIPE.

Now make haſte, and go redeem my Son.

SCAPIN.

Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir? Where's the Money?

GRIPE.

Did I not give it thee?

SCAPIN.

Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it up in your Pocket again.

GRIPE.

Ha——my Griefs and Fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

SCAPIN.

Ay, Sir, I ſee it does indeed.

GRIPE.

GRIPE.

What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?——Damn'd Pirate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell purſue thee. [*Exit.*

SCAPIN.

How eaſily a Miſer ſwallows a Load, and how difficultly he diſgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him ſo; he's like to pay in other Coin, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter OCTAVIAN *and* LEANDER.

SCAPIN.

Well, Sir, I have ſucceeded in your Buſineſs, there's Two hundred Pounds which I have ſqueez'd out of your Father. [*To* Octavian.

OCTAVIAN.

Triumphant *Scapin.*

SCAPIN.

But for you I can do nothing—— [*To* Leander.

LEANDER.

Then may I go hang myſelf. Friends both, Adieu.

SCAPIN.

D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the Devil has no ſuch Neceſſity for you yet, that you need ride Poſt. With much ado 've got your Buſineſs done too.

LEANDER.

Is't poſſible?

SCAPIN.

But on condition that you permit me to revenge myſelf on your Father for the Trick he has ſerv'd me.

LEANDER.

With all my Heart, at thy own Diſcretion, good honeſt *Scapin.*

SCAPIN.

Hold your Hand, there's Two hundred Pounds.

LEANDER.

My Thanks are too many to pay now: Farewel dear Son of *Mercury*, and be proſperous.

SCAPIN.

Gramercy, Pupil. Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter LUCIA *and* CLARA.

LUCIA.

WAS ever ſuch a Trick play'd, for us to run away from our Governeſſes, where our careful Fathers had plac'd us, to follow a Couple of young Gentlemen, only becauſe they ſaid they lov'd us? I think it was a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the good Fortune we ſhall get by it, will hardly recompenſe the Reputation we have loſt by it.

CLARA.

Our greateſt Satisfaction is, that they are Men of Faſhion and Credit, and for my part I long ago reſolv'd not to marry any other, nor ſuch a one neither, till I had a perfect Confirmation of his Love; and it was an Aſſurance of *Octavian*'s that brought me hither.

LUCIA.

I muſt confeſs, I had no leſs a Senſe of the Faith and Honour of *Leander*.

CLARA.

But ſeems it not wonderful, that the Circumſtances of our Fortune ſhould be ſo nearly ally'd, and ourſelves ſo much Strangers? Beſides, if I miſtake not, I ſee ſomething in *Leander*, ſo much reſembling a Brother of

mine of the ſame Name, that did not the Time ſince I ſaw him make me fearful, I ſhould be often apt to call him ſo.

LUCIA.

I have a Brother too, whoſe Name's *Octavian*, bred in *Italy*, and juſt as my Father took his Voyage, return'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe is the Reaſon I have not ſeen him yet. But if I deceive not myſelf, there is ſomething in your *Octavian* that extremely refreſhes my Memory of him.

CLARA.

I wiſh we might be ſo happy as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a ſtrange blind Side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we moſt earneſtly deſire.

LUCIA.

The worſt at laſt, is but to be forſaken by our Fathers: And for my Part, I had rather loſe an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with Reputation keep him, and ſecure myſelf againſt the Impoſition of fatherly Authority.

CLARA.

How unſufferable it is to be ſacrific'd to the Arms of a nauſeous Blockhead, that has no other Senſe than to eat and drink when it is provided for him, riſe in the Morning, and go to Bed at Night, and with much ado be perſuaded to keep himſelf clean!

LUCIA.

A thing of mere Fleſh and Blood, and that of the worſt ſort too, with a ſquinting meager hang-dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Phyſic for the Worms.

CLARA.

CLARA.

Yet ſuch their ſilly Parents are generally moſt indulgent to, like Apes, never ſo well pleas'd, as when they're fondling with their ugly Iſſue.

LUCIA.

Twenty to one, but to ſome ſuch charming Creatures our careful Fathers had deſign'd us.

CLARA.

Parents think they do their Daughters the greateſt Kindneſs in the World, when they get them Fools for their Huſbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right Uſe of them.

LUCIA.

I'd no more be bound to ſpend my Days in Marriage to a Fool, becauſe I might rule him, than I would always ride an Aſs, becauſe the Creature was gentle.

CLARA.

See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Deſigns and Affairs, as a callow Stateſman at a Treaty of Peace.

Enter SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

Ladies!

CLARA.

Oh, *Scapin!* What's the Reaſon you have been ſuch a Stranger of late?

SCAPIN.

Faith, Ladies, Buſineſs, Buſineſs has taken up my Time, and truly I love an active Life, love my Buſineſs extremely.

LUCIA.

Methinks tho', this ſhould be a difficult Place for a Man of your Excellencies to find Employment in.

SCAPIN.

Why faith, Madam, I'm never ſhy to my Friends: My Buſineſs is, in ſhort, like that of all other Men of Buſineſs, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and cheat to get an honeſt Livelihood.

CLARA.

Certainly Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courſes.

SCAPIN.

Oh, Madam! Wit and Honeſty, like Oil and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Reliſh to a good Fortune, and paſs well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themſelves. No, give me your Knave, your thorough-pac'd Knave; hang his Wit, ſo he be but Rogue enough.

LUCIA.

You're grown very much out of Humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope yours has done you no Prejudice of late.

SCAPIN.

No, Madam, your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, reſtive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, puſhing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

CLARA.

You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

SCAPIN.

Dame Fortune, like moſt others of the Female Sex, (I ſpeak all this with reſpect to your Ladyſhip) is generally more indulgent to the nimble mettled Blockheads; Men of Wit are not for her turn, ever too thoughtful when they ſhould be active: Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have ſo much as Courage? No, Ladies, if you've any Friends that hope to raiſe themſelves, adviſe

vise them to be as much Fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want Patrons: And for Honesty, if your Ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

CLARA.

Pr'ythee, *Lucia*, let us retreat a little, and take this Opportunity of some Divertisement; which has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter SHIFT *with a Sack.*

SCAPIN.

Oh, *Shift!*

SHIFT.

Speak not too loud, my Master's coming.

SCAPIN.

I am glad on't, I shall teach him to betray the Secrets of his Friend. If any Man puts a Trick upon me without return, may I lose this Nose with the Pox, without the Pleasure of getting it.

SHIFT.

I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that Body of thine, to the Indignity of Bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

SCAPIN.

Difficulties in Adventures make them pleasant when accomplish'd.

SHIFT.

But your Adventures, how comical soever in the Beginning, are sure to be tragical in the End.

SCAPIN.

'Tis no matter, I hate your pusillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them; begone: Here comes my Man,

Enter GRIPE.

Oh, Sir, Sir, ſhift for yourſelf, quickly Sir, quickly Sir, for Heav'n's ſake.

GRIPE.

What's the Matter, Man?

SCAPIN.

Heav'n! is this a Time to aſk Queſtions? Will you be murder'd inſtantly? I am afraid you'll be kill'd within theſe two Minutes.

GRIPE.

Mercy on me! kill'd! for what?

SCAPIN.

They are every where looking out for you.

GRIPE.

Who? Who?

SCAPIN.

The Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; he's a Captain of a Privateer, who has all ſorts of Rogues, *Engliſh*, *Scotch*, *Welſh*, *Iriſh*, *French*, under his Command, and all lying in wait now, or ſearching for you to kill you, becauſe you would null the Marriage: They run up and down, crying, where is the Rogue *Gripe?* Where is the Dog? where is the Slave *Gripe?* They watch for you ſo narrowly, that there's no getting home to your Houſe.

GRIPE.

Oh, *Scapin!* What ſhall I do? what will become of me?

SCAPIN.

Nay, Heav'n knows; but if you come within their Reach, they'll *De'il* you, they'll tear you in pieces; hark.

GRIPE.

GRIPE.

Oh Lord!

SCAPIN.

Hum, 'tis none of them.

GRIPE.

Canſt thou find no way for my Eſcape, dear *Scapin?*

SCAPIN.

I think I have found one.

GRIPE.

Good *Scapin*, ſhew thyſelf a Man now.

SCAPIN.

I ſhall venture being moſt immoderately beaten.

GRIPE.

Dear *Scapin*, do; I will reward thee bounteouſly: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it eight or nine Months longer.

SCAPIN.

Liſten! who are theſe?

GRIPE.

God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

SCAPIN.

No, there's nobody; look, if you'll ſave your Life go into this Sack preſently.

GRIPE.

Oh! who's there?

SCAPIN.

No body: Get into the Sack, and ſtir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods thro' all your Enemies to the Major's Houſe of the Caſtle.

GRIPE.

An admirable Invention: Oh Lord! quick.

[*Gets into the Sack.*

SCAPIN.

Yes, 'tis an excellent Invention, if you knew all; keep in your Head. Oh, here's a Rogue coming to look for you.

SCAPIN *counterfeits a* Welſhman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's *Father, look you.*

In his own Voice.

How ſhould I know? what would you have with him—Lie cloſe. [*Aſide to* Gripe.

Have with him, look you! hur has no creat Pus'neſs, but hur would have Satisfactions and Reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy *he ſhall not put the Injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.*

He affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and hur will give you Beatings and Chaſtiſements for your Contradictions, when her Welſe Plood's up, look you, and hur will cudgel your Packs and your Nottles for it; take you that, pray you now.

[Beats the Sack.

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, not I.

Hur will teach ſawcy Jacks how they profook hur Welſh Ploods and hur Chollers: and for the old Rogue, hur will have his Gutts and his Plood, look you, Sir, or hur will never wear Leek upon St. Tavy's *Day, more, look you.*

Oh! He has maul'd me, a damn'd *Welſh* Raſcal.

GRIPE.

You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders. Oh! Oh!

SCAPIN.

'Twas only the End of the Stick fell on you, the main ſubſtantial Part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

GRIPE.

Why did you not ſtand farther off?

SCAPIN.

Peace——Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancaſhire *Dialect.*

Yaw Fellee wi'th' Sack there, done yaw knaw whear th'awd Raſcatt Griap *is?*

Not I; but here is no Raſcal.

Yaw Lean, yaw Dowge, yaw kawn weel eenuh whear he is, an yawden teel, ond that he is a foo Raſcate as any is in aw the Tawn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, not I.

By the Meſs. an ay tack thee in hont, ay's raddle the Bones on thee, ay's keeble thee to ſome Tune.

Me, Sir? I don't underſtand you.

Why, Tha'wart his Man, thaw Hobble, I'll ſmite th' Naſe o'thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the firſt bawt to the grawnt, and then I mun beat him raw to Pap, by th' Meſs, and after ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty ſwatley Felle, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Lane.

This Lone, ſayn ye? Ays find him, by'r Lady, an he be above grawnt.

So, he's gone, a damn'd *Lancaſhire* Raſcal.

GRIPE.

Oh, good *Scapin!* go on quickly.

SCAPIN.

Hold, here's another. [Gripe *pops in his Head.*

In an Iriſh *Tone.*

Dosh thou hear, Stick-man? I pridee fare is de damn'd Dog Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

Fat's dat to me, Joy? by my Soul, Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and de Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon thee till thou doſt know, by my Salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I ſwear by him that made me, if thou doſt not tell fare is Gripe, *but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.*

What would you have me do? I can't tell where he is. But what would you have with him?

Fat would I have wid him? By my Soul if I do ſee him I will make murder upon him for my Captain's ſake.

Murder him? He'll not be murder'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, de Devil take me indeed. Fat haſt dow in dat Sack, Joy? by my Salvation I will look into it.

But you ſhall not. What have you to do with it?

By my Soul, Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

GRIPE.

Oh! Oh!

SCAPIN.

Fatt, it does grunt, by my Salvation de Devil take me I will ſee it indeed.

You ſhall not ſee my Sack; I will defend it with my Life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my Soul, and ſo I do take my leave, Joy. [Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almoſt kill'd me.

GRIPE.

Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fell on my Shoulders!

SCAPIN.

[illegible] tell me; thy fell on mine; Oh my Shoulders!

GRIPE.

Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

SCAPIN.

SCAPIN.

Peace, they're coming.

In a hoarſe Seaman's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, ſwinge him with a Cat o'nine-tail, Keel haul, and then hang him at the Main Yard.

In broken French-Engliſh.

If dere be no more Men in England, *I will kill him; I will put my Rapire in his Body, I will give him two tree puſhe in de Gutt.*

Here Scapin *acts a Number of 'em together.*

*We mun go this way——o' th' Right Hand, no to th' Left Hand——*lie cloſe——*ſearch ev'ry where——by my Salvation I will kill the damn'd Dog——and we do catch 'en, we'll tear 'en in pieces, and I do heer he went thick way——no, ſtrait forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Maſter——Damn me, where? in Hell? ſpeak*——Hold, not ſo furiouſly——*and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee*——

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thwack him ſoundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my Maſter.

Knock 'en down, beat 'en zoundly, to'en, at'en at'en at—

[*As he is going to ſtrike,* Gripe *peeps out, and* Scapin *takes to his Heels.*

GRIPE.

Oh, Dog! Traitor! Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me Rogue? Unheard of [illegible]!

Enter

Enter THRIFTY.

Oh, Brother *Thrifty!* You come to ſee me loaden with diſgrace; the Villain *Scapin* has, as I am ſenſible now, cheated me of Two hundred Pounds. This beating brings all into my Memory. [*Aſide.*

THRIFTY.

The impudent Varlet has gull'd me of the ſame Sum.

GRIPE.

Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barb'rous Rate that I am aſham'd to tell it; but he ſhall pay for it ſeverely.

THRIFTY.

But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the Forerunner of another: Juſt now I receiv'd Letters from *London*, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governeſſes, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they fell in love with.

Enter LUCIA *and* CLARA.

LUCIA.

Was ever ſo malicious Impudence ſeen——hah—Surely, if I miſtake not, that ſhould be my Father.

CLARA.

And the other mine, whom *Scapin* has us'd thus.

LUCIA.

Bleſs us! Return'd, and we not know of it?

CLARA.

What will they ſay to find us here?

LUCIA.

My deareſt Father, welcome to *England*.

THRIFTY.

My Daughter *Lucy!*

LUCIA.

LUCIA.

The ſame, Sir.

GRIPE.

My *Clara* here too?

CLARA.

Yes, Sir; and happy to ſee your ſafe Arrival.

THRIFTY.

What ſtrange Deſtiny has directed this Happineſs to us?

Enter OCTAVIAN.

GRIPE.

Hey day!

THRIFTY.

Oh, Son! I have a Wife for you.

OCTAVIAN.

Good Father, all your Propoſitions are vain; I muſt needs be free, and tell you, I am engaged.

THRIFTY.

Look you now; is not this very fine! Now I have a mind to be merry, and to be friends with you; you'll not let me now, will you? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter here——

OCTAVIAN.

I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter, Sir, as long as I live: No, yonder's ſhe that I muſt love, and can never entertain the Thoughts of any other.

CLARA.

Yes, *Octavian*, I have at laſt met with my Father, and all our Fears and Troubles are at an End.

THRIFTY.

Law ye now! you would be wiſer than the Father that begot you, would you? Did not I always ſay you ſhould marry

marry Mr. *Gripe*'s Daughter? But you do not know your Sister *Luce*.

OCTAVIAN.

Unlook'd for Bleſſing! why ſhe's my Friend *Leander*'s Wife!

THRIFTY.

How, *Leander*'s Wife!

GRIPE.

What, my Son *Leander!*

OCTAVIAN.

Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

GRIPE.

Indeed! Well, Brother *Thrifty*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a Good-natur'd Boy. Well, now I am ſo over-joy'd, that I could laugh till I ſhook my Shouders, but that I dare not, they are ſo ſore. But look, here he comes.

Enter LEANDER.

LEANDER.

Sir, I beg your Pardon, I find my Marriage is diſcover'd; nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it; this is my Wife, I muſt own her.

GRIPE.

Brother *Thrifty*, did you ever ſee the like, did you ever ſee the like? ha!

THRIFTY.

Own her, quoth-a! why kiſs her, kiſs her, Man; odſbodikins, when I was a young Fellow, and [illegible] firſt marry'd, I did nothing elſe for three Months. O my Conſcience I got my Boy O*ct* the firſt Night before the Curtains were quite drawn!

GRIPE.

Well, 'tis his Father's own Child. Juſt ſo, Brother, was

was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my Dear without bluſhing; but when we were a Bed, Lord ha' mercy upon us—but I'll no more.

LEANDER.

Is then my Father reconcil'd to me?

GRIPE.

Reconcil'd to thee! why I love thee at my Heart, Man, at my Heart; why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty*'s Daughter, Mrs. *Lucy*, whom I always deſign'd for thy Wife; and that's thy Siſter *Clara* marry'd to Mr. *Octa* there.

LEANDER.

Octavian, are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wiſh'd after the compleating of my Happineſs with my charming *Lucia*.

THRIFTY.

Come, Sir, hang up your Compliments in the Hall at home, they are old and out of Faſhion. *Shift*, go to the Inn, and beſpeak a Supper may coſt more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am reſolv'd to run in Debt to Night.

SHIFT.

I ſhall obey your Commands, Sir.

THRIFTY.

Then d'you hear, ſend out and muſter up all the Fidlers (blind or not blind, drunk or ſober) in the Town; let not ſo much as the Roaſter of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Caſe, eſcape ye.

GRIPE.

Well. What would I give now for the Fellow that ſings the Song at my Lord Mayor's Feaſt: I myſelf would make an Epithalamium by way of Sonnet, and he ſhould fit a Tune to it; 'twas the prettieſt he had laſt time.

Enter

Enter SLY.

SLY.

Oh, Gentlemen, here is the ſtrangeſt Accident fallen out.

THRIFTY.

What's the matter?

SLY.

Poor *Scapin.*

GRIPE.

Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him myſelf.

SLY.

Oh, Sir, that Trouble you may ſpare; for paſſing by a Place where they were building, a great Stone fell upon his Head, and broke his Scull ſo, you may ſee his Brains.

THRIFTY.

Where is he?

SLY.

Yonder he comes.

Enter SCAPIN *between two, his Head wrapp'd up in Linen as if he had been wounded.*

SCAPIN.

Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, you ſee me, you ſee me in a ſad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the Prime of my Years: But yet I could not die without the Pardon of thoſe I have wrong'd; yes, Gentlemen, I beſeech you to forgive me all the Injuries that I have done; but more eſpecially, I beg of you, Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Maſter, Mr. *Gripe.*

THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

For my part, I pardon thee freely; go, and die in peace.

SCAPIN.

But 'tis you, Sir, I have moſt offended, by the inhuman Baſtinadoes which ——

GRIPE.

Pr'ythee ſpeak no more of it, I forgive thee too.

SCAPIN.

'Twas a moſt wicked Inſolence in me, that I ſhould with vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

GRIPE.

Piſh, no more, I ſay I am ſatisfy'd.

SCAPIN.

And now ſo near my Death, 'tis an unexpreſſible Grief that I ſhould dare to lift my Hand againſt——

GRIPE.

Hold thy Peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

SCAPIN.

Alas! how good a Man you are! But, Sir, d'you pardon me freely, and from the Bottom of your Heart, thoſe mercileſs Drubs that ——

GRIPE.

Pr'ythee ſpeak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my Hand upon't.

SCAPIN.

O how much your Goodneſs revives me! [*Pulls off his Cap.*

GRIPE.

How's that! Friend, take notice, I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are ſure to die.

SCAPIN.

Oh me! I begin to faint again.

THRIFTY.

THRIFTY.

Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge employ your Thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

GRIPE.

A ducc on't, Brother, as I hope to be ſav'd, he beat me baſely and ſcurvily, never ſtir he did: But ſince you will have it ſo, I do forgive him.

THRIFTY.

Now then let's to Supper, and in our Mirth drown and forget all Troubles.

SCAPIN.

Ay, and let them carry me to the lower End of the Table;

Where in my Chair of State, I'll ſit at Eaſe,
And eat and drink, that I may die in peace. [*A Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. MARY LEE, when she was out of Humour.

HOW little do you gueſs what I'm to ſay!
I'm not to aſk how you like Farce, or Play:
For you muſt know, I've other Buſineſs now;
It is to tell ye, Sparks, how we like you.
How happy were we, when in humble Guiſe
You came with honeſt Hearts and harmleſs Eyes;
Sat without Noiſe and Tumult in the Pit:
Oh what a precious Jewel then was Wit!
Tho' now 'tis grown ſo common, let me die,
Gentlemen ſcorn to keep it Company.
Indulgent Nature has too bounteous been,
Your too much Plenty is become your Sin.
Time was ye were as meek as now you're proud,
Did not in curſt Cabals of Critics croud,
Nor thought it witty to be very loud;
But came to ſee the Follies you would ſhun:
Tho' now ſo fondly Antic here you're grown;
T' invert the Stage's Purpoſe, and its Rules;
Make [illegible] *Spectators, while you play the Fools.*
Equally witty, as ſome valiant are;
The ſad Defects of both are expos'd here.
For here you'll cenſure, who diſdain to write,
As ſome make Quarrels here that ſcorn to fight.

The

EPILOGUE.

The rugged Soldier that from War returns,
And ſtill with th' Heat of former Action burns;
Let him but hither come to ſee a Play,
Proceeds an Errant Courtier in a Day.
Shall ſteal from th' Pit, and fly up to the Box,
There hold impertinent Chat with tawdry Maux;
Till ere aware the Bluſt'rer falls in love;
And Hero grows as harmleſs as a Dove.
With us the kind Remembrance yet remains,
When we were entertain'd behind our Scenes.
Tho' now, alas, we muſt your Abſence mourn,
Whilſt nought but Quality will ſerve your turn.
Damn'd Quality! that uſes poaching Arts,
And (as 'tis ſaid) comes maſk'd to prey on Hearts.
The proper Uſe of Viſors once was made,
When only worn by ſuch as own'd the Trade:
Tho' now all mingle with 'em ſo together,
That you can hardly know the one from t'other.
But 'tis no matter; on, purſue your Game,
Till wearied you return at laſt, and tame:
Know then 'twill be our Turn to be ſevere;
For when you've left your Stings behind you there,
You lazy Drones, ye ſhan't have Harbour here.

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

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